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September

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of the
SECRET OF POWER OVER MEN*

What Every Woman Wants to Know

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\$100
brings your choice
10 months to
pay



\$42.50

20—Love Knot engagement ring; 18 K white gold set with our AAI quality blue white diamond. \$1.00 with order, \$4.15 a month.



\$52.50

21—Cupid Engagement ring carved with arrows, hearts and Cupids; diamond on each side of shank and large brilliant blue white diamond in center. \$1.00 with order, \$5.15 a month.

formerly
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for
3750

Now 32.50

24—An American made watch with a guaranteed 17 Jewel movement in a 14K green gold filled case; beautifully engraved. It formerly sold for \$37.50. Now you can buy it at this low price of **\$32.50**. \$1.00 with order, \$3.15 a month.

It's a BULOVA

\$29.75



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26—Here's a new model in the famous Bulova watch. It has a 15 Jewel movement with dust-tite cap that keeps out dust and dirt and radium numerals and hands. Buy it on our convenient payment plan at the nationally advertised cash price—**\$29.75**. \$1.00 with order, \$2.87 a month.



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Introducing
The KENT
Insured
Dust-proof
Jar-proof

Introductory
price
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\$2.87 a
month

28—The new Kent has all the modern improvements of watch making. Consider its many features illustrated to the left, then consider its low price. With each watch we give an insurance policy which protects you. We give you 15 days to wear it and convince yourself of its dependability. Its jar proof feature alone should be sufficient for you to make it your watch. Send \$1.00 today and let us send you this watch for approval and 15 days trial.

To Any Adult interested in the purchase of a Diamond Watch or article of Jewelry, we will send you this complete booklet free of charge. 10 months to pay on everything.

INSURANCE
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KENT
JAR-PROOF
WATCH

30 The Premet. A design of the famous Madam Charlotte in artistic color of jade. Black or ruby enamel. Mention color desired, \$35.00. \$1.00 down, \$3.40 a month.



\$65

22—Symbolic engagement ring carved with beautiful bird design in 18K white gold and set with our AAI quality blue white diamond. \$1.00 with order, \$4.00 to Postman; \$6.00 a month.



\$50

23—Artistic Roman scroll design in 18K white gold set with large brilliant blue white diamond of our AAI grade. \$1.00 with order, \$4.90 a month.



\$42.50

24—Artistic design 18K white gold dinner ring set with three blue white diamonds and four blue sapphires. A remarkable bargain. \$1.00 with order, \$4.15 a month.



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\$50 Value

\$39.50

27—Two blue white diamonds and four blue sapphires are set in this 14K solid white gold wrist watch. It comes complete with high grade gold filled flexible expansion bracelet set with two triangular cut french blue sapphires. \$39.50. \$1.00 with order, \$3.85 a month.

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AUG 24 1928

SEPTEMBER, 1928
VOLUME 83, NO. 1

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SMART SET

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

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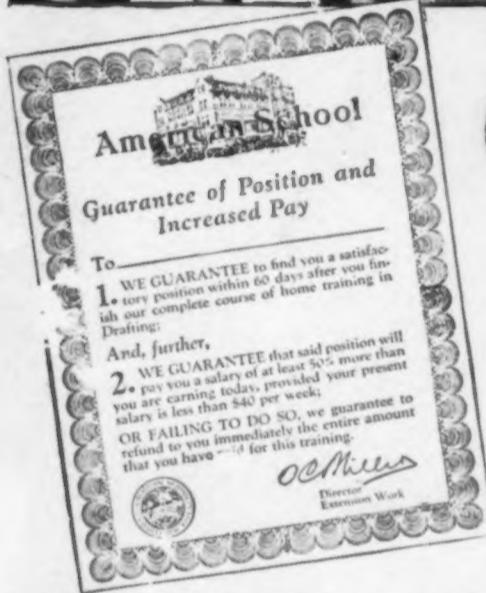


A Breathless Serial of a Yes Man's Sweetheart

The "NO" Girl

By MAY EDGINTON, who wrote "The Joy Girl"

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AMELIA EARHART, the first girl to fly the Atlantic! A whole world shared her hour of triumph. What was she thinking while millions applauded her courage and daring? What manner of girl is she anyway? Is she so very different from you? Does she love pretty clothes? Does she dream the dream of every girl—that age-old dream of gay romance? Of course you'd love to meet her and you are going to have that opportunity when you read

The Golden Girl of The Air

By John Winkler
in October SMART SET



Why did she return his ring?
See "The Girl Who Was Cast Out"

WHEN John Morland met Sally she was another fellow's blind date. The other fellow thought she was a tame kitty but John felt that in being kind to her he was doing a far, far better thing than he had ever done before—for himself. Heaven lasted until they had a misunderstanding. From that moment on John ceased to be a chivalrous, idealistic, romantic boy until in a moment of flaming altruism he tried to do a far, far better thing than he had ever done before—for some one else. If you've never had an experience like that you'll thrill to its romantic possibilities when you read

The Blind Date

By Percy Marks
in October SMART SET

You wouldn't expect a girl whose name was Sandalwood to be common would you? You'd expect her to be a little exotic, a little finer than most girls. But outwardly she wasn't until she met a man who seemed like a god to her. At times he was cruel but wasn't he doing a far, far better thing than he had ever done before in helping a girl attain her hour of triumph? You'll love

Common & Preferred

By Vina Delmar
who wrote "Bad Girl"
in October SMART SET

IFF you'd like to feel that you've done a far, far better thing than you have ever done before buy two copies of October SMART SET, which will be on all the newsstands August 31, and give one to a friend who is not yet acquainted with SMART SET

WHAT is a woman's chief interest in life? To win and hold the love of a man. Have you been successful? If you haven't won the man of your dreams yet or if you have and want to keep him—here's how! Read the story of Emma Hamilton, one of the most famous enchantresses of history. From this woman who began life as a servant girl and earned for herself the title of the Divine Lady you can learn to be more fascinating than you've ever been before

What Every Woman Wants to Know

By Adela Rogers St. Johns
in October SMART SET

WHAT are you, as a girl, most interested in? Dress? Beauty? A career? Love and marriage? Beginning next month departments on these topics will be conducted for you by experts. Ganna Walska, one of the world's most beautiful women, will tell you how to use make-up; Lucille La Salle, famous costume designer, will write on fashions; Helen Woodward, the author of "Through Many Windows," will tell you how to choose the right career, and Madame Elinor Glyn will help you with your love problems. The editors feel that they will be making a better magazine than ever before for

The Girl of Today

The Most Important Person on Earth
in October SMART SET

ARE society girls different from the average girl? Have they standards and traditions to live up to which keep them from being anything but nice girls? If they don't drink and smoke and pet to excess what do they do instead? Do they realize the responsibility that is theirs in making the world a far, far better place than it has been before? Don't miss

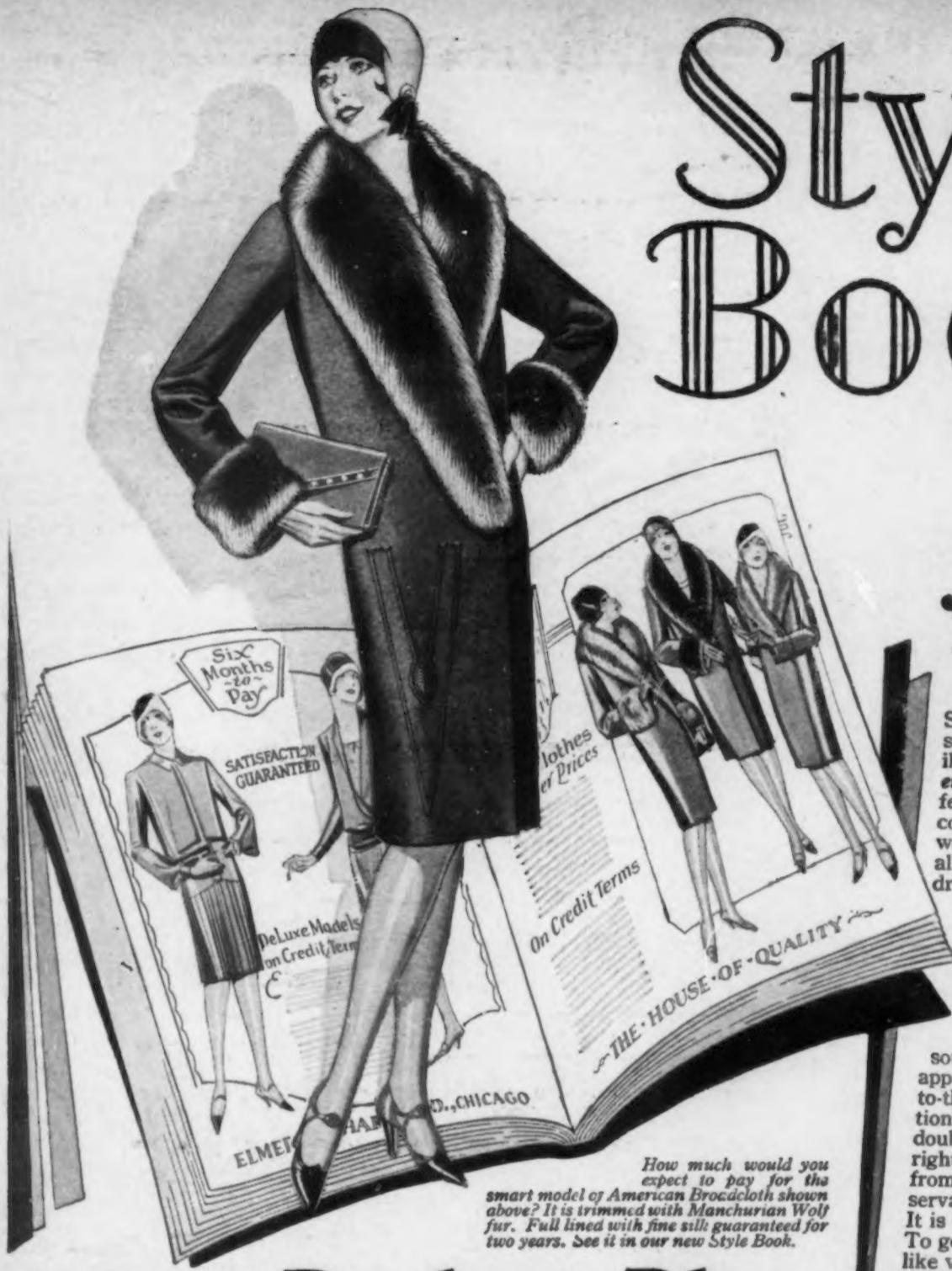
Nice Girls Don't Do Such Things

Alice Lee Beadleston
a smart society girl tells May Cerf
in October SMART SET

WOULD you say yes to whatever a rich, unscrupulous old man asked of you for the sake of a soft living? Would you hide behind a woman's courage trusting her to say "no" for your sake to the luxuries of the world? But if she said "yes" would you dare to do a braver thing than you had ever done before to cast off your shackles and hers? You will love and suffer and triumph with

The "No" Girl

in the thrilling new serial by
May Edginton
in October SMART SET



Style Book free

Newest Smartest New York Styles!

Send now for this book of *authoritative* style information. Many pages, color illustrations, accurate descriptions in *every detail*; showing exactly all the features of up-to-date styles in dresses, coats, millinery, shoes and general wearing apparel—surprising values in all kinds of women's, men's and children's quality clothing.

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Her Charm

Her Career

Her Fashions

Her Fads

Her Problems

Her Health



Posed by Eva Von Berne A.G.M.

And Her Pleasures

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So Beginning With the
October Issue

SMART SET will not only be a magazine of Entertainment; it will be a magazine of Service and Enlightenment. Its brilliant new features on Charm, Fads and Fashions, Careers and Problems will be conducted and written by the best authorities of the day

The Best Short Stories, the Best Serials, the Best Articles,
the Best Fun—Plus these New Features—will make
SMART SET the ONLY magazine for The Girl of Today

Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



Camera Study by V. Lovins

MADGE KENNEDY

A blue-eyed blonde, so girlishly innocent you'd never think of her as the naughty lady of that successful comedy of divorce, "Paris Bound"



*Light as
laughter
Divinely
fair, night-
ly she trips
her way
in the
"Three
Muske-
teers"*

*Camera Study By
Edward Thayer Monroe*

HARRIET HOCTER



Camera Study by Autrey

THE TEMPTRESS

She is Mary Duncan, darkly sophisticated, slumberous-eyed. He is Charles Morton, a blond boy with a bright future. Which would you say was one of "The Four Devils" in that Fox picture?



Cover Story Photo

GERTRUDE WILLIAMS

The reason for any reader's turning over a new leaf. Poised and calm, brown-haired and most serene, the newest laurel leaf in the beauty crown of Mr. Ziegfeld

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



September Morn



A new inner tube? Let your tooth paste pay for it

How come, you ask? Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 6c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The inner tube is merely a suggestion.



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We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year, it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Large Tube
25c

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Invites You
to Meet

Catty Kitty and Her Boy Friends



"IS THAT you, Ransom? I'll be down in a minute . . . I ACTually WILL, my dear!"

It was already twenty minutes after the hour Kitty had told Ransom to call for her to take her to the country club dance.

"My dear, I was TOO IMPRESSED with the DIVINE FLOWers!" Ransom wished she wouldn't lean over the banisters and call things out loud at him like that. It seemed so public.

"TERribly sorry to keep you waiting, my dear, but I've ACTually had the most HECtic time DRESSing . . . I'm coming RIGHT DOWN, though—I ACTually AM!"

"Hollo keed!" Kitty's greeting when she came in a full ten minutes later thrilled him. It seemed so intimate. Then he realized she said it to everybody. She used to say, "Hi!" but none of the girls were saying, "Hi!" any more. They had abandoned that simple greeting for the more ornate, "Hollo keed!"

"Hi!" said Ransom who had intended to say something clever but had suddenly forgotten what it was.

"I'M PANTING like a plush HORSE at this point," said Kitty. "HONestly, my dear, when you arRIVED I didn't have enough on to cover a MOLE. I mean I simply couldn't summon the ENergy to get out of the BATHtub, my dear, until the last MINute when I only had about five SEConds to DRESS or something—can you BEAR it? Got a cigarette? I s'pose we're terribly LATE, aren't we?"

"GOSH, my dear, haven't you got any cheap ones? These things are too rich for MY blood. Anyway I think I've got some in my bag."

"That's a darned pretty dress," said Ransom as they climbed into his roadster. "Isn't it a new one?"

"HEAvens, NO, my dear. I've worn it THREE TIMES! MOTHER loathes it. She says it's too short. It was AWfully sweet of you to BUNCH me, Ransom! I SIMPLY aDORÉ FLOWers and you're always so SWEET about SENDing them to me—you ACTually ARE!"

Ransom shifted jerkily into high and swung the car out of the driveway on to the main road. "Gardenias are darned becoming to you, Kitty!"

"OH, YOU'RE so GOOD to me, Ransom," fluted Kitty, slipping her arm through his. "You know, my dear I'm SIMPLY TERrified about tonight because I just bet you ANYthing you're going to have me on your HANDS all EVENING because I mean I prob'ly won't know a soul THERE, my dear! PRomise you won't mind being STUCK with me, Ransom?"

"Gee!" said Ransom. "I'd like to have the chance, Kitty! Nobody's ever been able to get more than two feet with you at a party."

"Don't be riDIC, Ransom! That's a lot of HORSEradish, my dear. I WISH you wouldn't always FLATter me so, Ransom. It's TERribly MEAN of you because it's just a LINE I bet you throw to EV'ry girl!" [Continued on page 80]

What Every Woman



The First
of a New Series By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

The author of this amazing series is one of the greatest living analysts of the emotions of women. She spent two years studying the lives of the enchantresses of history before writing these articles

ONCE upon a time there was a woman named Cleopatra. She knew how to get a man, which is comparatively easy. She knew how to hold him to their mutual happiness and advantage, which is hard. And she knew how to get what she wanted out of him and make him like it, which is extremely difficult.

Cleopatra knew more about these things than any other woman who ever lived and she used the knowledge consciously and constantly.

Since historical research and careful analysis prove that these things always were and still are the things every woman wants to know, Cleopatra may be translated into modern English as "The Perfect Example for Her Sex" instead of "The Glory of Her Race," which is the ancient Egyptian version.

The things which Cleopatra and the other famous enchantresses of history knew are available to every woman today. The methods are not affected in the least by change of scenery or the invention of the telephone.

What Cleopatra, Mary Stuart, Emma Hamilton, George Sand, Ninon de l'Enclos, Catherine The Great, Peggy O'Neal, Mona Lisa, DuBarry, Pompadour, Diane de Poitiers, Queen Elizabeth, Isabella, Beatrice D'Este, and the Empress Josephine had, all women can cultivate.

If anybody doubts that men were, are, and ever will be woman's chief business in life, a careful study of the lives and loves of these immortal women will soon settle them.

If a great statesman like Queen Elizabeth and a famous author like George Sand could be neither happy nor successful



Every Girl, Every Married Woman **MUST** Read This

Wants to Know

This
Being What
CLEOPATRA
Knew About IT

Drawings by
RUSSELL PATTERSON



There are many versions of the personality of Cleopatra, "The Serpent of the Nile." In reality she was a queen beset by problems, and she used both Caesar and Anthony to help her solve them



Painting By J. W. Waterhouse

without a man's love how can the average woman hope to be?

When a woman satisfies herself without a love life it is because she doesn't know how to get one, and her happiness is essentially negative.

But any woman can have a love life and a happy one with the man she wants, be he a Caesar or a Chopin, a Napoleon or a Nelson, a mechanic or a college professor, if she will study and put into practice the old but apparently little understood methods that these women used. Any woman can gain her ambitions through the man who is in a position to gratify them, whether she starts in a millinery shop, as did DuBarry, or in a noble English family, as did Florence Nightingale; whether the man be an old roué like Louis the Fifteenth or an idealistic English prime minister like Sidney Herbert and whether her ambition is to be the unwed and uncrowned queen of France or the slaving, suffering heroine of the Crimean War.

Can men be happy and successful without women? Sometimes.

Can women be happy and successful without men?

Revelation of the Secret of Woman's Power Over Man



She was only sixteen when she met the greatest Roman of them all, no match for Caesar's wife in looks, but her daring entrance made him laugh. As all men do Caesar liked laughter. That was a trick Cleopatra never forgot

Never. Those are broad statements and like all broad statements susceptible to the inevitable exceptions. But they are true in so large a majority of cases that for our purpose they may be made flatly.

Women cannot be happy without men, regardless of their work, success or intellectual prowess. A study of the lives, loves, ambitions and methods of many women who through all times and ages stood at the head of their sex in achievement, charm, popularity and power will prove this.

The one exception is women with a spiritual vocation, a definite religious vocation. It is not made in the case of women who were merely very spiritual like Mona Lisa Giocondo and Isabella D'Este.

Why pretend? Why deceive ourselves?

WE CLAIM that woman today has reached greater heights than ever before. We point to her as enlightened, free, enjoying untold educational advantages, displaying a higher order of intelligence, occupying positions of power and influence. And on occasions the argument is advanced that for this reason women no longer care so greatly to win and please men.

Fiddlesticks! They care just as greatly but they have lost the art and cover up their failure with talk about emancipation and independence.

The emancipation and independence of woman isn't the reason for the chaotic conditions existing at present between

when freedom is given them. That is evident today.

Advanced! Enlightened! More powerful!

Show me a woman in the world today comparable in efficiency, intellect, education, physical endurance, sports, knowledge of housekeeping, graces of hospitality, the art of dressing, business sagacity, high spiritual attainment, or influence to the two most famous women of the Renaissance. Isabella and Beatrice D'Este. Or to any of a hundred others of the fifteenth century.

It is true that woman as a whole has a freer position today than ever before.

But as a person of charm, of power, of accomplishment, she has fallen far below the level of those D'Este sisters who inspired Raphael, da Vinci and Michelangelo.

In the depths of her heart every woman wants to know what these women knew so completely to win the men they wanted and to hold them once they had won them.

Every woman wants to know how to get the right man, not just any man. And she wants to know how to keep him in love with her, not merely how to hold him by chains of law and custom.

She may want the man for any number of reasons: because she needs protection, because she wants children, because together they can reach heights neither of them can climb alone or she wants him for all these reasons combined.

The reason is not the main thing.

She wants him. And she can get him if she will let her thinking control and direct her emotions.

There is no better way to learn how than to study the methods employed by women who won and held and influenced the great geniuses of their own time.

Analysis proves that these methods are universal and apply to no special time, class or race.

If we consider the methods and characteristics these women had in common, the different types of men they loved, the advantages they had or didn't have, we will find out how they did it. If we put it into practice we shall get what we want and keep it.

More than that, the happiness of the world will be greatly increased.

Let us see what women can teach us the most in this matter:

Cleopatra, who was loved by the great conquerors of her time.

Emma, Lady Hamilton, who rose from a position of shame and class inferiority to marry an English nobleman.

George Sand, the most successful woman writer ever born and the beloved of Chopin, Alfred de Musset, and Gustave Flaubert.

Mary Stuart, queen of France and Scotland, and heroine of innumerable sensational romances.

Peggy O'Neal, the little American girl who through Andrew Jackson ruled the White House in spite of bitter opposition and was responsible for making Martin van Buren president of the United States.

Catherine The Great, who owes her title to two remarkable men who worshiped her, Orloff and Potemkin.

Ninon de l'Enclos, adored at seventy as she was at seventeen and who for years, without wealth or position of high birth, the most influential woman in France.

Mona Lisa Giocondo, subject of the most famous portrait ever painted and the only love of Leonardo da Vinci, who never saw her alone but once, yet almost died of grief of her untimely death.

Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, who knew better than any other woman of history how to make men work for her and



Was the love-power of these old-world women a secret that died with them?

Or can a modern girl apply their technique today?

Can a woman get a man if she thinks rather than feels?

Does sex, without charm, captivate but not hold?

Does charm, without sex, last and triumph?

Are feminine brains more important to love than feminine beauty?

Read this story of Cleopatra. Watch next month for the story of Emma Hamilton, who started as a servant girl and became the "Divine Lady"

Learn the secrets of women from these masters of men

the sexes, the packed divorce courts, the unhappy marriages, the loose morality with its inevitable disasters, the continual

restlessness and dissatisfaction.

The reason is that woman, upon whom ninety per cent of the responsibility for the relation must rest, has forgotten the methods that produced happiness for herself as well as for the man.

In her search for freedom she has grabbed a bull by the tail and the sooner she lets go the better. Women weren't intended to be separate individuals. If they had been they wouldn't be built the way they are and they aren't happy

who controlled her kingdom and decided the destinies of Europe through her ability to handle men.

Isabella and Beatrice D'Este, Marchesa of Mantua and Duchess of Milan, two of the most successful wives to difficult husbands and two of the most accomplished diplomats of all times.

Of these twelve only three were acknowledged beauties: Mary Stuart, Emma Hamilton and Isabella D'Este.

Four, Cleopatra, George Sand, Catherine The Great, and Queen Elizabeth may actually be considered plain.

The rest were just so-so as to looks.

Five of them were queens, but of these five, four owed their thrones to men who saved them. Catherine The Great was an obscure German princess without a vestige of right to the Russian crown. Cleopatra was an exile and at best could claim but half interest in the throne of Egypt.

Beauty is by no means essential. The advantage is so slight as to be practically negligible. Apparently the only advantage Venus had was that she could make men look at her first. There is so much more beauty than brains in the world and here the word brains means intelligence where men and love are concerned, not where Greek, Latin or mathematics are the subjects.

No woman ever held a man by physical attraction alone.

Women did hold men by love and companionship long after physical passion had died.

Sex without charm will captivate but cannot hold.

Charm without sex, or with sex in a minor rôle, will last and triumph.

Charm is the most important thing in the world to a woman and the hardest to analyze. Each of the biographies of these women is in reality an attempt to define charm.

All these women had tremendous physical courage. They could be soft, alluring, perfumed and feminine to the last degree when the occasion demanded it but they could also fol-



Cleopatra knew what she wanted and that season she wanted Anthony, on a couch of Oriental luxury for Anthony



She had gone to Caesar for the first time rolled in a carpet but she lolled because she knew he was mad for splendor

R. ELLIOTT
PATTERSON

low their men into battle. They were resourceful in tight spots; they could ride the most dangerous horses, slay wild boars with a spear, put to sea in a small boat in a storm, face an angry mob without flinching, meet death without a quiver.

All of them had a keen sense of humor.

Every single one of them made herself an essential part of the man's work, was vitally interested in it, knew a great deal about it, was indelibly mixed up with it in his mind, either directly as in the case of George Sand and Flaubert, or indirectly as in the case of Ninon and Cardinal Richelieu.

Not one of them ever employed the method which stupid, vain women, guarding a false and ignominious pride are so apt to believe effective: withholding, coldness or creation of jealousy. Not one of them was afraid to let a man be sure of her.

The arts in which they excelled were strangely enough not the arts of sensuous enjoyment and intelligent listening.

Morality or virtue seems to have had nothing to do with it one way or the other. Emma Hamilton was not Lord Nelson's legal wife yet he regarded her as an angel temporarily descended from heaven. Not a word of slander or gossip ever touched Beatrice D'Este in the most immoral age in the world but she kept the love of her temperamental husband, El Moro, long years after she was dead. Peggy O'Neal was a good girl and Jeanne DuBarry was a very bad one. Mona Lisa was almost a saint and the Pompadour was certainly a devil.

Wickedness did not hold these men nor goodness drive them away.

It was their many-sidedness and their deep psychology, their courage and their companionship that beyond all beauty, beyond all lure, kept alive the flame of love after the spark of personality had lighted it.

This many-sidedness, this "infinite variety" which Shakespeare ascribes to [Continued on page 86]

Ask Us

About Companionate



Josephine Haldeman



Julius Haldeman

You have learned a lot about the theory of Companionate Marriage from experts like Judge Ben Lindsey. Now you can read the true experiences of the famous young couple who had the courage to try what most people only discuss. Their trials and disappointments, the attitude of the public and their friends toward them, their struggle for their own and other young people's happiness will answer your questions regarding this newest of social experiments.

PULLMAN conductors are sticklers for morality. They probably have to be. This one certainly was. And his sense of morality had been violently outraged. He came striding purposefully down the aisle of a transcontinental train one day last April. His face was flaming and on it there was a look that said as plain as words: "There'll be none of these goings-on on my train! At least not if I know anything about it!"

He planted himself before a section in which sat a young couple, a slim girl of eighteen and a tall youth of twenty. Accusingly he thrust out his hand and from it dangled two of those long strips of railroad ticket. "Er—you—this—" he stammered.

They both looked up. "What's the matter?" asked the boy.

"You'd better come back and talk this over with me," suggested the conductor. While the rest of the passengers stared, two red-faced males stalked into the compartment marked "MEN" and there this colloquy ensued:

Conductor: Say, young fellow, don't you know this is a pretty serious thing? You could get arrested and sent to the penitentiary for this!

Youth: What are you talking about?

Conductor: Why, you and this girl. You can't share one berth.

Youth: But she's my wife!

CONDUCTOR: Wife! Why haven't you got the same name on your tickets, then? What are you going to do about it?

We were that young couple. That very thing happened to us on a Santa Fe train on our way from Kansas City to Los Angeles last April. Do you think we tried to explain to that conductor that we were companionately married and that part of our creed included the using of our individual names?

No, for several reasons!

In the first place, we could probably never have made him

understand it. That is so regrettably often the case.

In the second place, if we had, it would have meant that the whole carful of people would have been staring at us and whispering about us and generally acting toward us as if we were circus freaks, and we are sick and tired of that!

So we showed him some telegrams concerning a theatrical engagement we were on our way to fill, and mollified him by explaining prosaically that Josephine Haldeman-Julius was just a stage name.

He apologized and didn't bother us at all for the remaining two nights and days.

WELL, there you have one example of one of the things we two have been up against ever since last November simply because we are conducting an experiment in truth under the name of companionate marriage.

We are not conducting an experiment in marriage! There are hundreds of couples in America today, probably thousands, who are living their married lives under precisely the same conditions and understandings and agreements as we. The only difference between us and them is that we are openly practising companionate marriage, while the others, either through fear of public opinion or because they have not been thrust into the limelight, are doing it secretly.

As for us, we do not fear public opinion because we know we are doing right. And although we've been trying ever since we were married, we simply can't get out of the limelight.

Ever since we were married publicity has hounded us. Whatever we do the newspapers broadcast. Constantly in public we are pointed out and stared at. Endlessly we hear the whisper, "There go the companionate couple."

It will take us years to live down this publicity so that we can be just ourselves instead of the companionate couple. Why, we couldn't even take a job in a drug store, say, without the proprietor sticking a sign in the window which would

BY JOSEPHINE HALDEMAN-JULIUS

And AUBREY ROSELLE

Marriage-We Know

announce, "The Companionate Couple Working Inside."

Here's our latest experience:

We signed a contract in Kansas City to go to Los Angeles for what we understood was to be a vaudeville engagement with our dance act. When we got there we found that we were scheduled to stand on the stage, making personal appearances as "The Famous Companionate Couple" in connection with the showing of a flaming sex picture. The city was plastered with screaming red, white and blue billboards announcing it. We refused to go on. We cancelled the contract.

We are not trying to capitalize our marriage. We are trying to do just the contrary. What we want right now, more than anything else, is to be let alone and given a chance to be just ourselves.

But even though this publicity has been intensely distasteful to us in a personal way we are glad that it has brought companionate marriage to the fore as a subject of discussion. It has done wonders in clarifying popular conception of the term. And that is what companionate marriage needs. The great majority of people do not understand it. That's why they are against it. Their opposition is the opposition of ignorance. That is not a vague theory with us; we have proved it. Countless people who told us they disapproved of companionate marriage were converted to our way of thinking after we had explained it to them.

TOO many people think companionate marriage is just a new name for shotgun wedding. A lot of others think it isn't any kind of a wedding at all, that it's just a fancy way of saying "free love" or "trial marriage" or one of those things.

It isn't. Companionate marriage differs from everyday marriage in three main particulars:

First, we remain individuals, financially independent of each other.

Second, we have agreed to practise birth control until we are ready to assume the status of "family marriage."

Third, if the necessity for divorce should arise—and neither of us now believes it ever will—we would wish to be divorced cleanly, without the filth and lying that is required now. Divorce by mutual consent would be infinitely preferable to what the law requires today. And for that matter, divorce by mutual consent is widespread now, only they have to bootleg it.

So you see companionate marriage isn't really something awful. It's really not different from what countless people are doing today and when Judge Lindsey urges legalizing companionate marriage he is only trying to legalize certain customs. But it's so hard to make people see that.

You know, we were married in Girard, Kansas. It's a town of about three thousand five hundred people. It's got a new court house in a square and a hitching rack and a town watering trough.

It's a nice town. We've lived there and we like it. We're going to live there some more and we want it to like us. And that's why we're still a little bit hurt because we know that when we were companionately married there most everybody thought we were just two kids gone wrong, that we had been misled by a lot of new fangled propaganda!

We know they won't feel that way [Continued on page 96]



Josephine and Aubrey posed for this exclusive picture to prove that as companionate marriage advocates they are not opposed to children



Happily married, a devoted mother, Vina Delmar, at twenty-three, is a literary success because she observes life fearlessly

NOBODY but Carlita Monroe Egenhoff would have thought of suddenly transplanting an old lady who had lived seventy-two years in one house to a New York apartment. But Carlita said to herself, "It is time for Grandma to make a change if she ever is going to make one."

Carlita was terribly sick of Westchester but nevertheless she chose Inwood, that bit of countryside in upper New York City, to settle in that is almost as close to Westchester as one can be and still feel like a New Yorker. The Egenhoffs had left a ten room house behind them, not counting the attic. No Egenhoff would ever count the attic. They settled in Inwood's newest apartment house and they took seven rooms because Carlita didn't know how two people could live in less.

SHE had free rein in choosing the apartment because her choice always proved to the old lady's benefit. For Carlita loved her grandmother though she was a sharp nosed old lady with no trace of the charm which she claimed to have possessed in her youth. "We will need a kitchen," said Carlita, "two bedrooms, a dining room a parlor, a library and a music room."

"And a maid's room?" asked the renting agent who was showing the Egenhoffs around.

Carlita gave him a deadly look. "Did you hear me mention a maid's room?" she asked.

The renting agent didn't reply. He was rather bowled over by the whole affair. You see in Inwood two people live in three rooms. He was worried that Carlita wouldn't let her grandmother sign the lease when she found that the apartment had bathrooms. Carlita hadn't asked for bathrooms.

But in the end the lease was signed and the Egenhoffs moved in. Carlita's grandmother closed herself in one of the rooms which was furnished identically the same as the one she had had somewhere in Westchester and spent most of the time glar-

A Lady

VINA DELMAR

Who Wrote that Famous Novel

"BAD GIRL"

Now Has Written

Just as Exciting

And Human a Story

of a

GOOD GIRL



ing defiantly at the portraits of her ancestors who had never had the courage to move to New York.

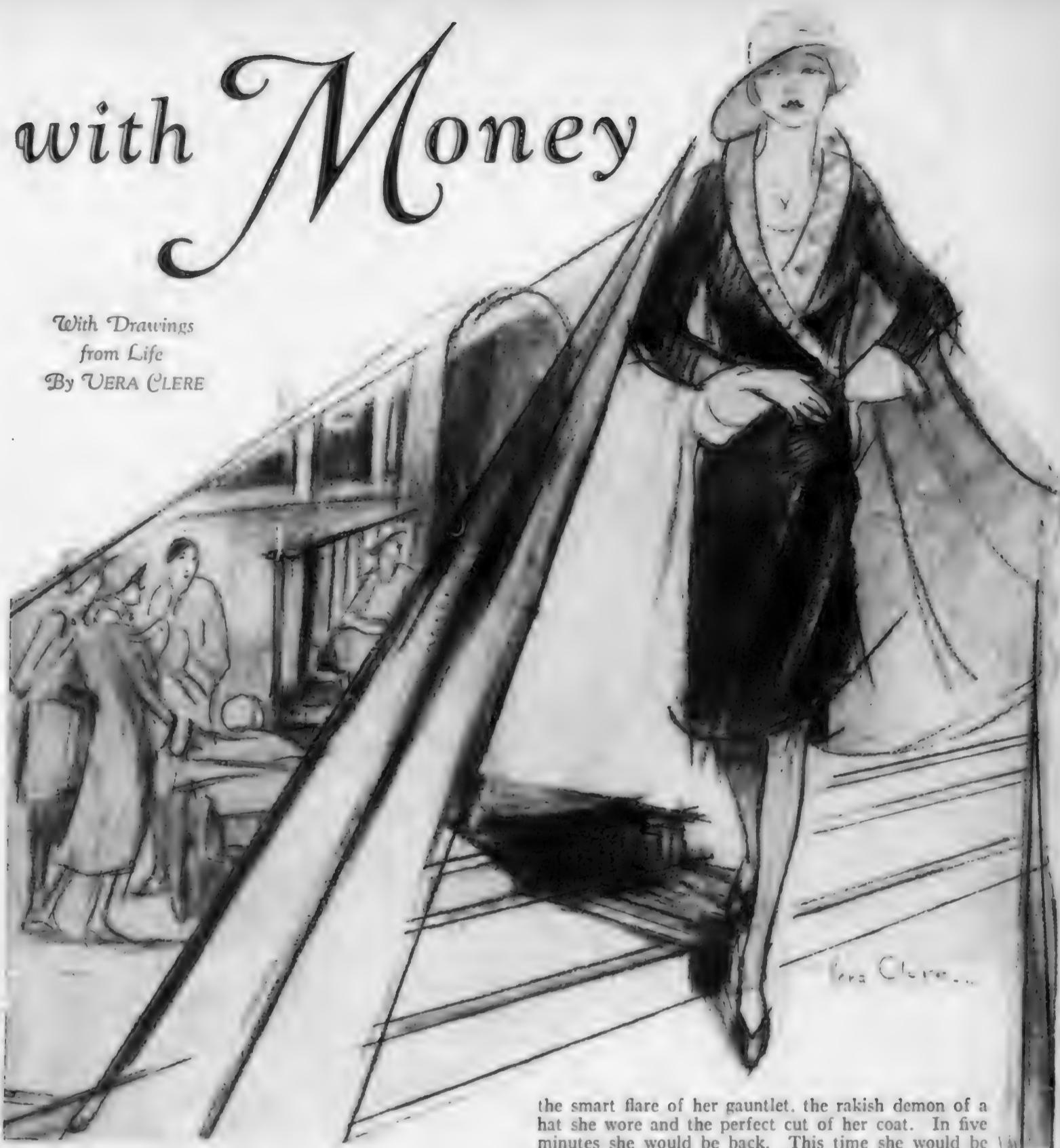
And Inwood knew that the Egenhoffs had come. The women standing outside the house sunning their babies talked and talked of the new tenants.

"Seven rooms they took," said Mrs. Lewis. "Maybe other relatives are coming from somewhere."

But no other relatives ever came and Inwood wondered what the two Egenhoffs did with seven rooms. They speculated much

with Money

With Drawings
from Life
By VERA CLERE



The suburban women stood outside the house sunning their babies and discussed the mysterious Carlita. She lived alone and they couldn't figure whether she was a stuck up pill or a lady

on the two strange ladies in apartment D 12. The renting agent told them that Carlita was the granddaughter and they watched Carlita with interest. Some of them nodded brightly to her and smiled and were rewarded with the frostiest of acknowledgments. Inwood was not discouraged. Faint heart never won a gossiping acquaintance with a neighbor.

Every afternoon when the sun shone brightly Carlita would come down the steps of the apartment house. She would whisk past the suddenly silent ladies but not before they had noticed

the smart flare of her gauntlet, the rakish demon of a hat she wore and the perfect cut of her coat. In five minutes she would be back. This time she would be driving a glittering black sedan. Without looking to left or right she would re-enter the house, tall, aloof—Carlita Monroe Egenhoff, by gosh!

"She's gone to get the old woman," the neighbors would inform each other.

And sure enough Carlita would return with her grandmother leaning heavily on her arm and she would deposit her carefully in the car, wrap her well in blankets and go rolling down Riverside Drive at a full ten miles an hour.

The ladies would watch the car out of sight and then and only then would they notice that their babies were crying or that it was time to do the shopping.

Mrs. Schiller thought that Carlita was a stuck up little pill. Mrs. Robins argued the point. It was plain, Mrs. Robins said, that Carlita was a lady and after all there wasn't anybody in the house fit for a lady to associate with excepting, of course, Mrs. Robins who had a brother who was a doctor and a sister-in-law who was a Vassar graduate.

"She's very pretty anyhow," said little Mrs. Duval.

So Rich, So Exclusive, No Man Ever Dared



TOMMY

Who was one of those men with bewildered blue eyes and the look of having very recently been washed and combed by his mother

"Pretty!" A score of objections rained down upon Mrs. Duval's head.

"She's so tall."

"The lipstick that girl puts on her lips! I'm surprised the old lady lets her."

"And no rouge. Pale like an invalid!"

"She's got good clothes, I will say, but pretty—"

Mrs. Duval was properly crushed. She was short on words and knew that in a million years she could never explain what she meant if she told them that the sight of Carlita Egenhoff always made her think that she should have stuck to the art school.

The first person in Inwood that got to know Carlita Egenhoff was Tommy O'Dell. Tommy was a pharmacist. We called them drug clerks up here so that was what Tommy called himself. He was one of those men with bewildered blue eyes and the look of having very recently been washed and combed by his mother.

HEAVEN only knows why he of all Inwoodites got Carlita's first friendly smiles. Perhaps the reason for that dates back farther than Carlita's ancestors.

She hadn't wanted to be friendly with Tommy. She didn't need him. Carlita never bothered about people she didn't need. She liked to read and she adored shopping and she liked to play chess. All she needed to read was a borrower's card at the Inwood Library; she required no companion to help her shop and she'd never met a better chess player than her grandmother. So why bother about making contacts in Inwood and why be friendly with a drug clerk? Obviously she had no use for him. She tried to puzzle it out in her brain but reached no solution. She decided she'd buy her drugs in another store. That, however, didn't work out well because the store in which Tommy worked had the largest stock and Carlita's grandmother was always needing some very unusual drug or some almost obsolete appliance that had been heard of nowhere in Inwood except in Tommy's store.

The Egenhoffs had lived in Inwood six months when Mrs. Egenhoff took to her bed. The doctor from Westchester came three times a day. The neighbors saw Carlita scooting between the market and the drug store. She bought everything she could think of to excite the old lady's appetite.

"Such a shame if she should die," said Mrs. Lewis. "She must have money the way they live and to think she has to leave it."

When Carlita came past them with her bundles they stopped her. They now had a perfect legal right, according to Inwood law, to speak to her even against her will. There was illness in her house and it was compulsory that she should tell how everything was going.

How is your grandmother today?"

"Just the same," Carlita would reply. She had said that to them on the first day so there was a little more understanding and confusion in the section. At the first possible chance she would flee from them.

Mr. Egenhoff went down hill rapidly. She was dying. Carlita cooked for her and read to her. She was a querulous, fault finding invalid. Carlita slept in the room with her grandmother. A nurse irritated the old lady. There were days and nights of nervous strain.



Court Her, How Could She Find Love?



Erminie was a lovely girl. Tommy—Carlita's Tommy—stared at her. Carlita was playing chess with him but Erminie promised a more exciting game

CARLITA

Who said to herself, "You're getting morbid. You'll have to find some young company or you'll be an old lady in no time"



Carlita faced the neighbors with her rouge as thickly spread as usual upon her lips and with her clothes as carefully arranged but there was something within her growing more and more taut each day.

It was at ten o'clock one night that Carlita phoned the doctor. Grandmother was very ill. He came at once and dispatched Carlita to the drug store with a prescription. Carlita stood tall and white at the drug counter between a lady who hated drug stores that didn't keep stamps and an elderly man who wanted to buy an ounce of very expensive perfume. Tommy took the prescription from Carlita's hand.

"Well," said the lady who needed a two cent stamp, "you were waiting on me, young man."

Carlita began to smile. At least she thought she was going to smile but the first thing she knew there were tears streaming down her face and she was trembling all over.

Tommy sat her down in the back of the store. He hastily compounded the prescription and then walked the block and a half back to apartment D 12 with Carlita. When they got there it was too late. Grandmother had checked Carlita's chess king for the last time.

THE doctor broke the news rather brutally. Tommy thought, but he didn't know his Egenhoffs like the doctor did. Tommy thought that Carlita showed signs of a nervous breakdown. He didn't know that she had had all the nervous breakdown an Egenhoff ever had right there in the drug store.

When the doctor had finished speaking Carlita poured herself a stiff drink of rye whiskey which the doctor had procured for the deceased. She drained it rapidly and telephoned the family mortician. She was quite all right. No, Tommy couldn't do anything more and the doctor needn't send her anybody. She was quite all right.

The renting agent and the neighbors accepted without question that Carlita would move from the house. That is the general procedure in the uptown sections. Sometimes it is because with the loss of a member of a family, a smaller apartment is possible. Sometimes it is because grief makes a person unable to live in the old familiar surroundings. Sometimes it is because darned few of us up here ever want to

have communications with those who have passed on.

Some people based their theory that Carlita would move on one of these reasons; some found others, but everybody agreed that she would move away. She didn't. She stayed.

"My goodness, a young girl like that in such a big apartment!"

"And the expense of it."

"Yeh, that must be hard on her without the old lady's money."

And then suddenly it dawned upon the ladies of Inwood that the money which had made possible a seven room apartment, a glittering black automobile and the smart clothes was now Carlita's. Downtown, even before the old lady's illness, it would have been an accepted idea that Carlita was the natural beneficiary but in Inwood where legacies are very rare nobody had ever given that a thought.

The money which Grandmother Egenhoff had left, however, [Continued on page 11]

If You Dream Of Going on the Stage Read this First



1. She gave up all for motherhood. Then
Fate gave her movie fame as well

I'M SUPPOSED to know something about Broadway, that very dizzy street about which too much can never be written. I'm supposed to know all the inside stuff about the blazing thoroughfare that is such a dull spot for the few who know it and such a lure for those who do not. So they came to me and told me to write a piece about going on the stage. They told me to write of ten girls who had come to Broadway in search of success. Five little stories were to concern girls who had bucked the line and crashed through. And five of them were to deal with girls who had bucked the line only to fall by the Broadwayside.



2. Why is this girl seeking a new career under a new name?

Ten Darlings

Here, then, are the ten cases. They are plucked at random from a memory that harbors a thousand such cases. But ten or a thousand, the stories are all similar. They may differ in the telling but the basic reason for all of them never varies.

They came to New York to go on the stage:

Helen Morgan. Her eyes have a sad expression but her lips form happy little songs that people love to hear. She is a lovely creature and men are quite wild about her, which is as it should be.

Helen first popped up in New York in the chorus of a Ziegfeld show. She had won a beauty contest in Chicago, which had been her home for a number of years.

That contest made her quite serious about the business of being a Barrymore. So here she was in the chorus of a Ziegfeld production.

There wasn't anything particularly unusual about Helen in those days. She was just one of the mob. The only thing remarkable about her was that she never said she had been brought up in a convent.

After she had shaken herself loose from the back line of the chorus Helen Morgan decided that cabaret work might not be so bad. She had sampled the night life and had found it quite pleasing to her taste. Many people have a taste for night life around midnight. It's the taste that comes in the morning that's not so good.

At any rate, they gave Helen a job in the old Rue de la Paix, one of the numerous New York cabarets that have long since disappeared down the road of good "gintentions."

After two weeks, she went to the boss and asked if he did not think her capable of leading a number. He told her to stay where she was or else to get out. She got. Some three years later, that same boss offered her twenty times her original salary to come to a new club. She laughed at him.

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3. She jumped into a bathtub and right out of the picture



4. Her beauty blazed a path of glory which led but to the grave

B of Broadway

But first came hungry days of spending thirty cents for a meal and wondering where the next thirty cents were coming from. Haunting the managers' offices. Smiling prettily for agents. Primping smartly for leading men. Tough days.

She secured a job with George White. Then came another with "Americana," an intimate musical revue. They gave her a blues number to sing. She sang it so beautifully and with such feeling that men came back to the show time and time again. The women didn't. But it made no difference.

At that time, which was just about three years ago, a Mr. Nick Blair owned the Playground Café. He came to me one night and asked my opinion.

"I'm thinking of hiring that Helen Morgan girl," he said. "What do you think of her as a star attraction?"

I laughed in his face. It might have been rude but I laughed just the same.

"No good," I responded. "She hasn't the voice for a large room like yours. She'll never do."

SO, AFTER listening carefully to my advice, he promptly went out and hired her. Today Helen Morgan is unquestionably the most successful cabaret songstress in America.

In addition to her own club, she is one of the featured attractions of Mr. Ziegfeld's immensely successful "Show Boat." She is earning two thousand dollars a week, hasn't a quarter to show for it, and will probably be making four thousand dollars a week within a year.

She is a success!

Dorothy Smollar. Just where Dorothy came from, I really couldn't say. There are those who said she came from Baltimore, where men are Mencken. But nobody ever checked on it for the very simple reason that nobody cared.

She came to New York to seek success, tra, la, but she was one of those who never even came close to it.

She got a job in one of the Greenwich Village Follies. But she didn't like the work. She wanted a part in the legitimate branch of the profession. [Continued on page 108]

By a Man

Who Knows the Secrets
Of the Great White Way

MARK HELLINGER



1. NANCY CARROLL
2. IMOGENE WILSON
3. JOYCE HAWLEY
4. JULIA BRUNS
5. BARBARA STANWYCK

5. The cabaret girl who cried herself into the rôle of a theatrical star

Ain't Nature

What Happens
When a Shy Millionaire
Meets
a Fast Working
Broadway Babe
In the
Woods

REALLY, I don't know why Seena should be so crazy about Jerry Jenks! Mr. Jenks is only a former pugilist, known in the ring as "Glass-Jawed Jerry" because of his ability to topple over when confronted by an advancing five ounce glove. But he has taken my roommate by storm and the admiring way in which that girl allows her languishing eye to follow him around is nobody's business.

He doesn't register with me at all. I mean, he makes one laugh sometimes, but so does a Mack Sennett comedian and whoever lost their heart to one of them? I like a man to be refined, don't you? But if you should ask this Jerry what refined meant, he'd say it was a state arrived at after the second quart of bootleg. The oaf! I could only fall for a gentleman.

Seena and I, you must know, are the pair of dazzlers employed behind the cosmetic counter in the Gotham Drug Company, New York, right on Times Square. My name is Alyse, and I will now let you in on a little trade secret. We were hired from among one hundred applicants for the jobs, because, of them all, we two had the best undiluted set of features, figures and frills. The amount of make up Seena and I use in a day could easily be put in a split pea, but our best line is that delivered with a confidential air across the counter:

"**Y**ES, madam, you can see for yourself what beauty cream has done for my complexion. A month ago I looked like a horse."

They buy and buy and buy!

Excuse me for rambling. I was talking about Jerry. Since him and Seena have taken this passion for one another, he has been around at our flat just constantly. He sits on the sofa while she feeds him admiring glances and midnight steak sandwiches broiled with her own fair hands. I usually retire to the bedroom and put cotton in my ears to drown his



Hiding behind some bushes, I get my first glimpse of my millionaire, the kind I love to touch. It's love at first sight for me and just my luck that he's a woman hater

guffaws. But one night in August the clock actually reaches quarter past nine without his showing up and it's all I can do to restrain my charming chum from calling the police.

"I just know something's happened to him," she sniffs.

"Fate couldn't be that kind," I murmur. "No, Seena. He's like seven on the loaded dice. He'll turn up again and again. The cute baboon!"

"But he ought to of telephoned," she moans. "It's terrible." And this little girl, five feet two, weight one hundred and one, is actually suffering over some imaginary mishap to the sturdy oddity as if he was so delicate he could get a sunstroke in the subway.

At that precise moment the door bell rings and my girl friend collapses into a chair.

"If it's a telegram," she cries, "I won't look at it."

Wonderful?



A raucous voice reassures her! At last Jerry has arrived!

"Ah, there, bimboes," he booms. "Get them red lips ready. Here comes a walking thrill."

"You may be a thrill on Broadway," says I, "but you're a distinct collapse to me. I was hoping it was the iceman. That friend comes in quietly and goes out quick."

"Where have you been?" cries Seena. She flings her arms around his neck and is lifted clean off the floor. "You wasn't hurt or anything like that, was you?"

The churl tosses his cap into a corner and pinches her ear. "Say, cutie," he bellows, "the last time I was hurt was 1907. I fell out of a third story window and sprained my thumb.

As Confided
By Alyse Herself
To
PAUL SCHUBERT

But I wasn't so tough then as I am now." He tosses a wink in my direction. "What, no kiss?" he inquires.

"Oh, cut yourself a slice of glass," I disparage. "I won't say, Jerry, that you leave me unmoved. The fact is you make my trigger finger tremble but I wish you'd stayed away."

"Haw, haw, haw," he guffaws. "That's a good one. Well, girls, listen to a wonderful story. What do you think I been doing?"

"Sitting in front of a mirror playing solitaire," I suggest. "thrilled to find one person you was clever enough to cheat. Do you know you're an hour and a half late?"

"I been visiting with a millionaire," is his announcement and I burst into gales of laughter.

"I had luncheon with Herald Square myself," I mock. "It was more fun."

Jerry pays no attention to me but as Seena is staring at him with her mouth wide open he goes on addressing his remarks to her. "You've heard of Churchill Thomas, ain't you?" he inquires.

"Not the Churchill Thomas?" she echoes.

"No one else but," he responds. I prick up my ears for when he calls Churchill Thomas a millionaire he is far from exaggerating, though that's not what makes the young man famous. Churchill Thomas, who is only twenty-four, is notorious for being a woman hater, and I'll tell you why. When his millions were left him several years ago, a couple of damsels from out West appeared on the scene and contested the will, saying that they was the rightful heirs.

By the time he won that contest, his fortune had been so thoroughly advertised and his good looking picture had taken the eye of so many other women, that there was a perfect horde of the sex with only one idea in mind, to throw the harpoon into Churchill and lead him to the altar. He had become, in short, a catch. Whenever he heard the rustle

of silken nose we would flee like the bulbul.

"What about Churchill Thomas?" I inquire. You can never tell whether Jerry's topics are going to lead to information or indignity.

"Churchy is one swell guy," says Jerry. "I and him are bosom pals and I'm gonna work for him."

"What!" chorus Seena and I.

"Yep," he says. "Up at his place in the Catskill Mountains I'm gonna be his personal bodyguard."

"Help!" I scream. "You'll keep the women away all right. One look at you will start a panic."

"Oh, I don't know," he retorts. "Seena here don't think so. Do you, kid?"

"That ain't love," I disparage. "It's astigmatism."

"Anyway," Jerry ignores, "I start tomorrow an' believe me it's some dump. It's a great big house built of logs, and all the walls made of screens. There's a lake in the front and it's right in the woods. Churchy owns so much land that they say it's full of wild animals. I wouldn't be surprised but there's bears and tigers and lions."

"Come back to Harlem," I break in. "Where do you think you are, in a circus or in the wild jungles of Africa?"

"Aw," he retorts, "I bet it's full of wild beasts."

"I suppose it's from them that you're to guard Mr. Thomas?"

"Nothin' like that," he murmurs. "Listen! Over on the next place o' ours is a guy that's crazy. He thinks he's Charlie Chaplin and Churchy is Harold Lloyd. He's always comin' over to Churchy's place to argue about who's the best actor. Well, I got the job keepin' him away. And besides that there's some Jane been writing Churchy letters full of love, and he's so scared she'll come up and he'll be caught alone with her that I'm to always be within call. Of course, if there's any other bodyguardin' to do I'll do it. He picked the right man you bet."

But Seena is looking at him tearfully. "I won't see you any more," she cries. "Gee, wouldn't I love it if I could have my vacation in a place like that."

"Stop, stop," I interrupt. "You know what you and I are going to do on our vacation. We're going down to Asbury Park where we can meet some regular fellows and get in a little dancing and some light hearted affection. We'll sleep till noon every day, have breakfast in bed, dally on the sand and come home broke but benefited. Remember that wonderland you met last year? Maybe he'll be there again."

Jerry snorts, "Aw, Asbury Park! I wouldn't be found dead there. Say Seena, if you really want to come up to our place I think I could square it with Churchy."

"We could just camp under a rose bush, I suppose?" I retort. "Wouldn't that be a lovely outing? Jerry, you're

merely jealous. When I mention that maybe Seena'll look at something else in trousers, you bellow. Even if you could get us in, what would there be for us at your place?"

"Me!" he roars, and I fling my shoe at him.

Perhaps matters would never of gone no further if it hadn't been for the little chap who mixes tonics and makes pills down at our drug store. This lad worships Seena from afar and the morning he returns from his vacation, he tiptoes over among the cosmetics and greets her bashfully. His face is the color of salmon.

"Where have you been?" Seena chirps good naturedly. Always big hearted, that girl.

He gets all excited at the attention. "Camping," he says. "Up in the mountains. It was swell."

I edge over in their direction. "Is that a mosquito bite?" I query pointedly, "or a blister on your nose?"

"I done it crawling through a fence," he admits. "Gee. I had a wonderful time. I been gettin' ready for this all year."

I had the whole outfit, from tent to frying pan, right on my Chevy. Say, I was more comfortable than when I'm home."

"That all depends on what kind of a home you have," I disparage, but Seena is looking at him with that wonder working expression that I have seen perform miracles. "What in the world," I think.

"does she want of that boy?" I don't wait long to find out.

"I'd simply adore spending my vacation camping," she moons. "only I could never do it."

"No?" he queries.

"I haven't got any automobile," she sighs, "or any tent and things and I don't know where I could ever get them."

He is standing there with his mouth open eagerly putting two and two together when I interrupt. "Say, mister, isn't that somebody waiting at your counter?"

The little guy goes hurrying off, but before I can grab Seena she goes trotting right along after him and I am forced to wait on a fussy blonde. By the time I have finished the worst has been accomplished. My girl friend has finished her interview with the drug clerk and is stepping into the telephone booth. When she saunters back toward the lipsticks and lotions she expresses triumph in every classic curve.

"We leave for Jerry's place tomorrow," she announces.

"Seena!" I cry. "Be yourself!"

"I borrowed Mr.

What's-his-name's automobile," she goes on, "and his tent and everything. Won't it be swell?"

"My Gawd," I moan.

"Oh, you'll love it too," she prattles. "All we'll need will be a quiet, out of the way place, not too far from the house and not too far from the lake, cool and shady."

"Is Jerry still strong for the idea?" I query. "What does Mr. Churchill Thomas say?"

"Oh, I merely sent Jerry a telegram," is Seena's guileless

With Drawings from Life

By EDWARD BUTLER



Seen and I are buy-buy girls, employed as dazzlers in the Gotham Drug Store, Times Square, New York, to tell the fat and forty what will give them our complexions

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Thomas
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The decoy dame and I rush into Churcy's presence at once. I take a desperate gamble. "Dearie," I accost her, "I am Mrs. Churchill Thomas. The easy pickings are gone so take your racket somewhere else." With that she fades

answer. "Listen, have you got a dollar? I borrowed this money off that nice boy and I want to pay him back."

Well, children, this fantastic plan of Seena's really has me frantic, but after I see that nothing can swerve her in her determination to put it through I decide to make the best of it. After all, I might get a chance to meet Churchill Thomas who always has intrigued me.

Somewhere in her past Seena has learned to drive, so after

her admirer has brought his vehicle around to our house next morning and entrusted it to our tender care, we add our suitcases to the numerous equipment that is already on it and start down the road. You would think to look at us that we was starting for Alaska. The car is covered with bulgy canvas bundles fastened on with straps and I know that when it is all taken off and spread around the ground we'll be roughing it. That's where Jerry comes in. [Continued on page 99]

The Revelations of a Disillusioned Young Man

Girls We're Wise to You

By

CORNELL WOOLRICH

Who Wrote
"Children of the Ritz"

BLAME it on the girls if you think we boys have changed a lot in the last few years. But don't blame it on the war because none of us were in the war. We were just entering high school when the war ended.

The girls changed first. We've never known, any of us, what an old-fashioned girl was like. We've seen them on the wall in frames but that's as close as we've ever gotten to one. I mean the kind of girl that used to let us do the telephoning and left a party with the same boy that took her there. The kind of girl that didn't wear bells on her garters and show them to you when you asked where the music was coming from. The kind of girl that didn't empty your cigarette case the first ten minutes after you were out with her. The kind of girl that didn't know where to get much better liquor than yours, and didn't criticize your gin and say, "Put it back in the lamp." The kind that didn't make four dates a night so she could keep the one that pleased her most and leave the others flat.

I'm sick of girls like that. So are all my friends. I'm sick of legs. An ankle would be much more interesting for a change. Why do they have to show their thighs all the time? I'm sick of boyish bobs. Why don't they leave a little hair on their heads once in a while? Why don't they just be natural, instead of trying to be fast? A man knows a fast girl the minute he sees one. And he knows when a girl is just pretending. So why do they pretend to be something they're not. Can't they give us credit for a little common sense?

Some day I'd like to meet a girl who doesn't start calling me by my first name five minutes after we've been introduced, who doesn't flirt over my shoulder the minute we get on a dance floor, who doesn't souse gin in a taxi and get it all over my trousers, who doesn't tell me the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter when I'd rather talk about the moonlight, who doesn't hand me the line beginning, "You're different from anyone I've met." Some day I may meet a girl like that but if I do I think the shock will kill me.

They "get their man" all right but if they think the man

enjoys being gotten by the system they use they've got another guess coming to them. They think it's clever to air their views on sex in front of a roomful of people. They want to show us they know all about sex. Well so do we but we don't go around bragging about it in mixed company.

Older people complain about chivalry being dead. Sure it is! Why wouldn't it be? What's the sense of giving your seat in the subway to a girl just so she can show off her knees to the greatest advantage? Why be chivalrous to a girl that

walks into a barber shop, sits down in your favorite chair, and thinks she can get the back of her neck shaved ahead of everyone else simply by vamping the barber a little and cooing that she has a date at eight and she'll be mad at him if he makes her late, and she's sure these other gentlemen don't mind? Sure they mind. They have dates of their own and all she has is plenty of crust.

Nice old ladies say to me, "I don't know what's come over you boys. When I was a girl gentlemen didn't swear in the presence of ladies." Probably not but neither did ladies swear in the presence of gentlemen. Today most girls seem to think their education isn't complete unless they know a few good cuss words. It would be a relief to meet one that didn't begin every other sentence with damn or hell. They say it so cutely and then they rouge their lips right after it. I have often thought it would be a good idea if

some one would wash out their mouths with soap. All that rouge must be bad for the gums. They keep putting it on all day and night but they never take any off. I asked one of them what happens to it. "It wears off," she said. Evidently she wanted to imply that she was being kissed a good deal. I doubt it. I don't think anyone cares to get red wax all over his chin, for the doubtful pleasure of kissing some one who makes a hobby of it.

And why, oh why, don't they let us alone and leave the selecting to us? Geraldine rings me up the night after I've met her for the first time in my life and says she thinks it would be a wonderful idea to go out dancing. Oh, yes, and she has something to tell me. I'm supposed to be tickled to

death at this and come running downtown just to listen to what she has to tell me when I'd rather be eating chop suey with Marilyn. I've either got to lie my way out of it or else go and wish I hadn't. And as a matter of fact I probably would have called Geraldine up myself in a night or two, but by the time she has gotten through telephoning me two or three times a week all the kick has gone out of it. I feel just like a brother to her and you know how brothers love to dance with their sisters. We are peculiar that way. You can't rush us into a crush any more than you can discourage us if we do have a crush. 'S wonderful.

The same thing goes for environment. Where we have a good time is where we go most often. Can you blame us? Neighborhoods and furnishings don't count with us. A frost is a frost whether it's on Park Avenue or Eighth. We never make the same mistake twice. Life's too short for that. We'll bring our own sandwiches with us if necessary but we don't want to be told not to do the varsity drag on account of the chandeliers and we don't want to have to meet all your relatives. Try that and we never come back again.



Here is our handsome, young author looking for an old-fashioned girl



"You modern girls get your man all right," says Cornell Woolrich, "but if you think the man enjoys being gotten by the system you use, you've got another guess coming"

killed it by making a fool of herself. their shingled heads that we want to do the chasing ourselves? This girl's technique is no worse than any of the others. They've got it all wrong.

Jazz-mad Carolyn's boy friend is handsome and dumb. He never knows what to say, so he always turns his sentences backward and fills up space. For instance if some one opens a bottle of ginger ale he pipes up with, "From de bottle comes whoopee." He changes jobs about once every two weeks but in the winter time he wears a raccoon coat and looks pleasantly affluent. When they [Continued on page 85]

On the other hand just open a tin of Luckies, tell us the family below has moved out and that we can throw the orange skins down the sink if we want to, and you'll be the most popular hostess in town. We come in crowds and we go in crowds. The old days of sitting on the back porch in the moonlight and holding some dumb Dora's hand are gone forever, thank God. I mean did you ever stop and think how much you're missing by separating yourself from the rest of the bunch for half an hour at a time just because the girl with the red hair wants every one to know she has a new slave? It isn't worth it, brother. You're free, white, and twenty-one and slaves are out of style.

Let me tell you what happened to Wally. Wally was in our set and he had an assortment of good looks. A certain girl thought she would acquire Wally just as she did a new dress or a new record for her victrola. She went about it the wrong way. I watched her follow him around a dance floor one night begging him to dance with her. Finally he took refuge in the gentlemen's wash room. I found him in there hours later, smoking a cigarette and looking very blue. I asked him what the idea was. He said, "Look out the door, will you, and see if she's still around?" I looked and she was. She was sitting there at a table waiting for him to come out. When I left at three he was still in there and she was still waiting for him to come out.

He liked her when he first met her but she Can't they get it through the chasing ourselves? This girl's technique is no worse than any of the others. They've got it all wrong.

Continuing
The
Perfect
Love
Story



You My Beloved

What Nona
Has Told You Before:

I REMEMBER so well that introduction on the tennis courts when I looked at you and thought, "Rather nice man, this Richard Brading." Your eyes said, "Not a bad-looking woman."

I knew then that life held many things for me, but not peace. After that first tea there were many wonderful evenings in your flat when you sang to me.

In the spring you left London and in July you announced your engagement to Olive Desmond.

In October when I saw you again you were becoming bored with her. Hope rose high until you went off to the war.

In April Robin Anderson came into my life and when I

wrote you of my engagement to him you wrote back of your marriage to a Miss Edith Howard.

The next six years with Robin were the happiest of my life. I was content until a letter came from you asking me to meet you while you were in London. After all those years! Of course I shouldn't have answered but I did within a week.

When you poured out your heart to me about your unhappy marriage something tugged at my heartstrings. But there was so little I could do. I had to let you go back to your wife.

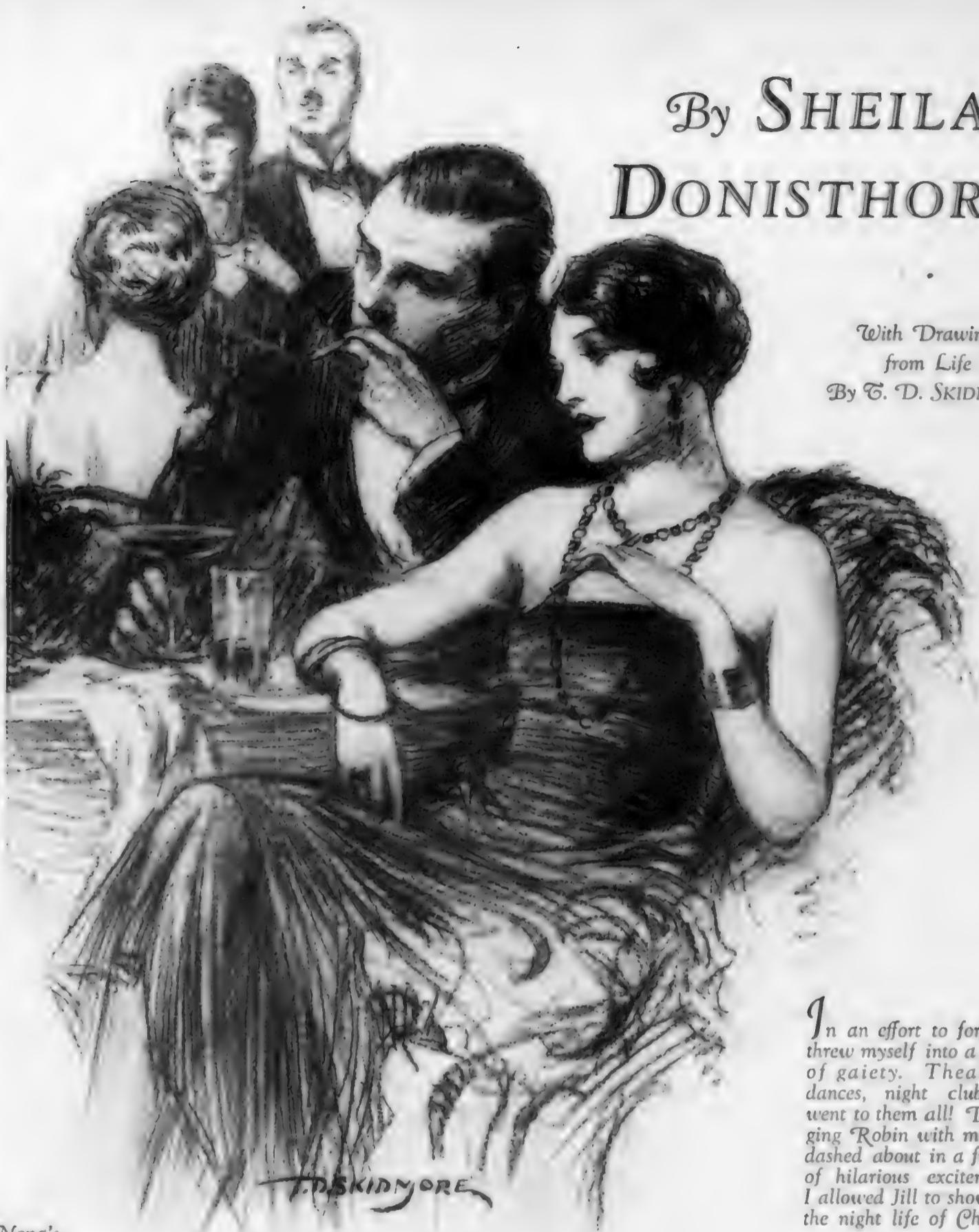
In August I saw you again for one heavenly day. At the close of it you took me in your arms, promising me there would be other times. Once again life meant only you.

Nona's
Story
Continu-

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For the
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My B



By SHEILA DONISTHORPE

*With Drawings
from Life
By T. D. SKIDMORE*

*Nona's
Story
Continues:*

IT CAME at last, your letter! After I had grown weary with the waiting for it, after I felt sick with the longing for it, and after my numb heart had ceased to thump itself to bits over the postman's knocks. Quite suddenly one morning it was brought in to me on the breakfast tray, sandwiched between an invitation to a dress-parade and a bill for tuning the piano.

For those few blood spinning seconds I let my eyes drink in the sight of your handwriting on the envelope, then I closed them before I should see the dizzy joy of your first words:

My Beloved One, I am all sorts of a beast for not writing

before, but if you knew the sort of life I have been living ever since I arrived back, you'd realize what an impossible task it is for me to write the sort of letters I want to, to you. I have been plunged up to my neck in prosaic things which made our golden time together seem to belong to an impossible misty but heavenly past. And then I got your letter which made me all warm inside again, and I've read it a thousand times over.

No, seriously, I don't seem ever to have had any world outside business letters and even when I retire to rest my head is whirling with all such and I find it hard to bring my thoughts back to you and our wonderful time. Now, at last



You have given me such a Spartan upbringing, taught me to expect so very little. To have seen you once or twice a year, a word or so from you in between, and for the rest just remembering! Surely you could not have grudged me that much

I've a moment in which to breathe and collect my scattered thoughts, and to realize that there is some one, thank God, in this world who still has the power to make my heart thump in my breast and who can prove to me that I am not altogether paralyzed in feeling, despite those last awful years of repression.

But I find it's only too easy to slip back again into my rotten little groove and go running round my little cage again, a cage which, alas, has been closed by tiny fingers which are stronger than anything else in the world. God forgive me, but you seem an almost impossible happiness, when I look out from the dreadful little material existence which I lead here. You mustn't blame me if you find I can't write when and as I want to.

Just try to understand how impossible it all is for me to realize you from here and know that all that is best in me belongs where it always has belonged, and that I am only a shell here, hard and practical, the inner part of which is yours. So my dear, don't be miserable at not hearing from me, everything is just the same and always will be, and you know I shall never forget our wondrous hours together, and only exist until, perhaps, by the mercy of God, we may have others. Thank you, my darling, for being so good to me.

R.

WHAT a letter! It lifted me to the very topmost heaven. It inspired. It glowed its way through every cell. In it hope and faith were most tenderly revealed. After the unendurable strain of all those weeks of waiting it came as a draught of fresh rain to a parched garden, reviving, arousing, reincarnating, till each blossom trembled to new color and light and grew flame scented.

The only shadow of that letter lay in the fact that you seemed tired and unhappy. Between its dejected lines I read of prisons, restrictions. You seemed to be beating against the bars of the dreariness of your daily round. In the old days I had always visualized life for you as being crowded with vivid experiences, posters flaming with your name, a career full of brilliance and exciting happenings. And there you were, buried down in the country without even being of the country, with a wife who was apparently duller and more ambitionless than the turnip which graced your boiled mutton, and living a life more humdrum and full of domestic cares than the average bank clerk's. It was difficult and vaguely disturbing to find you in such a setting.

True, you had prepared me for it on each occasion we had met after your marriage but as always, while

you were there beside me, talking. I had such difficulty in preventing myself from being mesmerized by your voice that the actual words you spoke mattered so little as not to matter at all. Whether you had said, "I've just murdered my sister," or, "Pass the butter," I should still have been thinking, "No other man in the world has just that satisfactory curve of the mouth." And it was only when we were apart, as now, that I could tear away the veil of my fertile imagination and see you as you had honestly meant I should.

I HAD been tearing up packets of old love letters. How foolish, though, to call them love letters. Just small gosses of unremembered years, notes from one or two men whose images, never very sturdily entrenched in my mind, had faded to nothingness. Love letters and having less significance than their shriveled black and gray ashes which lay in writhing fragments at my feet. If all the poets of the world had gathered the magic of white moonbeams and the scent of wallflowers and honeysuckle and had caught their fragments in a net of words and imprisoned them in a letter, they would mean nothing to me but bits of cold writing. But a postcard from you saying, "Send on my laundry," would put jewels in my eyes and hair and I should be wearing a necklace of stars for the rest of the day. Of such is the insanity of love.

Another two months oozed away without a glimpse of your handwriting. Our wonderful hours together last August were still vivid, set in a secret guarded room in my thoughts. Every day I visited it and set it in order, opened all its windows and let in the sunshine, but the last few sped weeks had blurred its memory, and it was often through a mist of tears that I saw it.

I must be patient, try to understand that it was not possible for you to write when and how you wanted to, that things were just the same and always would be. Yes, but a small word just to tell me you are alive and loved me, so that I, too, could feel alive. I seemed to be always making grabs at your elusive image, which mocked and haunted me.

Sometimes I could bear it no longer. This waiting for a word from you seemed so endless. And then in spite of my soul's severest cautioning I would write you a small letter, starting very bravely with the news of the day which oozed wretchedly into a wail of my unutterable longing for you before I got halfway across the second page. Common sense, which for the time being had evaporated into sheer gloom, later asked me jeeringly with [Continued on page 102]



T.D. SKIDMORE

*And here was I, begging for one word
to tell me the reason of your silence,*



Doctor Brill

This man, who introduced the principles of psychoanalysis to this country sees life in its deeper meanings. The significance of what is going on in this so called new freedom of women is to him the most hopeless tragedy in present day life. "The bachelor girl is casting a glamourous camouflage over her essential frustration," he says, "while inwardly she is writhing with starved nerves and the misery of a life mission unfulfilled"

Can Work Take the Place of Love?

As Told to
KENNETH W. PAYNE

By

A. A. BRILL, M. D.

A Plain Talk

For You Modern Girls

Who Think

You Can Take Husbands

Or Leave Them Alone

DURING the past half dozen years I've been studying this so called moral slump. I've gone into it with some hundreds of parents; I've investigated it in typical high schools. It doesn't exist except on paper.

The girls who yield promiscuously to sex escapades are only the abnormal, defective or imbecile types. Normal girls may deal more frankly with the notion of freedom from the double standard but it is little more than a pretense with them.

I've heard lately a rather startling explanation for this tendency to indulge a new-found freedom. It came from a much perturbed mother whose daughter has been two years out of college, has had a succession of innocent affairs ever since she was seventeen, but is as far from matrimony as ever.

"I'LL TELL you, doctor, what's the matter," said this mother. "It's this modern breakdown of morals. Young men are freely given privileges without marriage today that in my time went only with marriage. My daughter, teaching rhetoric in a private school, is paying in enforced spinsterhood for the easy virtue of other girls."

To which I replied:

"Your conclusion might be correct if your premise were a fact. But the morals of this much slandered younger generation are exactly the morals of all previous generations. Petting is more openly talked about, but there is not a jot more of it than there was when it was called spooning.

"As for more serious experiments in sex, young men sow their wild oats only to the extent that they always did and the vast majority of girls are as chaste as they always were. They can't help themselves; it is a biological necessity with them to attract the male but to resist complete submission except to a mate chosen, they hope and believe, for life."

"Then what is the matter?" this mother asked me.

"Just one thing," I told her. "The past fifty years' trend in economic conditions with its consequent effect on the education of women. A certain proportion of the girls of today are reaping the whirlwind that was sown when we set out to teach women to earn their own living in essentially masculine ways."

And I'll leave that to the self-analysis of any typical business girl. Outwardly you are prettily feminine; never was any girl more attractively clad or groomed. And inwardly you are seethingly feminine, aren't you?

But between the outer veneer and the deeper impulses, you have a hard stratum of self-sufficiency, of callous, cheerful

cynicism toward the old "mother, home and heaven stuff." And that's what turns the men away, after some of them tentatively propose anything but marriage.

Many of you will admit that what you really want most of all is to be married and raise families. But you aren't going to go after a husband in the old abject, clinging-vine way. No, sir. You'll be free agents, able to take husbands or leave them alone.

All very well, but it won't work. Look at the other side of the fence for a moment. Recently I heard two young men talking behind me on a train.

"Yeah," said one. "Ann's a good kid and a good-looker. I'll say that. But here's how I size it up, Bert. I recognize I've got responsibilities of my own at home. Ann hasn't any claim on me. She's self-supporting. I'm only twenty-five, wait till I'm thirty. That's time enough as I see it. No sense getting married on fifty a week in these days. I can always get a girl when I want to."

Ludicrous conceit! This young man didn't know that it's the other way round. Any girl can always get him when she tries to. Ann hasn't tried, as Ann's mother tried. Ann is the typical new business girl who has gained many things but seemingly lost one, the consuming desire to catch her mate.

Ask a ten-year-old girl what she wants to be when she grows up. She will answer quite simply, a mother, a nurse or a teacher of little children. That's the primitive woman speaking.

BUT ask a modern high school girl or her sister in college what she is planning to be. She's likely to reply a doctor or lawyer, an engineer or geologist, a banker or realtor. That isn't the woman in her speaking, but her masculine second self, aroused by misdirected education.

I say misdirected because I have been for years in a position to observe closely the dilemma into which it has led many women. The conflict between the little girl's exclusive desire for maternity and the artificial ambition under which she smothers it as she grows older has produced one of the most hopeless psychological tragedies in present day life. These unmarried professional and business women! These efficient and charming bachelor girls, self-supporting and ostensibly self-sufficient!

Our cities are full of them. They are cropping up in new vocations every day. We have eight and a half million women earning their living in this country, and approximately seventy per cent of them are denied marriage [Continued on page 116].



LOVE for HIRE

I READ and reread Sara Betton's letter from Palm Beach. I hadn't heard from Sara since I had to leave the fashionable Tarrytown school that dreadful day when my father was killed in an automobile accident and instead of being an heiress I had just enough to live on.

Sara had been a plain, clever girl who expected to become a great writer. She wrote that she was social secretary to Neva Burbeck. Neva had been the school's raving beauty. Her father had been a great financier who had died after the oil scandal. Some people said he committed suicide just in time to save himself from jail. That was five years ago and since then Neva's pictures had been in the papers as the

leader of the younger fashionable set wherever she went. Mother thought it very funny that Sara wanted to know if I had kept up my tennis. She said she remembered I was by far the best player at Tarrytown and wondered why she hadn't seen my name in the tournaments. Had I given it up?

I wrote her I was playing better than ever but only a rich girl, or a professional pretending to be an amateur, could afford to go in for the tournaments.

Back came a letter from Sara with an invitation from Neva to stay with her at Palm Beach for two weeks. Sara said I should have the chance of my life to meet the most fascinating and eligible men in America and advised me to make the

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With Drawings from Life
By HUBERT JEAN MATHIEU

The Story of a Tennis Cinderella Caught In The Tangle of Palm Beach Society

I turned for one last, farewell glance and saw Reggie coming toward me, not paying the slightest attention to Neva. My heart bounded. Reggie wasn't going to let them send me away

most of it. Mother and I wondered what prompted this invitation.

"Were you friendly with Neva Burbeck at school?" mother asked.

I told her Neva hadn't even liked me, but I sighed at the prospect of being able to meet another world in fashionable Florida. I didn't for a moment think mother could afford to let me go.

"You needn't sigh," mother said. "You're going. What if we can't afford it? We'll economize to make up for the extravagance. I'm going to see you get your chance. My dear, it's a blessing that you're almost as clever as I am with

a needle. It's one of the forgotten arts but if we didn't possess it you couldn't go. As you can't rival the girls you meet with clothes, you've got to be just a little different. Men don't notice clothes in the way women think they do. I don't see why you shouldn't make quite a success."

Mother was wonderful as women with artistic tastes often are when they find themselves suddenly forced to work at something.

ON MY way to Florida I kept wondering why I had been asked. As I had never met a greater snob than Neva I felt she had some use for me. What could I possibly do for that lovely and languid blonde? Neva was two years older than I was, twenty-three to my twenty-one, and one of the great heiresses.

Sara met me in a marvelous limousine with two chauffeurs. "My dear," she said, "I didn't think you would be as attractive as you are." I could see she approved of my clothes. Her eyes fastened themselves on my leather tennis racket case. "I hope you're on the top of your form, Marjory."

"What has that to do with it?" I asked.

Sara made me swear not to repeat what she said. Dear, plain old Sara! I felt she was my friend.

"Marj," she said, "if you weren't a corking player Neva would never have asked you to Palm Beach. You've been brought here simply to beat a girl Neva hates. You get the idea? This girl ranks in the first ten. You may have seen her play. It's Doris Carpmail."

"Why, she's wonderful!" I cried. I had seen her play at Brookline. "I shan't have a chance."

"I hope you will," Sara said. "It was my idea, thinking of you, and if you fall down Neva will blame me as usual. You used to be such a fighter, Marj, that I believe you can do it."

Later, when I was in my adorable room and a maid had brought in tea and buttered scones, Sara told me why Neva hated Doris Carpmail. Doris was trying to get Reggie Bannister away from her. I had often read of him but I couldn't recall what he looked like from his picture in the papers. He was a great polo player, very rich and with rather a reputation for being dangerous.

I tried to remember Doris. Yes! She was distinctly attractive. She was tall, slim and had violet eyes and perfectly

gorgeous natural coloring. She hadn't much style at tennis but her service was said to be the best of any woman except Helen Wills. Although I hadn't yet seen Neva, I knew I should find her more beautiful than ever. I didn't see what chance Miss Campbell would have and I told Sara so.

"Reggie is crazy about sports," Sara explained, "and Neva won't even swim, while Doris is good at everything. Your type, in fact. My dear," Sara went on, "will you tell me why it is plain women like me are capable of the most romantic adorations when they know perfectly well that they will be useless?"

I could see Reggie Bannister had attracted her. Poor old Sara! She had been by far the brightest girl at school, she came of a brainy New England family but of IT she hadn't a trace.

"You're attractive," she said, "and you dress cleverly. I don't see why you shouldn't grab a delightful man but don't turn your eyes on Reggie. Neva wants him and Neva is my employer and your hostess."

I felt that I didn't owe Neva much. According to Sara I was only asked because Neva wanted Doris beaten. I saw the whole thing. She wanted to humiliate a ranking player by having her beaten by an unknown in the presence of the sport worshiping Mr. Bannister. Sara sensed what was in my mind.

"There's one other thing," she warned. "Reggie is a little too sophisticated for the sort of sheltered young thing I imagine you are."

"Thanks," I said. "I can take care of myself."

"My dear," she retorted, "no woman can take care of herself at the moment when most caution



I saw Neva frowning at me but I didn't care. My that made me feel like a little girl at her first party and

is necessary. Well, I've warned you. Neva will be furious if you even dance with him."

"I shall probably despise this wonderful Reggie who seems to be run after so much," I returned. It was too silly for Sara to talk as if I had never met men before. "I'd like to see Neva," I said.

"My dear," said Sara, "if you remember how she was at school and then reflect that she's very much more so now, you'll realize that I'll take you to Neva when Neva tells me to. She never puts herself out of the way except for the great ones of the earth. You and I are not numbered among them. She's giving a big dance tonight in the Orange Gardens at the Everglades Club; you'll meet her there if not before."

When Sara had gone I didn't think very kindly of Neva. I felt I ought to have packed up and gone home again. But I couldn't. Here I was, at last, a guest in an ultra-fashionable home in Palm Beach. All the gaieties I had only read about to be experienced. I should meet on terms of equality the celebrities I had read about. I felt rather bitter when I reflected that if my darling father had lived I might not be here as Neva's unwelcome guest but as her acknowledged rival. I knew I wasn't as beautiful as she but then I was a different type and I played tennis and golf better than the majority and had



unknown escort was the most marvelous dancer with eyes such a caressing voice I wanted to confess everything

been a good swimmer ever since I could remember. Being a good sport was my creed!

My first fashionable dance! Easter at Palm Beach had attracted almost every social leader in New York or Washington. A very dull old man had taken me in to dinner but as he cared for nothing so much as eating he didn't bother me and I had time to look around me. Neva had smiled when she met me before the dinner but had said hardly ten words. Everybody seemed to know everybody else but I was only introduced to my escort.

I looked at every man wondering if he were the famous Reggie Bannister. I had never seen so many perfectly gorgeous looking men or so many attractive girls. And their gowns! I realized how wise mother had been in making me something rather different.

At the Everglades Club it didn't seem I should have much chance to meet men. I was just out of it. I saw Doris Carpmail with a handsome, dissipated looking man. I guessed it was Reggie. He disappointed me. Most girls would have known his type. Certainly Doris was pretty. And she did the sort of dancing that some men like.

"Why aren't you dancing?" A man's voice startled me. I turned to see a tall, slim man with bronzed face and dark eyes. He was looking down at me with a quizzical

expression. I liked him at sight. "Are you so scornful of us weak, sinful men?"

"Nobody asked me," I laughed. With that we floated away.

"The perfect dancer at last," he sighed. "And I don't even know her name. To me she is the girl with chestnut hair and gray eyes who looked so haughtily unapproachable at dinner."

"My name is Marjory Norton," I said. "and I was at school with Neva. I just came this afternoon." Doris Carpmail danced by. Evidently she knew my partner for she flashed a brilliant smile at him. And he smiled back.

"Isn't she pretty?" I said. "I suppose that's the notorious Reggie Bannister with her."

"If I were Reggie," he said. "I shouldn't like to hear that note of scorn in your voice. What's the matter with poor old Reggie? It's true he isn't much good but then what man is who lives this sort of life? I should be very much disappointed if there are not worse men living than he. In confidence, he isn't as happy as he seems to be."

"Does he deserve to be?" I retorted. I had looked into his eyes as he had passed with Doris. "He is one of those conceited men that one meets everywhere, men who believe they have only to look at a girl to have her fall in love. That sort of a man doesn't make such a hit as he thinks."

"Your conversation instructs and amuses me," he [Continued on page 114]

A Strange Interlude in the Discoveries of IRVIN S. COBB



© Underwood

IT IS agreeable to qualify oneself as a prophet. If your prediction comes true you are then a member in good standing of the I-Told-You-So Club, which is a club with a membership running up, I'd say, into the millions. If the prediction goes wrong it is no trouble for any really competent prophet to work up an acceptable alibi.

I like to hark back to a time when I showed my inspired powers as a prophet. It's quite a few years now since the thing came to pass but I am sure every detail of it still is fresh and clear in my mind.

After I was admitted to membership in the Lambs, I met James O'Neill, the distinguished old school actor, now deceased. Despite the difference in our ages we became fast friends.

FOR long I had been an ardent admirer of his acting. As a boy I had gone to the "opera house" in Paducah to see him play the title rôle in that famous antique, "The Count of Monte Cristo." Every year regularly I went to see him play the same part. It always was the same part. His name was as firmly associated with it as Joe Jefferson's was with "Rip Van Winkle" or Sol Smith



Would you fifteen years ago have picked Eugene O'Neill, author of "Strange Interlude," as a Pulitzer prize winner? Neither did Irvin Cobb, who read his plays before they ever reached a manager's desk

I Knew Him When-

Russell's with "Peaceful Valley" and "The Poor Relation." There was no need for him to change the vehicle because through the country his public remained steadfast in its allegiance to him and his classic piece. In time I think I came to know the outstanding passages of the climaxes, the sonorous mouth-filling phrases, almost as well as Mr. O'Neill knew them.

I recall how once when I had become the managing editor, so called, of the paper upon which I served my apprenticeship as a cub reporter that the manager of the local theater told me with awe in his tone and manner that he had seen Mr. O'Neill receive his weekly salary after a Saturday night's performance and that it amounted to the breath-taking total of five hundred dollars. To both of us it seemed well-nigh incredible that any man could receive so vast a sum every week but between ourselves we agreed that if there was a man on the English speaking stage entitled to earnings so princely that man was James O'Neill.

SO WHEN I was introduced to him I told him how often I had seen him play "The Count of Monte Cristo" and how I had liked his performances and how they had thrilled me. This pleased him and it wasn't long until we had become cronies of a sort. I valued his friendship; he was one of the sweetest and kindest of natures, an attractive combination of simplicity and shrewdness, of personal modesty and professional (Continued on page 106)

On a Dew, Dew, Dewy Day



Joyce Dennys

Some Dark Moments in the Life of a Girl in the Traffic on a Muddy Afternoon

By Joyce Dennys, the clever British humorous artist

Comic Cut-Ups
By ELDON
KELLEY

Stepping Along

THAT'S right! Show me up! Invade me! Butter me on both sides! Besides being as welcome as the cool white hands of a blonde night nurse, your letters are winged messengers of mercy, for it looks as if it's going to be a long convalescence. And in a long convalescence, I like nothing better than sitting back in bed, in a peignoir frothy with marabou feathers and reading your letters.

IT ISN'T the alcohol so much as it is the stuff they will mix in it. Let's see. There's herring, dried and otherwise, chipped beef crisped to brittleness in an obliging pan, tomato juice, potato chips and that clam juice affair I told you about. And I have always heard vaguely about a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. And of course there's the hair from the dog that bit you. "But what," asked the young fellow, "else?"

YOU understand it wasn't exactly the dog that bit me. It was me. — the Thundering Herd

HOWEVER to the correspondence, and I really am surprised at you! Thank you. Don't let me get the next wave but the last. I'll write you. Yes, Harry, that's an old fashioned name. Have you ever heard of it? If so, you'd better send me a postcard and an envelope.

IYOU'RE all damp about me, and I'm not. Mirabilis! When you call for the hemline, here comes B. Y. you know what that means, you mean the last line.

But what's going to happen, have you to say about that?



THIS one is on me," says Bernice. "Passing my simple way along a part of town inhabited by our sturdy and virtuous village bourgeoisie, I overheard this comment tossed across the picket fence by one robust daughter of Erin to another.

"Bare knees" her name is. Mrs. Hogan and believe me, there's no need of havin' to tell anyone that.

FORGIVE my mentioning antiques in a department like this," wigwags Art Springer, "but it so happened that we were getting a load of the hosts' early American furniture." He sounds like a moving man.

"And they and the hosts, 'tis great great-great-grandmother's coming here."

"I suppose Washington slept in it?" somebody asked.

"Probably," volunteered the sixteen year old daughter of the house, "but nobody ever got the goods on great-great—"

"Priscilla!" commanded the hostess. "Leave the room!"



WELL, there's a representative selection of what's on the gang's mind, so break out the indestructible fountain pen and step al'rigg.

WHAT do you think I did last Sunday? Nope, all wrong. I went out and bought a parrot! Name of Eustace. Eustace, meet the boys and girls. What?

One more crack like that. Eustace, and you get soap in your sunflower seed.

Anyhow, here he is, and I hope you will accept him as one of the bunch. Be kind to him. He doesn't speak English much.

WHATEVER he does speak, it's swell. His best stunt is to sing in a hot jazz rhythm a succession of noises that would turn any night club performer three shades greener than normal. Contribution by Eustace:

Ah-kak ka-lo-ko, quark! ka-lo-ko,
Guk-guk, guk-guk, guk-guk ga-lo-q,
Urk-a-dunk-a-dunk-a-dunk-a-dunk-a-dunk!
Quark! Quark! Qu-a-a-a-a-ark!

HONESTLY, you've no idea what a responsibility a parrot is. After his diet was settled, it evolved that a Sunday bath would be good for his fur. So I went out and got him a little shower cap and that reminds me, Mack Sennett's party was grand. Nobody was as much as menaced with a custard pie. Mack may toss a mean pie but he certainly throws a meaner party!

And while mentioning Mr. Sennett remind me to remind you to drop into Abercrombie and Fitch's and ask the handsome and obliging gent in charge of the movie cameras to run off a reel of the 16 millimeter movie for you. Made in Hollywood with not so much as a passing snoot at the board of censors, the 10 millimeter movie combines the best camera technique with the happiest freedom of expression.

with the Smarter Set

Wise Cracks
By H. W.
HANEMANN



OH, OF course. The picture I saw is called "Why Girls Walk Home" and it's about four jolly robins that shatter bathing beauty tradition by getting their, as it were, costumes all splashed by the waves. Then their clothes get stolen. Bring the kiddies.

NOW I think we need a cocktail tail. This one is called an amnesia, because, according to the inventor, "After the third you forget your dinner partner's name and call her (him) darling!"

The recipe results in five with the usual margin of safety:

Juice of one lemon.

Three or so dashes of Angostura bitters. Third or two-fifths of a cocktail glass of maple syrup.

Four (and that's the trick) glasses (don't be silly—cocktail glasses) of g—n.

A lime instead of a lemon is even better. The idea is that the syrup blankets the g—n and the bitters and fruit juice cut the syrup. The whole thing blows the top of your head right off!

OWOOO! What made me bring that up?

Note—Aleck Smart's contest awards will be found on page 99 of this issue

Wazzat funny lookin' stuff?

MARY M'S idea of jazzing up one of those historical pageants, shot full of kings and queens like a pinochle deck. Given a magic ring the little princess was to ask the queen what powers lay in it. This to give the queen the cue for a speech on womanliness and that kind of potato salad.

"And does thy Majesty believe in charms?" asked the princess. "I'll say I do," replied her Majesty, who had other notions. "Sister, how the king falls for mine!"

AND having seen caviar for sale the last time I was in the five-and-ten, honest! what possible excuse have you not to serve along with amnesia, a dab on a royal dog biscuit?

CAVIAR in the five-and-ten is certainly the height of something. It recalls the conversation overheard by Arthur Guiterman. Two girls were looking into Park and Tilford's window. They were saying:

"Wazzat funny lookin' stuff inna winna?" "Scavyyar."

"Whaz scavyyar fgossakes?"

"Skine davva tearabul fisha sumpin."

"Yeah? Wella woodin crave enny ovvit."

"Iyadsome once. Iyadda big moufful."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I makea mistake, see? I thought

it was blabbery jam . . ."

"Gawd!"

"Youseddit!"

SO MUCH for what was referred to back in the old rough days as "bird shot pickled in hair oil." Perhaps the catch in the five-and-ten caviar is that it is ten cents a shot.

AT ANY rate, ten cents a shot and from the same source are nine goofy little putting hazards: a tube, a trough, a gate, a see-saw, a bridge, a hill, a wicket, a yard and a hole to set up on the parlor rug or the back lawn or the territory surrounding Camp Damfino or Welikeit. The game of obstacle golf is too well known for further explanation and I mention only the fact that here is a chance to acquire the necessary apparatus in several colors of bright paint for about a tenth of the usual amount.

STOP press news: I've got a boat! With an outboard motor . . . if anybody wants to borrow the thumb and forefinger of my right hand, he's welcome . . . I shan't be using them. Always knew that this mechanistic age is all wrong. But I never realized that what is all wrong with it is the mechanism.

BLACK cat crossed my path Saturday and Sunday the propeller drive collar got knocked hoopie-dooptie. Heh! Heh! Heh! Anyhow, the big idea is to make a non-stop flight across the Sound from Turtle Cove to Little Neck Bay before the season is over. I'll tell you all about it next time.

And as one of the attendant amateur experts admonished me, "Look out you don't get a shark from the kerl!"

NO, THE family name is really Dutch . . . though I understand the same monniker is not unfamiliar to Scotland . . .

The Four Jolly Robinas



A Story Without Words



Feathers For Fig Leaves

Sketched for the fun of it by that noted French artist, Henry Fournier

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

ourage

The Story of a Girl
Who Took a Long Chance
For Happiness



YOUTH these days is so prematurely mature and has so much self assurance that it is rather a puzzle to middle-aged duffers who have always looked on anybody under twenty as a kid.

We try to act as though we understand the nuances, sophistries and complexities of what we call the younger generation. But we do not by a jug full.

What we feel and also try to hide is a wholesome and profound respect for their ability to "face things." We have no fainty, salts smelling maidens any more nor have we any young men who flinch at a sudden order to be off for Borneo in the morning.

MOTHERS no longer lie in sleepless agony if daughter fails to reach home by midnight. And too many sons have led their company into the jaws of death to worry about the pitfalls that beset them in a great city. Youth, we have come to learn, can take care of itself.

This, then, is the story of a young girl who was cast adrift in New York by the sudden passing of her parents. It is a story as old as sin and as ugly, yet it strengthened my conviction that youth can take care of itself.

She came to me with a letter of introduction from a friend of her father's and also a friend of mine. Thrown upon her own resources, she was desperately in need of a job.

I was sympathetically impressed. Here was a beautiful young girl of not more than nineteen who had no training for a self supporting career but who must surmount the obstacles or sink. She had the sublime hopefulness of her years although I was frankly at a loss to know what to do.

I explained that her lack of experience would preclude the possibility of a position that would be pleasing to her but that I would see what I could do and requested her to call around in a week.

My efforts were not encouraging. In fact the only thing that offered itself which she might do was a post of attendant in the receiving room of a young dentist's office. It would pay but nine dollars a week. She took it and embarrassed me with her profusion of thanks.

It was about three weeks later that she dropped me a note asking if she might see me on a matter of urgent importance. She came the next evening after dinner. First she told me she had managed to secure board for seven dollars a week by giving piano lessons to a daughter in a private family.

BUT in her capacity of receiving patients at the dentist's office she had met a gentleman who had evidenced a great interest in her. Already he was sending her daily boxes of candy and flowers and she had been to the theater with him twice. He was a middle-aged widower and an importer, she said.

"He wants me," she said, "to go to Europe with him next week as his secretary."

That, my long reportorial experience had taught me, was the ancient trick of the white slave agent. Girls are picked up in this fashion, really travel in separate cabins, perform a few desultory secretarial tasks and are then in Paris turned over to "Le Milieu," the white slave "center." That (Continued on page 85)



PROF. GIFFORD



LA LOND

VERITY

The Final Episode Of Life and Love In a Girls' College

With Drawings
from Life
By HAMILIE
ENNIS STIVERS

Unforbidden

The Story So Far:

ALTHOUGH this is the last instalment of *Unforbidden* Fruit you may still enjoy it if you will spend a minute getting acquainted with these fascinating Sperry College girls.

The four at Trumbull House are the leading spirits of the story. Starr Mowbray, one of the self-styled hard-boiled virgins of Suite Twenty, managed to have a good time without falling in love with anyone in particular. Her roommates Sylvia Hartnett and Verity Clarke found life at Sperry a little more complicated.

Verity on the way back to college after a vacation had met a fascinating stranger whom she knew only as the man in Lower Seven. He left the train before Verity even found out his name but he left for her two spoons tied together as a symbol of their encounter. Vee was romantically positive that somehow, somewhere she would meet him again. If it weren't for that unshakable belief she would probably have fallen in love with Harvey Wetfall whom she met while barnstorming with the dramatic club.

Knowing Vee's determination to wait forever if necessary for the man in Lower Seven to cross her path again, Sylvia and Starr put Harvey up to making Verity believe it had been he. Harvey believed that all was fair in love and war so he did what Vee's friends asked him to do without asking questions and succeeded in making Vee believe that he had been the man

in Lower Seven. Was the trick justified by subsequent events?

Sylvia's course of true love was not so smooth. To her no one in the world was as wonderful as Professor Patterson Gifford, the campus idol. To Giff, although he was married, no girl in the world could equal Sylvia. Courageously they crashed the barriers that separated teacher and pupil in their little college world, and who could say that their few hours together, when classroom duties permitted, were not the sweeter for being stolen? But where were they heading? What had they to hope for in the future? When Sylvia had finished college and gone away?

Sara La Lond, the star athlete and most brilliant student of Trumbull House, had still a different problem.

In order to stay at college Sara needed the financial aid that winning the Alumnae Scholarship would give her. Her friends were sure she'd get it but Sara was afraid she hadn't a chance if her friendship with Mark Rainger were discovered. Sara had met Mark while hitch hiking with Sylvia and the attraction between them had been instantaneous and mutual.

WEEK end dates off campus were forbidden and Sara knew the date referred to in some letters she had lost would take from her the thing her heart most desired—the Alumnae Scholarship. She also surmised that Ida McKay, the college busybody, had found those letters and had been watching every move that she made in the hope that she could find out something further. Had she? How much did she know?



By **WARNER FABIAN**

*Who Wrote
"FLAMING YOUTH"*

Fruit

We Take Leave of Sperry:

Gwen Peters lounged into Suite Twenty and made salaam. "Peace upon those of this household," she intoned.

"And to you be peace, daughter of Allah." Starr looked up from a waist upon which she was operating with a particularly malodorous cleansing fluid. "What's the dirt?"

Gwen, who was by way of being a clearing house for all the news that never reaches the college authorities, sat down and asked, "Anything wrong with La Lond?"

"Haven't heard of anything."

"Does she cop the Alumnae or doesn't she?"

"By a mile. Anyone think different?"

"Yes, they do."

"Why? Who else has got a Chinawoman's chance?" asked Sylvia. She tossed her book into a corner.

"Ah, now you're asking! All I know is that Sally Messmore and a bunch of the wise ones over in The Bulrushes are betting against her."

There was a circle in the dormitory nicknamed The Bulrushes who esteemed themselves hot sports and who made books on all college events.

"That stringy little ferret! Who cares what she does?" But Sylvia's expression was less unconcerned than her words. "She buys her clothes out of her bets and her bridge. You don't catch her laying money unless she's got something to go on. They say she's got a couple of hundred on the field against our Sara."

Sylvia's going would leave a big hole in the community life. Moreover there was a feeling of mystery about it. Nobody knew why she was leaving for she had jealously guarded her secret

"Can such things be!" said Sylvia. "Well, I think I'll just stroll over and have a talk with Ratty Messmore."

"You might get something," Gwen said, "and then again you mightn't. She's nobody's pet moron."

The girl thus complimented was sitting on her window sill studying out a bridge problem when the emissary from Trumbull hailed her. Miss Messmore of the senior class had a

small hand, don't cheerful face and a slim figure always sprightly arrayed

"Come up and set," she invited. Then as Sylvia appeared in the door, "Have a Cemetery Special? The box is on the trunk."

Ignoring the courtesy the representative of Trumbull House said, "I hear you're betting against La Lond for the Alumnae."

"Got a few down," was the careless response. "Handling any Trumbull money on it?"

"No, but I'd like to know why you're against her."

"Because I think she'll lose."

"Who's going to win?"

"Ah! I didn't say who'd win. I'm betting La Lond will lose."

"And you're not telling why?"

Miss Messmore directed a thoughtful look at her visitor. "Did she send you here on the quiet?"

"No," Sylvia's nostrils quivered. Her teeth bit on the monosyllable. These symptoms were not lost upon the acute Miss Messmore.

"Ever push a girl out of a third story window and see what happened?" she inquired with a grin. "If not, don't experiment on me."

"All right, sweetie," Meaning, "That's what I'd like to do but I'll wait and see what's next."

"**G**ET me on this. It's a straight business proposition with me. I've nothing against La Lond, except a couple hundred dollars."

"Would you take more?"

"I could place it, I guess."

"Pretty sure, aren't you, Messmore?"

"Instead of taking your easy money I'll give you a tip for yourself and for La Lond. Your entry had better withdraw quietly and quickly."

"Don't make my blood run cold," begged the visitor.

"All right. But I've seen the letters."

"Do you know where the body is buried, too? Or do I have to wait for the next number for that?"

"Cut the bluff," said Miss Messmore. "You're La Lond's side kick. You know more than I could tell you. I guess. Maybe you aren't wise that she's got a man."

"Don't be sil-lay," Sylvia said.

Sally Messmore eyed her. "I play poker myself and I'll hand it to you that you've got the face for the game. Just the same, if the faculty or the Self Gov' ever sees those precious documents, and you don't have to read between the lines to know what's in 'em, La Lond will lose more than the Alumnae and Sperry will lose the result of La Lond's presence."

"That's your little game, is it?"

Not liking the tone of this query, Miss Messmore suddenly became volatile and dictatorial. "You needn't think I put this up. I didn't take the letters. It isn't my game. I'm too black-letter. But as long as I'm in the knowledge why shouldn't



"Cut the bluff, Sylvia," said Miss Messmore. "You're those letters La Lond will lose more than the Alumnae."



La Lond's side kick. If the faculty of the Self Gov' ever sees and Sperry will lose the benefit of La Lond's presence"

I make my bets accordingly? At that I don't want to see any girl get in wrong and I'll go this far with you, if she drops out of the exams on account of her health or something, I'll see if it can't be fixed. What say?"

Sylvia said nothing. She went to the dresser and took a small whisk broom with which she retired to a spot just outside the doorway. There she brushed herself from head to foot with the elaborate care of one who suspects the presence of vermin. Insult in dumb show could go no further, but the dignity of the effect was regrettably weakened by her slamming the whisk violently to the floor as her parting gesture.

"I'll give you a week," the unabashed sport called after her.

STRATAGEMS and wiles were not natural to the straight dealing Sylvia. Her first impulse was to take counsel with the other H.B.V.'s but she abandoned it. This was a matter too intimately touching Sara to be discussed with anyone. Ought she to warn the threatened girl? To what purpose? There was nothing to be done and the knowledge would only distract her mind from her work in these last important weeks when she should be consolidating her advantage. But at least she should be put on her guard against further risks. Sylvia interrupted her friend at her late night studies:

"Seen Mark lately?"

The scholar looked up impatiently. "No."

"Expect to see him?"

"He's been writing me to come down but I can't afford the time now."

"You're hearing from him then?"

"Of course. What's it all about, Hartnett?"

"Just that you can't afford to take any chances at this stage."

"I'm not." Sara fell into one of her moods of analysis. "We're funny creatures, we women. There are stretches when I hardly think about Mark at all, except to be fond of him when a letter calls him to mind and to wish I didn't have to answer it. I don't usually. Then again I'll suddenly be wild to see him and be with him and want to jump the next train to New York and have him meet me and tell me that I'm beautiful and adorable and believe it." She laughed. "But he isn't as important in my scheme of things as the Alumnae. Aren't I the cold-hearted lizard?"

"Is that what you call it? Well, I just wanted to tell you, if you can't be good, be careful."

"I can be both until exams are over."

"That's all right then."

But it was far from all right. Sylvia took her problem for a walk but she could see no way out. Not until she was emerging from a troubled dream that night did the great, grand, cruelly luminous idea come to her. As a side issue to it with a promise of [Continued on page 119]

It's Your Own Fault If You Pick



Science and Marriage

"I do not suggest a long whiskered board of supervisors acting in the place of Cupid but I hope science can build on the race-old instinct of love, marriages that will last"

SCIENCE has thrown into the discard such old slogans as "Marriage is a lottery," "Love is blind," and, "It's no use talking to people in love." Even those who are possessed by this strange fever called love are beginning to listen to the voice of science.

Today in over two hundred American colleges young men and women are being taught the things that make for a good healthy marriage and a lifelong friendship.

Science can insure better and healthier children and it can raise the probability of happiness for the average man and woman who have sworn to live their lives together until death do them part.

One of the chief aims of science is to secure to humanity a greater possibility for enjoying life by reducing the percentage of pain and crime and misery that follow unfortunate marriages.

Science does not suggest a long whiskered board of supervisors acting in the place of Cupid with power of life and death over the small god of love. What science does want is more learning, more education, more understanding of the rules of love and the laws of heredity. It wants the present generation to view with respect and high hopes the children of the future. It believes that those children are entitled to honest and healthy and wisely mated fathers and mothers.

But how can science help a girl to select a husband who will wear well, who will approach the dream of her ideal? How can it aid a boy to find a mate, a wife who will measure up to his preconceived notion?

Let it be said that like will always marry like. That is as it should be. Yet science has learned that people are inherently different and that the way to merge that difference in a happy, successful marriage is to begin with as much

a Lemon in the Garden of Love

By ALBERT E. WIGGAM

Author of "THE FRUIT OF THE FAMILY TREE"

similarity as possible. If you are wise enough to remember this and act upon it marriage will cease to be, as it often is at present, a grotesque misfit.

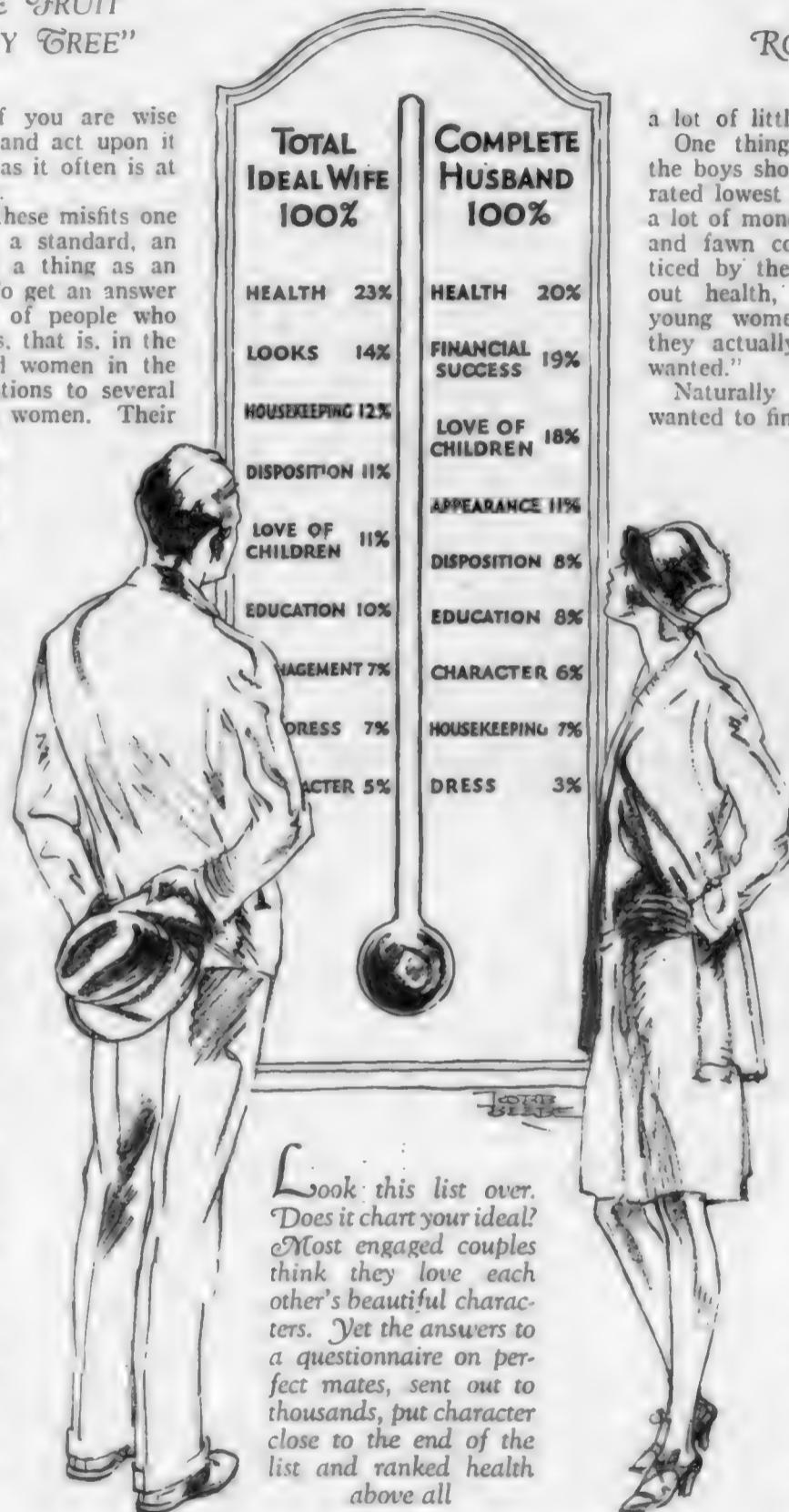
In attempting to avoid these misfits one should naturally look for a standard, an ideal. But is there such a thing as an ideal husband or wife? To get an answer to this question a group of people who were interested in eugenics, that is, in the science of better men and women in the future, sent a list of questions to several thousand intelligent young women. Their replies were analyzed and it was found that the ideal husband would be endowed with attributes in the proportion given in this table:

Health	20%
Financial Success	19%
Love of Children	18%
Appearance	11%
Disposition	8%
Education	8%
Character	6%
Housekeeping	7%
Dress	3%
Complete Husband, 100%	

The man who met these requirements in the percentage indicated would not make a bad husband from the standpoint of race building and eugenics. The estimate of character, disposition, and ability seems low but the replies indicate that financial success and good health are taken by the young women as a strong indication of character, disposition and ability. Appearance also meant general manly excellence and vivacity of manner and expression.

This research reveals the scientific rightness of the girls' requirements though the results are stated in their own terms. If the man of their choice is a financial success, it is a fair guess that he will measure up in other things. I agree with James J. Hill, the Empire Builder, that the young man who cannot save money out of his earnings, whatever they may be, is never successful, lacks energy or intelligence and character. The love of children which was rated only one per cent lower means, for the male, the ability to support them.

By following wisely the dictates of their ideal, the young women are fairly certain that they will not have to support



Look this list over. Does it chart your ideal? Most engaged couples think they love each other's beautiful characters. Yet the answers to a questionnaire on perfect mates, sent out to thousands, put character close to the end of the list and ranked health above all

a lot of little replicas of a loafer father.

One thing this inquiry showed which the boys should heed is this: that dress is rated lowest of all. The boys who spend a lot of money on silk shirts, red neckties, and fawn colored spats are scarcely noticed by the girls. As to the boy without health, character, and ability, the young women are not only suspicious; they actually show him the sign, "Not wanted."

Naturally after this, the investigators wanted to find out if there is such a thing as an ideal, one hundred per cent wife. A set of questions, similar to those sent to the girls, were put in the hands of several thousand young men. Their replies, compiled and digested, gave the following table of percentages for the ideal wife:

Health	23%
Looks	14%
Housekeeping	12%
Disposition	11%
Love of Children	11%
Education	10%
Management	7%
Dress	7%
Character	5%
Total ideal wife, 100%	

One might find fault with this appraisement but on the whole I do not feel that it is discouraging. It balances up amazingly well with the girls' estimate of an ideal husband and, after all, they are the ones who voice the yes of most love-making and marriage.

The item character for the ideal wife may seem rated rather low but this must be considered in connection with other ratings. Disposition, love of children, housekeeping ability, education, home management, are all doubtless things that the young men thought of as

part of the feminine character. And to these same four items fifty-one per cent was credited by the boys. Hence there was no longer any need for a high percentage being ascribed to the item of character.

Looks, that is, the girl's beauty, rates high, namely fourteen per cent, second only to health. Does that seem to throw too much stress upon something that for ages has been described as only skin deep? But [Continued on page 81]

With Drawings
from Life
By C. R. CHICKERING

Eyes of Youth



THE most innocent little girl in the whole high school was in love with the very worst boy. He was insolent, hard-boiled and wild, this Jim Bell, and his lips, as he stood talking with another boy, had a sneering curl that seemed emblematic of his attitude toward everything.

Jim did not know that Harriet was watching him from the door of the girls' gymnasium, her soft brown eyes trembling with moisture. He did not dream that she even knew his name, this tiny quiet mousy girl who blushed and quivered if a teacher spoke to her sharply.

The loves of Jim Bell were notorious things but almost anyone who knew her would have laughed had you suggested that little Harriet Hartley was, or ever could be, in love.

She was like a shy spring wood flower, delicate and tiny and quite inconspicuous, apt to be passed by with merely a pleasant glance. But if you would pause and look closely, the modest little blossom would reveal itself as a study in beauty and perfection. Her cheek, as she rested it there against the dark door casing, was pink with the translucent pink of a mountain dawn. Her color flushed and paled slightly; her lips moved, her eyes widened and narrowed almost imperceptibly, her tiny fingers worked—all finely attuned barometers registering every move, every expression of the dark youth who stood a few yards down the hall.

She wondered what Jim was talking to that boy about. She could tell by watching that the boy was laying down the law about something which Jim did not like especially to her. She was resentful of that, for while she would have liked Jim to quit being bad, she did not want anyone trying to reform him. She loved him so much that she wanted him just as he was, sneer, dark eye-circles, gossip-spattered reputation and all. If she could help it she would not have him

get into trouble, but her love for him stood first and her natural feminine instinct to reform came afterward.

The boy said one last thing to Jim, emphasizing it with a shaken forefinger that was almost a fist, then turned and walked down the hall. Jim looked after him with a frown, then shrugged and walked away in the opposite direction, past the doorway where Harriet bloomed.

It was at that exact moment, as Jim approached her, that Harriet's blind adolescent emotions chose to reach the point where they were no longer containable, like a pan of something on the stove, which simmers for just so long and then boils all over everything.

She stepped out of the doorway in front of him. He stopped. Timidly she raised her eyes to his. She had not the slightest idea what she was going to do or say; she only knew that she could no longer merely watch and worship him from a distance. Something had to happen, even if it ended everything. She tried to speak but she made only a little stammering noise. The color rushed to her cheeks and stained them scarlet. She dropped her eyes.

Jim looked at her in a quick, queer way, glanced up and down the hall where students were beginning to pour out of the classrooms, and brushed hurriedly past her with a muttered, "Pardon me."

HE WAS gone, leaving Harriet standing there. "Like a fool," she said to herself bitterly as she realized what she had done. "Like a silly little fool!"

She laughed a sorry laugh that was half a sigh and with dragging feet moved along the crowded, noisy hall. She looked at her left sleeve, the sleeve he had brushed as he pushed quickly past her. She put her hand on it and felt it, as though it might be warmer, or colder, than the rest of her. There were tears in her eyes, for she realized that as they had stood there alone in the almost deserted hall she had spoiled the best chance to know him that she would probably ever have. A quiet opportune meeting like that was the rarest and choicest of accidents in a hustling big high school. She told herself that now she was worse than unknown to



A Story Of the Greatest Moment In a Girl's Life

By
ROBERT
S.
CARR

him, for he would think of her, as he passed her in the halls hereafter, as a stupid little girl who had once bumped into him.

Harriet suffered. She bit back sobs till her blossom tender lips were bruised. Industrial Geography passed like a fevered dream. Civics was better, for she had a rear seat in the corner where she could put her handkerchief to her eyes without having a battery of curious stares turned upon her. When the teacher asked her something about municipal government she could only say in a tiny choked voice, "Not prepared."

*H*arriet was watching Jim Bell whose love affairs were notorious. She was like a shy, spring wood flower. People would laugh at her being in love with Jim but she could no longer worship him from a distance.

haven't you? What have you got to cry about?"

Harriet tried to tear free from her grasp, but the old witch dragged her into the light. With a shrewd squint she noted the high color in the girl's cheeks, her trembling-breasted breaths, her luminousness of eye.

"Mixed up with a boy, ain't you, my dear?" accused Aunt Aiken. "Ha, that's pretty business! Well, now, let me tell you some things you ought to know. First off—"

For half an hour Harriet shuddered and tried to stop her ears.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "I don't know what you mean! Let me go!"

She was still pale and shaking when her father came home

The teacher happily made an oval zero after "Hartley, H." in the gradebook and school droned on.

At the end of the eighth period she found her way to her locker in the hall, put away her books, powdered her nose by the mirror on the inside of her locker door, crept out of the building to the corner where she boarded a street car and went home.

Harriet lived with her widowed father, who was housekept by an old woman called Aunt Aiken. Harriet never dared ask whether Aunt Aiken was really her aunt. She feared her so terribly that she was sometimes physically ill. Aunt Aiken was a horrible old woman!

She caught Harriet at the foot of the stairs. "What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Been a-crying,

supper time. Mr. Hartley was a mild little man, completely under the thumb of Aunt Aiken.

"Your daughter's no good!" Aunt Aiken informed him as he hung up his hat. "She's carrying on with boys something terrible!"

Mr. Hartley turned his worried eyes on Harriet, who ran to him and hid herself in his arms. "It's not so!" she sobbed. And he comforted her half heartedly.

That night Harriet lay long awake. She was not nervous. Her nerves were marvels of stability for an adolescent girl in love, but that awful scene with Aunt Aiken had hurt her so she could not sleep.

And then there was constantly the grating thought of that silent, awkward moment when she had faced Jim in the hall.

SHE tried to put it from her mind, but it kept creeping back, like a stray cat, and standing pitifully on the doorstep of her memory.

Harriet choked a little, lying in her bed staring into the dark. She loved Jim twice as much now, and was further from him than ever before.

There came a stealthy step in the hall outside her half-open door. She turned on her side, stiffened, listened. The dim hall light showed her the shadow of a man standing just outside.

The door opened and the figure slipped in. It darted to her dresser and pulled open a drawer.

Even then Harriet did not scream. She was in a strange mood that night. What she did was to reach out and snap on the light!

Jim!"

You! Gee, I didn't know this was your home!" He was flattened against the wall, his face very white, his eyes very large. He wore a gray sweater; a dark cap was pulled low over his face, and he held a flashlight in his hand.

He was trembling and it gave Harriet a queer fluttery feeling to see her stern, hard Jim, so obviously terrified.

She leaned out of bed and with the tips of her fingers gave the door a push. It clicked softly shut. Then she sat up in bed with the covers drawn high about her and looked intently at him. He had not moved. His great dark eyes were blazing and he watched her in a most peculiar way.

"Jim," she said, "why are you doing this? You're not a thief."

He relaxed a little, and took his eyes from her before he answered. "I've got to get some money and get it quick," he said.

"What's the matter, Jim?" Her voice was wonderfully sweet and soft; she seemed to take a special delight in pronouncing his name.

"I've got to get some money," he repeated.

"You must tell me why."

"Well," he said. "I'm in trouble. I smashed up an automobile that belongs to one of the boys over at school."

"Sssh! Not so loud!"

There was a short silence before she asked, "How much do you need?"

"About fifty dollars," he said.

She smiled at him. "I'll give you the money," she said. Two tiny white feet found their slippers, and a round white face. She slid out of bed and went to her dresser. She knelt before the bottom drawer, opened it, and began to dig.

Sewing basket, curling iron, ballet slippers, sachet, snapshot album, middy blouse—and there it was! A little cedar chest that had once held a pound of candy! She opened it and took out a roll of bills. She had been saving that money since her twelfth birthday, from her allowance, from Christmas checks and birthday presents. Fifty-three dollars! She pressed it into Jim's hand.

For a wonderful moment externals ceased to be. She never forgot how Jim's eyes looked then—utterly dumbfounded, yet with a mighty light slowly kindling. That one moment made up for the stupid little time in the hall, for all her distant unrequited loving. "To think," she marveled, "that by a blundering bit of fate they should be thrown together this way so that she could help him—her Jim!" It was to Harriet like a dream so full of joyous fulfilled longings that the dreamer does not want to wake up and fights to stay asleep.

But her awakening came suddenly, terribly, with a heavy pad-pad of footsteps in the hall. For an instant they were both frozen with terror. Then Jim snatched a shining revolver from his pocket and leveled it at the closed door.

He was not criminal, he was simply young and cornered and half crazy with worry.

Harriet threw herself upon him, clutching his wrist with sudden amazing strength. She thrust the gun back into his pocket, and held it there, her arm partly encircling him.

The door was flung open and Aunt Aiken burst in. Meduslike with kid curlers, hideous and grotesque in one of those awful bed costumes which only old women can achieve. She stood glaring triumphantly at the two scared young people like a foul avenging thing out of an Eighteenth Century horror-book.

"I knew it!" she said. "I knew you'd been a-sneaking boys in here! And I heard him say he had you in trouble, too, my dear!" She pointed at Jim. "You'll marry her. You can't lie out of it. I heard what you said."

Mr. Hartley appeared, puffing and alarmed, in pale blue pajamas. Aunt Aiken bared her gums at him. "Just see 'em here a-laughing together at this daughter was no good!"

The father dropped back weakly. "Harriet!" he said. "My little Harriet, doing a thing like this!"

Through her robe and thinner night-dress Harriet could feel Jim's heart thumping wildly against her left shoulder-blade. She pressed back against him more tightly.

AUNT AIKEN burst out anew. "Well," she shrilled, "you can just bet they'll get married this very night!"

And Harriet's father, kind as he was, had enough black Puritanism left in his heart to regard a marriage certificate as the one solution to any Gordian knot of boy-and-girl entanglement, though he did say feeble things to Aunt Aiken's torrential vituperations before he actually did the telephoning.

Aunt Aiken fizzed at Harriet as she dressed; Jim, dazed and glassy-eyed, was stood guard over; the door-bell rang and as dawn played pink games on the housetops, they were married, a shivering pair of numbed young strangers.

The high school received the news with the unsurprisable cynicism of the weary teens. A few of the better boys, with an illusion or two left, might have mused to a pal, "Gee, who'd ever think a pure lookin' little kid like her—" but most of them only shrugged in a matter-of-fact way. Some one, in alluding to it jestingly, dropped the [Continued on page 78]



Two tiny white feet found their slippers, and a round white arm, a robe. Harriet went to her dresser. She knelt before the bottom drawer, opened it and began to dig and there it was! A little cedar chest that had once held a pound of candy. She opened it and took out a roll of bills! She had been saving that money since her twelfth birthday

A Helpful Hint
By That Big Hearted

How I Got My Vacuum Cleaner to Like Me



WHEN vacuum cleaning was first introduced into our home, I am afraid that I was what might be called fairly indifferent to the whole business. I had never had any particular craving for vacuum cleaning as such and although I knew, of course, that a great many very nice refined people had vacuum cleaners in their homes, the idea of owning one of the things myself had really never occurred to me. But then, of course, the idea of getting married and settling down had never occurred to me either, so that one more little surprise, in the shape of a vacuum cleaner agent did not entirely throw me off my balance.

He was a very nice agent, too, and in fact he was so nice that I thought at first he was a bootlegger and invited him in. As I look back on it, there really was no reason why a bootlegger should be carrying a vacuum cleaner around with him, for I had been expecting a bootlegger all that afternoon and I supposed, of course, that the vacuum cleaner was just a disguise, in fact, a much more clever disguise than the customary cutaway, top hat and walking stick which the New York bootleggers now seem to be affecting. And so, as I have said, I asked him to sit down only to discover to my amazement that I had let in a vacuum cleaner agent.

As a matter of fact, he wasn't an agent either. He was, as he explained, a demonstrator and apparently my wife had already bought the machine and he had come to show me how it worked. The fact that I didn't really have the slightest desire to know how it worked didn't seem to bother him in the least either and he cheerfully began crawling under the rug in order to reach the electric light socket. When he reached it he gave a sharp tug on the wire, there was a bright flash followed by some smoke, and every light in the room went out.

"Well," he said, "I must have blown out a fuse."

"Yes," I agreed, "I think you probably have."

He was not discouraged.

"Have you got a fuse?" he asked.

A fuse was found and installed not without a certain amount of trouble on my part. He then proceeded.

"Now," he said, "you take the ordinary vacuum cleaner—"

"I'd rather not," I objected.

"Exactly," he agreed and with that he proceeded to remove from his pocket a handful of what looked very much like dirt.

"I'll just rub some of this into your carpet," he explained and before I had time to argue he had done so.

"Try and get that out," he challenged.

"I don't want to," I replied a little testily.

"Exactly," he agreed, snapping on the motor of his machine. There was a loud whirring noise. He snapped the switch again and the noise ceased.

"Now," he said, "before I demonstrate to you why ours is the only machine which will really pick up that dirt, I should like to run over a few of the important points about our product."

"But why?" I objected. "You've already sold it to us, haven't you?"

"Exactly," he said. "Now, in the first place, this motor is completely nickel plated throughout—"

THERE did not seem to be any way to stop him. I sat back and listened. At the end of fifteen minutes I was struck with a sudden and rather desperate idea.

"Will you have a drink?" I suggested.

He seemed doubtful.

"Come on," I urged. "You've had a hard day."

"Well—"

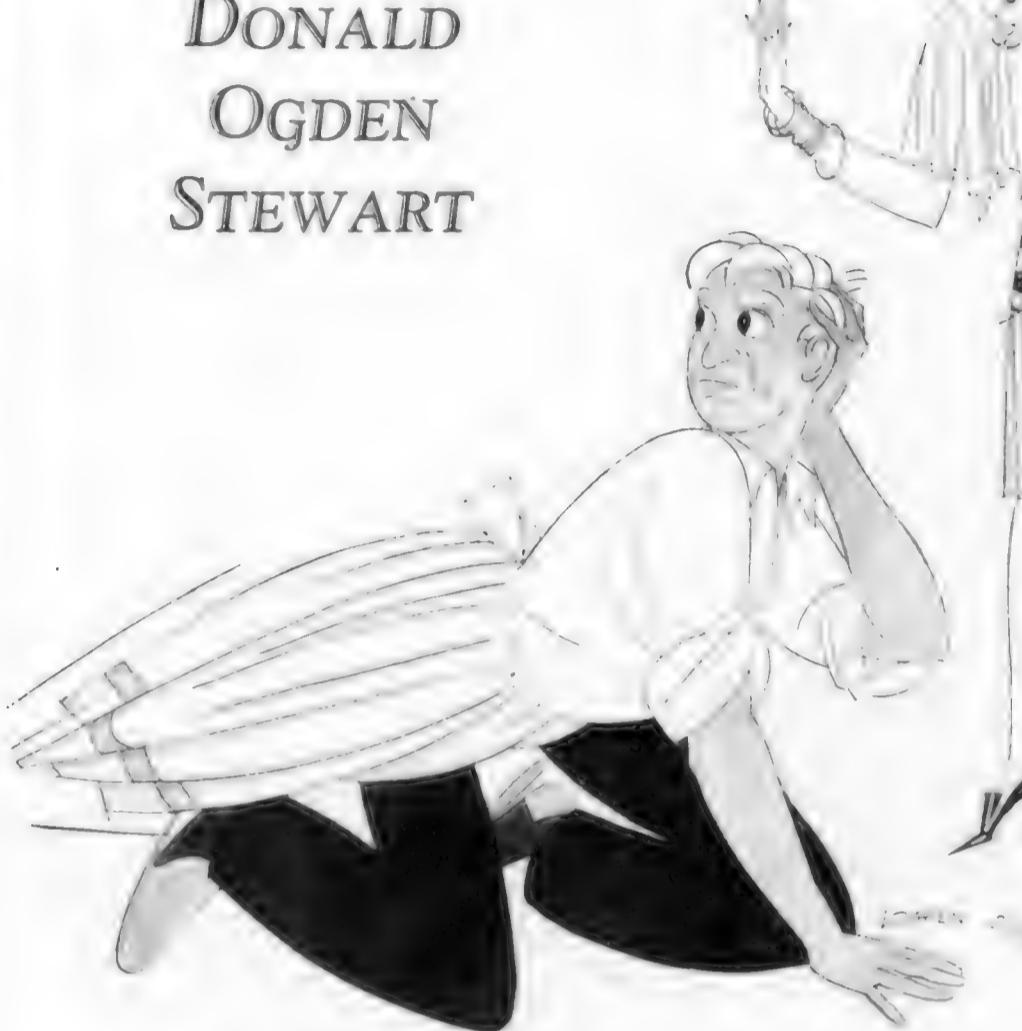
He did not look like a man who could stand very much, so I made the drink a strong one. And the second I made even stronger.

My judgment was correct. He took his first drink at five thirteen. At five twenty-one he was telling me about his wonderful wife, "the most wonderful woman in the world,"

For Husbands Husbands' Helper

DONALD
OGDEN
STEWART

Drawing By
LOREN STOUT



There it lay, a crisis in my married life. The cat had never liked me much but I had affected a compromise with him. But how to conquer the vacuum cleaner! That was my awful problem

I shut off the motor and considered. Here, certainly, was a serious problem and with night coming on too. I tried once more but the two matches, the strip of white thread and the tobacco ashes still remained. It looked pretty

hopeless and I decided that the best thing to do would be to go out and get dinner and then attack the problem when I came home.

Which would have been all right if I had come home right after dinner. But I happened to go to a little French restaurant for dinner and there I met Joe Williams and along about two in the morning I had to take him home. I was perfectly all right myself except for a slight tendency to knock over glasses and a curious desire to talk out loud to myself in the taxi, a desire which I of course suppressed except on streets running east and west.

But when I got home there was that vacuum cleaner lying just where I had left it and the whole ghastliness of the thing suddenly overcame me. In fact, it overcame me to such an extent that I walked out of my apartment, down two flights and rang the bell at number 6G.

oG was the apartment of Leon Southers, a very nice bald-headed bachelor, and after about ten minutes of ringing he finally came to the door in his pajamas.

"Leon," I said, "my vacuum cleaner won't work."

"My God, old man," said Leon. "You don't say so."

"IT WON'T pick up anything," I asserted, "even cigarette ashes."

"What kind of cigarette ashes?" asked Leon.

I considered.

"Camels," I finally replied.

Leon shook his head.

"That's pretty serious," he said. "What do you think we had better do? Call a policeman?"

"No," I replied. "Let's keep the police out of this."

By that time I had gone inside, [Continued on page 101]

The Woman

WHEN I came to live with my sister Sallie and her husband, Hollis Carter, I met Bert Allen, a young doctor, and Jim Brent, a portrait painter. I half expected Bert to propose to me before he went to Europe that spring, but he didn't.

On the very day that Bert returned unexpectedly Jim's brother Austin was found dead in the Brent apartment. Circumstantial evidence pointed to Jim as the murderer. Jim wouldn't talk and Hollis, who was acting as Jim's lawyer, believed he was shielding some woman.

It came out later that a woman in black had left Jim's studio in a taxi the night of the murder.

Bert thought Sallie was the woman. Her handkerchief and an envelope addressed to her on the day of the murder had been found in the studio.

While I tried to find out from Sallie where she had been Bert discovered that the elevator boy on duty at the Brent's apartment house that night had gone to buy cigars for Austin Brent. The boy fully confessed to stealing his walkie he claimed he had seen a woman lifting Mr. Brent's body into a chair.

That cleared Jim all right, but it didn't satisfy Hollis who still believed Sallie had been at Jim's studio. To protect her I said I had been there. Sallie followed me to my room that night.

"You poor kid," she said. "I thought it was you all the time."

"What?" I said. "You mean you weren't there."

"Of course I wasn't," she answered and I became hysterical.

IT WASN'T until I got over my attack of hysterics that the humor of the situation struck me and it was humorous, in spite of its tragic features.

Sallie, who was as much mystified for the moment as I was, had slapped a wet towel in my face and then tried to quiet me with a bottle of smelling salts. All wrong of course. I hadn't fainted but the strong odor of the salts nearly choked me, and as I couldn't laugh any more, I gradually became quiet. Sallie kept looking at me, her eyes like saucers. I think she was afraid the strain I had been through had done something queer to my brain.

"Are you all right now, darling?" she asked me. She kept waving the bottle of salts under my nose.

"Yes," I said. "But I won't be if you keep choking me to death with that stuff."

Pretty soon I was myself again. As nearly as I could be under the circumstances.

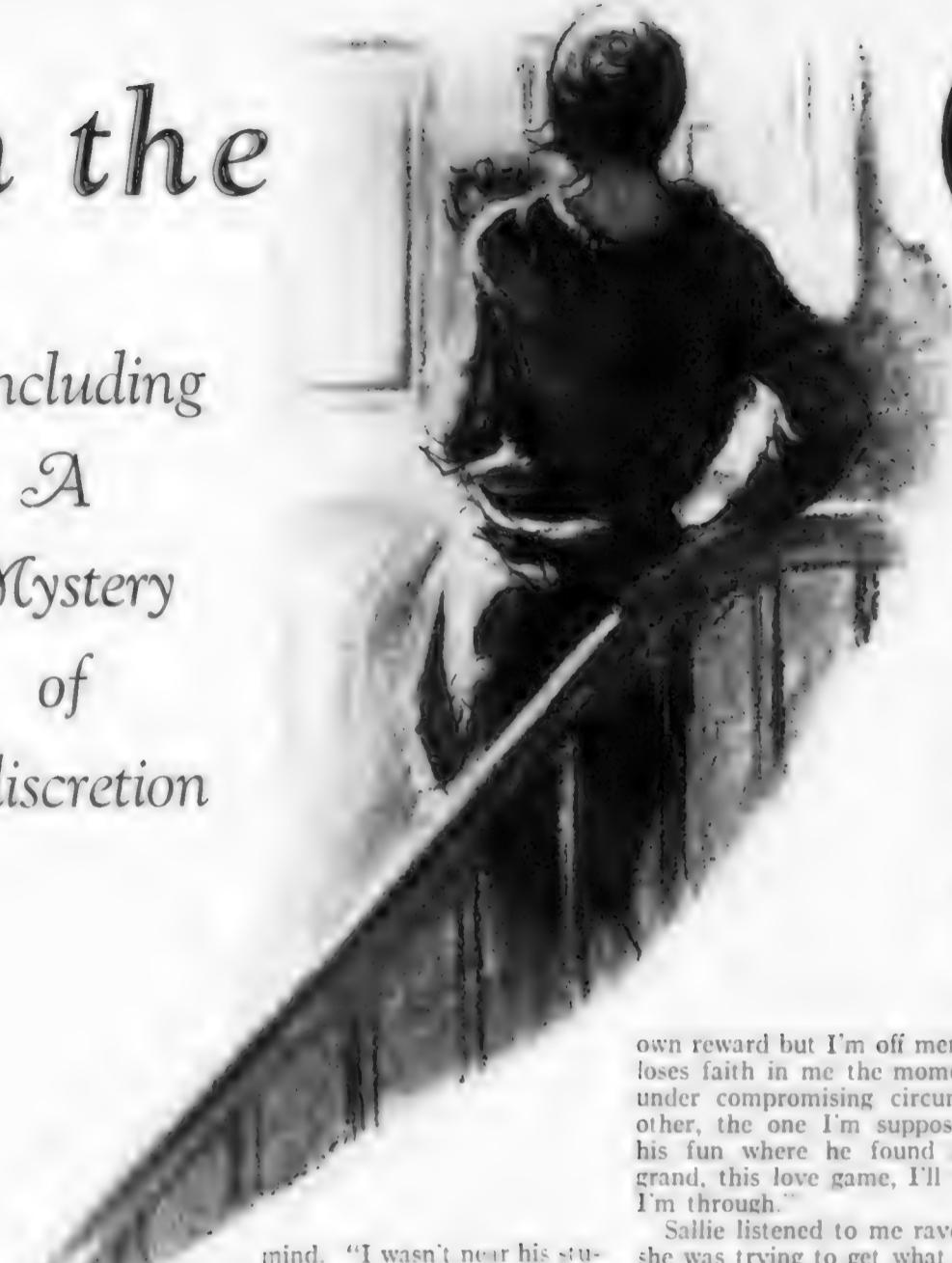
"If I am not mistaken, Sallie dear," I gasped, "you said just before I had this little brainstorm that you were not the mysterious female Jim Brent had with him at his studio that evening."

"Of course not," Sallie replied. She was still regarding me with a worried look as though she feared I might be losing my



Just as I reached
Jim's door that night
I saw a lady going
up the steps. I thought
it was Sallie. So I
went away silently
and discreetly

In the Case Concluding A Mystery of Indiscretion



Case

shouldn't I have believed you? You said you were there. And knowing how crazy Jim has been about you all summer I could understand."

I began to laugh again but managed to control myself.

"Of all the fools I have ever heard of," I gasped, "we two are the world's worst. Each afraid to tell the truth for fear of making trouble for the other and neither of us guilty. I never so much as laid eyes on Jim Brent that evening. I said I was there because I thought you had been with him and I wanted to save you from disaster. All I've done is to disgrace myself with Hollis and with Bert just to save the reputation of the woman Jim Brent really was with. The one he's been lying to save."

"Well, I suppose virtue is its own reward but I'm off men for life. One of my suitors, Bert, loses faith in me the moment he hears I've spent the evening under compromising circumstances with his rival. And the other, the one I'm supposed to have been with, was taking his fun where he found it with another woman. Oh, it's grand, this love game, I'll tell the world! But just the same I'm through."

Sallie listened to me rave without saying anything. I guess she was trying to get what had happened straight in her mind. Suddenly she leaned over and kissed me. There wasn't any laughter in her eyes.

"You did a big thing, Sis," she said. "A noble thing. Don't think I fail to appreciate it. Even the fact that it wasn't necessary doesn't change that. You came right out before Bert Allen and sacrificed his love for my sake. I'm going to straighten things out for you."

"How?" I said.

"Easy enough. I'm going to Bert Allen and tell him your confession was all a lie, that you only made it to save me."

"That wouldn't save him," I laughed.

"Why not?" said Sallie.

"**B**ECAUSE," I told her. "Bert had his chance and missed it. He showed his love wasn't big enough to stand the strain."

"But," Sallie objected, "you confessed that you were with Jim."

"Even so," I broke in. "I didn't confess to having done anything wrong did I? I can forgive Hollis for his jealousy of you. He's old, twice your age almost and naturally mid-Victorian. In his day for a wife to be alone with another man for an hour or two was as good as a divorce. But Bert Allen is only twenty-five. He ought to have some modern ideas. Why should he condemn me just because he has a vivid imagination?"

"You're unreasonable," Sallie said. "You expect too much. It would have been different, if you had come out right away with the truth or with your story even though it wasn't the truth. But you kept it back as though you had something to hide. And with Jim Brent lying too about having been at the theater. And his reputation with women. You mustn't be too hard on Bert, dear. I'm sure he cares for you, and when I tell him the truth—"

and forgot the envelope and my handkerchief. What I don't understand is why you should ask me if I was there when you have just admitted to Bert and Hollis that you spent the evening there yourself. You know very well I went to a concert at the Lyric."

"Then why in heaven's name didn't you say so before?" I gasped.

"I did. I told you."

"I mean to Hollis and Bert. Why didn't you tell them?"

"Because I thought you were the one who had been with Jim, especially after you refused to answer my questions the other night. And I was afraid that the minute I said I wasn't with him it would condemn you. I hoped just as you did, I guess, that Jim would get off without having to prove an alibi at all when the real murderer was found. But when Hollis said what he did about a woman having taken a cab at the corner of Church and Thompson Streets and driven here, I was speechless because I took a cab at that corner after the concert was over and drove home. The Lyric, as you know, is only a couple of blocks from there and I couldn't find a taxi anywhere near the theater. When Hollis said that I couldn't speak for a moment. He's so dreadfully suspicious. Then you burst out with your confession. I think it was a mighty fine thing for you to do."

"And you believed me?"

"Of course. Your story sounded straight enough. Why

"I don't want you to tell him anything, Sallie," I said. "In the first place, he'll only think you are doing it to save me. And in the second place, if Bert ever comes back to me, I want him to do it because he cares for me and not as a result of anything you have said. Do as I tell you, Sallie darling and let Bert Allen alone."

"Well, then, Sallie went on, 'why shouldn't I go to Jim Brent? He wouldn't care to see you smashed up with Bert Allen on his account.' It looks as though he were going to get off as far as this murder is concerned. Hollis will attend to that. I will see Jim right away and explain the circumstances. All he need do is tell us who really was with him."

"Don't be silly," I laughed. "If he wouldn't tell that to save his self from a charge of murder, why should he do it to save me?"

"I had an idea Jim was in love with you," Sallie said.

"LOOKS like it, I must say," I told her. Spending the evening at his studio with another woman.

Sallie's eyes began to twinkle.

"Who's being mid-Victorian now?" she laughed. "You seem to have just as vivid an imagination as Bert."

In a way Sallie had me there but I wouldn't admit it.

"You keep out of my affairs, darling," I told her. "I prefer to handle them myself. And I think you had better go back to your husband or he may think you will be corrupted associating with a woman like me."

"I had better tell him the truth at any rate," Sallie said.

"If you tell him now you will be a fool," I said. "You'll only start another row. Take my advice and say nothing to anyone right now. Live on it may be different. Good night."

I couldn't help thinking as I got into bed that so far neither Sallie nor anybody else knew where I really had been the night of the murder. Sallie had asked me that time in her bedroom but I hadn't told her. I hadn't told anyone yet.

I have been trying to make this a love story but so far I have said very little about love. I have found that in real life love stories do not consist of charming dialogues between two happy and understanding souls. On the contrary, most romances are made or ruined by the words and the actions of others. Which is just another way of saying that the course of true love never does run smooth.

It is for this reason that I have had to say so much about Austin Brent and his affairs. If he hadn't been shot that night I suppose Bert Allen would have proposed to me on his return from Europe and I would have accepted him or rejected him as the case might be. And I suppose that if Jim Brent hadn't been arrested he would have proposed to me too. He had called on the point after several times. One way or the other I should probably have been dragged to some hotel in this tragic business come along and upset us all.

Now everything was different. Hollis, although he was polite enough, clearly looked on me as a dissolute woman.

Bert Allen, since his

disappearance the night I made my confession, hadn't been heard from at least so far as I was concerned although I learned from Sallie that Hollis had had several conferences with him about Jim Brent's affairs.

As for Jim, he was still in jail, although Sallie told me that Hollis expected to get him out at any moment. There had been a number of developments in connection with the murder since Bert made his discoveries involving the elevator boy.

Thursday night when Hollis came home he called Sallie and me into his study.

"I've got something to tell you," he said.

I went in because of my interest in Jim although the murder and everything connected with it had begun to get very much on my nerves. Hollis was sitting at his desk.

"Something happened today," he said, "that I think you girls might like to know. It's about Jim Brent."

"Is he free?" I asked.

"No. But he will be, I think by morning."

Tell us all about it," said Sallie.

"Well," Hollis continued, "it's largely Bert's doing. He put the detectives on the trail of that elevator boy and his brother. And he told them, too, about the man on the first floor who claimed to have seen a woman dressed in black leave the building about ten o'clock that night. Everybody figured that she had probably committed the murder."

BUT it didn't take the detective in charge of the case very long to find out that the woman who had been seen leaving the building at ten o'clock was a friend of the janitor's wife who had been making a call. The janitor's family occupies the basement and this woman just walked up to the ground floor and went out as she had frequently done without seeing any one in the lobby. She had not gone to the second floor where the Brents live. In fact she did not know either of the brothers even by sight.

This at once made the story told by the elevator boy, who claimed to have seen a woman putting the body of Austin Brent in a chair, look queer. It seemed to the police just the

sort of a story the boy would tell if he had committed the murder himself, so they've got him and his brother down at headquarters now trying to get the truth out of them. If it turns out that either of them did the actual shooting, Jim Brent will be freed at once. If they don't, I propose to take legal action to have him released. They really haven't sufficient evidence to hold him, especially without bail."

"Is that all?" Sallie asked.

"Yes," Hollis said. "Except this. I may be narrow minded, old fashioned, Sallie, but after what your sister told us the other night about Jim Brent and herself, I naturally can't receive him here at the house as I have in the past. Liking Bert Allen as much as I do and sympathizing with him my natural impulse would be to throw Jim Brent into the street."

"Wait a moment, please," I said. "Let me understand. You think, from what I have said, that Jim seduced me? Is that it?"

Hollis regarded me with



Bert hit Jim a blow that sent him clear across the room. Then he put his arm around me and led me through the door

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With Drawings from Life
By
W. U. CHAMBERS



a scowl that made me shiver.

"I don't pretend to know what went on between you two that night," he said, "but it must have been something you were ashamed of or you wouldn't both have taken so much trouble to keep it dark. I make no accusations. But the fact remains that Bert Allen, who is a gentleman, doesn't come here any longer because he believes my wife's sister isn't the sort of woman he could ask to marry him. If you think that is a pleasant situation for me you are very much mistaken. And if you think it will make it any pleasanter to have the man responsible for it hanging around my house—"

"Hollis," Sallie cried, "how dare you! Nancy isn't guilty of anything. She sacrificed herself to save—"

I stopped her by putting my hand over her mouth. Hollis stared at us both, puzzled.

"TO SAVE whom?" he asked. "There isn't anybody she could save unless—" he fixed his eyes on Sallie and there was suspicion in them. "If Nancy isn't the woman who left Brent at Church and Thompson Streets that night and drove here in a cab then who—"

"Sallie was trying to tell you, Hollis," I said, "that I sacrificed myself to save Jim. But I really didn't you know. He'd have gotten off anyway. Just the same, don't you think you are going a bit too far when you suggest that Jim Brent and I, even if we were together, must necessarily have—"

Hollis cut in on me with an angry snort.

"No!" he exclaimed. "I don't. Foster and Bert found more evidence in that studio than you've been told about. I'm not going to say what it was but if I were in Bert Allen's place I wouldn't ask you to marry me either in the face of it. And that's why I don't care to have Jim Brent coming around here."

I sat very still. It occurred to me that perhaps I didn't want Jim Brent around myself. I [Continued on page 90]

When Hollis said what he did about a woman having taken a cab at the corner of Church and Thompson Streets and driven here I was speechless, because I took a cab at that corner the night of the murder and drove home



Do You Dress

By HARRY COLLINS

Famous New York Costume Designer
And Creator of Emotionism in Dress

EVERY girl is attractive emotionally. No matter how drab a girl may appear outwardly, in her soul she has the divine sparks of emotion. The trouble with the average girl who feels her emotion within is that she does not show it to the world. She has been unable to find the medium through which to express her real self.

I believe the beauty, softness, sympathy and affection of a girl's character can be expressed by clothes. I believe she can bring to herself charm, romance, attractiveness through the line of a hem or the cut of a shoulder. She can express the emotions she has and the emotions she wishes to have through the models and colors she chooses. Her wardrobe can be and almost always is the outward expression of her inward and spiritual light.

That is my theory. And that is what I am practising. I call the theory emotionism in dress, the art of fitting the dress to the girl and the girl to the dress in such a way as to bring out the vibrant principles of her personality. For I feel that the woman who doesn't dress to express her personality and give full play to her emotions is merely covered, she isn't dressed. There is great distinction between the two. One may as well be covered with a tent as to wear the wrong gown because neither one gives expression to personality.

Most girls have a tendency to overdress though fashion for more than a quarter of a century has been toward simplicity. Never before have we been so free from a set mode. With the exceptions due alone to her figure and her

coloring, a girl may dress as she pleases today and yet be smart. Short skirts or long, skirts up in the front and down in the back, long sleeves or none at all, violet or yellow or brown, kasha cloth or cotton, models form fitting or chemise tied, style knows no boundaries today save those dictated by good taste.

But that's just the trouble. Formerly there was no demand on any girl. Some shop keeper, some sales clerk, some fashion publication told her just what to wear and she wore it. Nobody expected her to appear individual. They expected her to remain in style even if it made her look like fury.

But in those days all a girl had to do anyway was get her man. Today she not only has that most delightful of outdoor and indoor sports to accomplish but also the task of getting a job, getting a good salary, keeping up with the world, reading papers at the woman's club and

being socially a rounded personality. And no woman, even a Cleopatra, can succeed at varied pursuits if she encases herself always in one

Are you either of these contrasting blonde personalities? If like Lois Moran you are sober minded and self-reliant, your clothes should be of solid color in simple lines. If you are a fluffy blonde like Nancy Drexel, garb yourself ideally in organdy and lace.



to Express Your Real Self?

set of monotonous garments. The true girl of today must be any type of girl to any type of occasion. To this end she must use clothes not to express her whole personality but the individual facets of her personality.

So emotionism in dress is designed to show few clothes. Never will it have the tendency to make people turn to look at the frock outside a girl but to look at the girl within the frock.

And to be thus emotionally attractive a girl has first to study the lines of her figure and to try to express with that outer wrapper the things that are deep within, a blending of mind and body. How many times have you gone into an office where a number of girls were employed and had your attention focused on one particularly attractive stenographer? Stop to notice how that girl is dressed. You will find her dress suits her perfectly. It is an outward mirror of her soul. It speaks eloquently for the girl it covers. Even hung in a closet it would still give you some picture of the girl who wears it. This should be true of every gown a woman wears. Her visible glory is her raiment and no matter whether she be blonde, brunette or titian she can be a jewel in the dullest setting if she is correctly groomed.

LIKEWISE when you see a pretty girl playing the humiliating rôle of wallflower you can be sure something is wrong in her costuming. She has chosen the wrong color and the wrong style. She may be the best dancer present but incorrectly clad she will never attract the eyes of the young men long enough for them to discover her charm.

Yet the fundamentals of good dress are so easily mastered. Any girl can get the clothes that enhance her personality if she will take time to recognize both her assets and her liabilities. It doesn't take dollars to be well dressed but it does take sense. You must not only see yourself as others see you but see yourself as you want them to see you. The trouble with too many girls is that they take the first thing shown to them in a shop. There is not now and never has been any need to be a slave of fashion. Any exclusive couturier will tell you that the [Continued on page 83]



If you react intensely to different models as Madge Bellamy does, this formal dinner gown of white chiffon and satin, caught at the neck with a jewelled pendant, will make you respond with dignity proper to the occasion

Photographs Posed Exclusively for Smart Set by Fox Film Corporation



There's A Limit

With Drawings
from Life
By NANCY JAY

NOW that our town is no longer front page news in all the news papers I think that somebody should sit down and write out what really happened, because you know how newspapers are. They do not mind twisting everything upside down if it makes a good story.

It all began on a Wednesday morning the week after school closed. The Kims, where most of my friends go, closed on Thursday, and Ludlow High where mother and dad send me because they are very democratic was out Friday. The boys from the State U. and the eastern colleges had been here two or three weeks.

Of course I was as tried as the rest of our bunch at the absolutely ridiculous trick our parents pulled on us but to be fair I must admit that several unpleasant things had happened in Dundee during the winter and spring. At least there were rumors of unpleasant things but you know how people everywhere run down the T. Y. G. whenever they get half a chance. That's us, the Terrible Younger Generation, and we are blamed for about three times as much as we really do.

Anyway on the last Wednesday of June about ten o'clock, Angyl Troutbridge, the girl I trail with, came wandering through the hedge and suggested that we go over to the club and see who was there. Angyl is a pure blonde and I am a brunette and we never fall for the same boys so we get along fine. We started over toward the country club which is only a short block from our house. I am Marion Tullis, by the way.

There are very thick trees around the club so we could

not see anything until we were almost at the entrance. Then Angyl said,

"For cat's sake, that's funny! There is not a soul there!"

By that time we could see the long porch, the big gravel parking space and one of the tennis courts but there was not a car nor a person in sight.

Suddenly Angyl exclaimed, "Hey, look at the door!"

We went to it and there was a big board nailed across it with a placard that read:

"This club is closed to all persons for all purposes until further notice." It was signed by the house committee.

ANGYL and I just stared at each other. It simply did not make sense. We heard a noise behind us and there came my brother Bertie and the Thompson twins on a dead run. The Thompson twins are sandy complexioned boys with innocent looking faces and slow drawly voices that are nice to listen to by moonlight. They hardly ever got excited about anything, but right now they were up in the air.

Calvin gasped out, "Say, both our cars are jacked up in the garage and the wheels are gone."

Bertie said, "Our car is gone too, sis, and when I asked mother where it was she said dad sold it. I asked her when was he going to buy another and she said, 'he isn't'."

Just then we saw Trude Ellsworth and Ted Lane coming up the street. Trudie yelled when she was still half a block off but then she always yells even if she is at your elbow. We are used to it.

"The playhouse is shut," she screamed, "and they have



These Members of the T. Y. G.
Found
They Could
Only Push
Their
Parents So Far
Then the Revolt Began

We were all miles from nowhere without a conveyance of any sort. Suddenly Jerry, my newly discovered thrill, produced a bicycle, placed a blanket over the handle bars for me and we sailed proudly away from the envious bunch

taken all the radios out. What do you think of that?"

As they reached us Ted Lane said, "They've taken everything. My mother says it is an experiment. She says on desert islands life is simple and real. They couldn't put us on a desert island because there isn't any, so they made Dundee into one. Do you get it? We are on a desert island."

At first every one was too stunned to say anything and then we all talked at once. Somebody said, "But they couldn't have gotten everybody to give up everything."

"Yes, they did," Ted insisted. "They had committees. They had mass meetings and I don't know what all. They did it somehow."

My brother Bertie spoke up then. He is awfully clever though I would never tell him I thought so. He struck an attitude and orated solemnly, "To make the world safe for the T. Y. G."

Well, take a look at the town of Dundee! Not a car in it except grocers' trucks and the bus. No radio. No movies. No jazz phonograph records. They left the highbrow ones. No country club. No Travelli. He was our local bootlegger. The crowning insult was that our allowances were to be one dollar a week or less and charge accounts were discontinued.

AT LAST everybody went to Trudie's house and flopped down in her gorgeous sun porch. It was a safe place to talk things over because Trudie's mother lives abroad or somewhere and there was no one to spy on us. Never in my life had I seen our bunch so glum. More of them kept dropping in when they heard where we were until practically the whole crowd was there.

It was Dora MacMahon who asked whether the West Enders were in on all this business. I like the MacMahon girls most of the time but they do give us a pain with their old Mayflower ancestor line. Somebody said that the West End was in. Their cars had disappeared also. I must explain about the West End. The kids down there are perfectly all right of course but they are not the club crowd. Their fathers are grocers and butchers and that sort of thing. I knew several of them at high school.

We groused around for awhile longer. Finally I said. "Don't tell me that nobody has any liquor. They have hid it, that's all. Talk about biting off your nose to spite your face. They patronized Travelli just the way we did."

Somebody said, "Yeah, but parents love to be martyrs. They get a kick out of being self sacrificing reformers."

And Angyl said, "Why they are treating us just like babies, taking everything away from us. If they think we are just going to sit back and sniffle—"

Just then Calvin Thompson had an idea. "Listen," he said.



Our parents left us with no cars to ride in, no parties, clothes to cover us. But we invented desert island costumes, shredded skirts and waists for the girls, running trunks and sunburn for the boys

"They had committees and mass meetings, didn't they? Why can't we have one too? Let's see we can call it—"

"S. P. C. Y. G." Bertie put in. "Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to the Younger Generation."

Everybody cheered of course. Trudie got out pencils and paper and we began to make the plans that turned Dundee into a battlefield and finally got all our pictures in the papers.

Calvin's committee list looked like this:

1. Committee on booze: Jimsy and Edith Dury Look for what's hid. Find new bootlegger. Learn how to make it.

2. Transportation: Ted and Marion Dury Look for car wheels. If cannot find report on other means of locomotion

3. J. Bertie and Angy

4. Games of Chance Alvin T. and Trudie

5. Committee on Pure Devilshment Calvin T. and Dora

Then we made a list of all the T. Y. G. in town, West End and everywhere. We went up one street and down another. And we put every single soul on a committee. Just before we broke up Ted Lane thought up a name for our parents. F. R. O. G. he decided to call them. Fearfully Ridiculous Older Generation. So the war between the Tygs and the Frogs was on.

Mother was very talky at lunch. She is always talky when she is scared. I could see that she was wondering what on earth we were going to do. Bertie and I just ate and never said a word we did not have to. It was really sort of funny.

Right after lunch Bertie went off somewhere and Ted came to make plans about our committee on transportation. We decided to call our committee together right away and of course to do that we had to walk. The first five were from our own bunch. Then came Judith, the minister's

daughter and two West Enders.

The last house was the old O'Brien shack. According to our list they had a son Jerry. I was hot and tired by this time and so was everybody else who had walked from our part of Dundee way down there to the railway tracks. I was leaning against the wobbly fence wishing that nobody had ever thought of this silly committee business, when suddenly all my fatigue was gone.

I shut my eyes and opened them again to be sure that what I saw was real. In the door of a shed, dressed in ragged overalls and a pair of sneakers was the best looking six foot he-man I ever saw. He came over to the fence and scowled at us and said, "Whacha want?"

Ted told him and at first he just kept on scowling. Then he threw back his head and laughed.

"That's the best idea I ever heard of," he said. "Come on in." He pushed the gate but it would not open so he lifted it off the hinge. Then he walked over to a big tree and I know that every girl there was watching the muscles ripple under his brown skin. "Have chairs," he said and flopped on the grass.

There was a pause. West Enders are not expected to be so at ease. Then Ted said rather grumpily, "Well, come on, sit down. If this is a committee let's be one. We have to have cars, or something for that dance at Lakeside Saturday. Get busy now and think of something."

At first we did nothing but grouch, everybody telling his own individual troubles. Even Hank and Pansy got up courage to say a word. Finally this Jerry O'Brien said, "You play this wrong. Why not pretend we like desert islands? That'll take the wind out of their sails." I tried my best not to look at him. He had



Mother was darling, but just the same I had to inform her that she belonged to the FROGS

the bluest eyes and the blackest lashes and the whitest teeth I ever saw. "I betcha there's a lot of kick in a desert island," he went on. "Ought to wear skins and grass skirts and act like—say, it could be a wow."

Everybody saw the point right away. Afterward Ted tried to give out that the whole thing was his idea which is what Ted would do. It made me mad but probably nobody believed him anyway.

From that minute we quit grousing and got down to brass tacks. We detailed some to look for the car whichis though the chance of finding any was slim. As for the Lakeside dance there were three possible ways of getting there. We could steal the delivery trucks or get a hay wagon from a farmer uncle of Judith's, or walk the ten miles.

When the meeting broke up of course Judith turned the sex-appeal full force on Jerry but he never even saw her. Instead he took hold of my elbow as I was going out the gate and said, "It's too hot to walk. You wait a minute and I'll take you home."

"Wheelbarrow?" Ted inquired. Poor old Ted was sore because he likes to be the center of an admiring group of females himself. But Jerry just grinned and said, "On desert islands the most resourceful male gets the prize." My heart pounded so I was afraid it would burst.

HE WENT over to the old shed and in two seconds came out with a red jersey added to his costume. He was trundling a bicycle that looked as if it might fall to pieces any minute. Everybody yelled but he never cracked a smile as he slung a folded blanket over the handle bars. A woman came rushing up then, all out of breath and fluttery. "Jerry, what are you doing? Isn't this little Miss Tullis and the young Mister Lane? I am so pleased to meet you. Jerry, ask your friends in why don't you?"

Jerry muttered something about some other time. He boosted me up on the handle bars and off we went while the others cheered. "Don't mind my poor stepmother," he said. "She's a snob but she means well. I hope this museum piece holds together a few minutes."

It must be a mile or more from Jerry's house to ours and we had some ride. Everybody stared at us. Once a dog got in the way and another time we just missed Odorono, the colored wash lady, at a corner where there was a hedge. She turned three shades lighter and threw the basket of wash she was carrying over the hedge. A block from home we met the garbage man with a full cart. His horse ran away when he saw us and Jerry said the horse was spoofing because he certainly was old enough to remember bicycles.

Mother was standing on the terrace as we came through the gate. We had executed a perfect turn and Jerry was saying, "Here we are, safe and sound," when something happened. Jerry landed on one ear and I turned a complete somersault and sat down very hard in the petunia bed.

Even after that I remembered my manners sufficiently to say, "Mother, may I present Mr. Jerry O'Brien?"

Jerry reached for his cap but it was not there so he saluted instead. Mother gave a little jerky nod and beat a hasty retreat. We sat in the petunia bed and laughed.

"I'm going to have a house like this some day," Jerry said. "No, not quite like it. I'll have a conservatory?"

I said I would rather have a swimming pool.

"All right," Jerry said, "we'll have both."

We borrowed tools from the yard man and while Jerry tinkered with the bike, we arranged to go swimming and dated for the Lakeside dance. When he left I lay in the hammock for a while. There was a new book on the table beside it but why bother to read novels when you can live one?

I was nearly asleep when Bertie burst in all excited. It seems he had gone with Jimsy on a booze hunt and they had run into old man Thompson just as they were crawling out of his cellar. He gave them the devil so they figured that he must

Jimsy suddenly went goofy and began swallowing the lake. "Liquor!" he yelled. "Gee! This water is made of rum"



have some. They were going to watch that night because he would probably try to move it.

Al's committee had invited all those interested to a crap and poker party in a tumble-down barn. Bertie and I nearly had brain fever trying to figure out how they would manage it. Nobody had any money left over. We never did have. And how can you gamble without money?

As for Bertie's own committee he was all gloomed up. If you cannot get jazz from the air and have no money to buy records or hire an orchestra what is there to do? Bertie thought Calvin's committee on

pure devilishness was also stuck. When asked about their plans they only looked owlish. Stalling, of course! It is terribly hard to think of something devilish if you just have to sit down and do it.

When Bertie and I arrived at the crap party it was nearly nine o'clock. There is no street light near the old barn and apparently there was no light inside [Continued on page 93]



FRANCES: Why do you men find yourself in this situation?
BOBBY: The wages of sin,
all the wages of sin.

When the girls create a big splash for a man's attention
can it be called a break-up?



Frances and Bobby

FRANCES: What would you like to do, Miss?
DOLLY JANE: Anywhere, except driving me to distraction.

Frances and Dolly

73

COOKOO SCREEN SHOTS



Dorothy explains it isn't the months
of marriage that bore her. It's the
yeahs and yeahs

MacBride Fox



Dorothy Devore, while she
pursues her career, is on the
lookout for some fresh heir

Fox

FROM FILM LAND



Josephine Dunn while playing the lead in "Excess Baggage" hopes to live up to all sexpectations

M-G-M



Photo: Arthur Elcock

GIRLS: Johnny, will you come to the sewing bee with us?
JOHNNY: I refuse to be stung by that last ruse of summer?



Estelle's steed claims she's putting on the dog but Estelle doesn't care because he's just lion

Photo: H. Bradley—Elcock



William Haines says he became a boothblack so that he could take a shine to any girl

M-G-M

Dorothy Coburn shows Stan Laurel her motto for all girls on the fairway—they shall not push

M-G-M



SEA SHORE SHADES



Uva says Billy is all wet but Billy declares it takes sand to get any place

Boys, beware of the Parasol Peril. The daughters of the American evolution, those sweet young things who stow away their fur coats to replace them with a coat of tan—know all about the charm value of light and shade. So don't believe that they carry parasols to preserve their schoolgirl skins. They really carry sunshades so that they can shadow their men.

Nancy Carroll instead of hiding her light under a bushel, hides her date under an umbrella.



A girl like Sally Thipps in a bathing suit of perfume with bikini, coat and parasol to match is one for a tony water party.



One fair Day in Hollywood is Marceline. No matter how her coat is checkered, her face is never sun-kissed.

M.G.M.



To end all fear of offending others



The
IMPROVED
KOTEX

scientifically de-
odorizes by a new
patented process*

WOMEN are constantly aware that they may be offending others at certain times. Make-shift means of meeting this problem are seldom effective. Now, through a newly developed process, Kotex thoroughly, safely deodorizes to end this worry completely. Ten whole layers of filler are treated to neutralize all odor. An old social fear is ended.

The new cut-to-fit shape

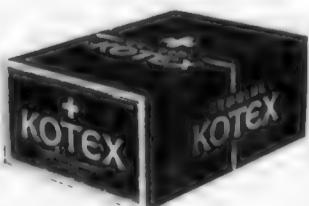
Then, too, there is often the thought that bulky outlines may make one conspicuous. Because corners of the new Kotex pad are rounded and tapered, there is no longer any self-consciousness in this regard. Any frock, however filmy or clinging, keeps its smooth lines.

Of course, added physical comfort comes with these changes. The extra softness means no chafing, means gentler protection.

Women like the fact that they can adjust Kotex filler—add or remove layers as needed. And they like all the other special advantages, none of which has been altered: protective area is just as large; absorption quick and thorough; it is so easy to dispose of.

Buy a box today and you will realize why doctors and nurses endorse it so heartily—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; supplied, also, in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX



* Kotex is the only sanitary napkin that deodorizes with scientific accuracy. Exclusive deodorizing process is protected by U. S. Patent 1,670,587.

Eyes of Youth

[Continued from page 61]

other place. "You can't never tell?" And it became a byword for a while, and Harriet knew she had to learn how to turn it up. "You can't never tell."

Harriet left school, of course, and stayed in the kitchen of the house with Aunt Aiken chuckling around at her like an owl bird.

He got a furnished room and a job. He worked most crackingly. The high energy, robust and immature which had made him a black sheep in the high school days was by some psychological alchemy transformed into the very qualities necessary for success. His boldness became a natural evenness, his sneer a grim, determined business smile; his hard-boiledness an impudent arrogance which caused "office boys to quail and busy women to falter. He sold goods until the manager sent for him, because, he said, he just wanted to look at him.

Once a week Jim came to see his wife. He always went home before ten o'clock, to bed, and Harriet acted that while he was working so hard he should go to bed early. And he did! Every night!

OTHER changes came about in him. He lost his dark eye-circles completely. He was well in his trim, quiet business suit. And he would sit in the easy chair across from her, talking sparingly of this and that and the funny things that happened on the street car. Harriet would nod herself, having him so much that the room and all its corners would disappear, leaving nothing in the whole world except Jim's face and eyes and voice as he sat there and talked and did not often look at her.

At the end of six weeks he had made enough money to pay a month's rent on a furnished room which was tiny but had a little kitchen and a wash room. Harriet went over to help him up.

Harriet loved to fix things up. She hung the curtains as though they were triumphal banners. But as she delved in dark earth in the flower box, that claim of thought which he had been trying frantically to forget ever since the unreal night she found him, broke out finally and faced her like a cold gray ghost. It stalked at her, and she moved about the cherry blossoms, as it howled with its cold breath in her face as he stood at the wash sink, his hands in the waste earth from her fingers.

"Living with a man who doesn't love you. It followed her like the tune you sing to the night you lost the only one you ever loved. "Living with a man—"

She sank out into their pale green back-sink with its neat trash bin and white soap dish, walked her out there.

She went back into the house, sat down on the kitchen stool and tried to think about it. If he had ever been in love before he would have known how futile it would be that was the thought.

She faced herself in it. She could make Jim happy and could be a help to him by working now and living with him. Well, he was a good little cook, she could teach him how to cook properly, which would turn toward better things and success. That no man would admit, and she could clean buttons and keep him neat and trim. She could make their bungalow look trim and fruitful for him to come home to at night. She could be so very, very good and that all these things would cost her next to nothing. He could save her. She could—

The desire to do things for Jim was so

strong in her that she could not sit still, she must continue to fix things up around the house although everything was already fixed up.

When Jim came home at six o'clock Harriet was cooking supper.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello," she answered, without coming out of the kitchen.

They ate supper facing each other across their red lacquer breakfast table, which was so tiny that they were really very close together. Once their hands brushed, as Harriet poured his coffee, and for a little while she could not see. She fought to keep from trembling.

Jim praised her cooking and she had never heard him laugh so much. "He's trying so hard to be nice to me!" she told herself, and the words tasted bitter.

After supper she washed the dishes and

Jim, comically domestic in a dainty blue apron, dried them, talking constantly.

It was the ordinary, pleasant quietness of the evening that made it doubly terrible for Harriet. It was like an infernal machine dressed to look like a nice little box of candy.

Presently, between Jim's jokes and laughter, sudden bottomless silences developed. They grew longer and more frequent, ghastly intervals. During one, Jim dropped the largest platter. It crashed on the hard floor like the coming of doom, flinging its jangling fragments all over the kitchen, under the sink, behind the stove.

It was then Harriet saw that Jim, too, was nearly frantic.

In a moment they stooped, without a word or a glance at each other, and began to pick up the pieces. The task took them more than two minutes. They overlooked many of the pieces.

When all the work in the kitchen was done, sink scrubbed shining, dish mop squeezed, hands dried, aprons taken off and hung up, Harriet's heart seemed to stop beating. They turned out the light in the kitchen and walked into their living room together.

The most profound moment in a woman's life had come to Harriet, the moment that is either the most beautiful or the most awful.

For Harriet, then, it was the most awful. It was not at all a question of giving herself to a man. There was no room for foolish phobias in her healthy young body and her love was such that she could have cut herself to pieces for Jim but when he didn't want her, didn't even begin to love her, hardly knew her, was bound to her by only the mockery of a ceremony. And she knew that to live with Jim without Jim would be for her a torture beyond the dreams of Dante.

In the endlessness of that awful moment as she stood silently beside him in their living room, she visualized Jim with blankets and a pillow on the davenport, she in the bedroom peeking out of the door in her pajamas. "Good night, Jim." "Good night, Harriet." A closed door between them when she loved him so!

And life without him meant— She knew how long and sharp the gleaming butcher knife in the kitchen table drawer was. She made an involuntary start toward the kitchen. But no! That would throw suspicion on Jim and might possibly make him a little sad.

There was only one thing left, flight, and disappearance. A place where the fishermen would be sure to find her, so that Jim would know he was free.

SHE ran to the clothes tree, snatched her cape and hat. She turned. Then she screamed for Jim was standing with his back to the door, his arms spread out, blocking her escape. His eyes were blazing, fists clenched. They had said terrible things about him at school. She had called them lies. It seemed they weren't! He sprang forward and grabbed her, his arms like steel, his face close to hers. She could not struggle. She closed her eyes and kept saying to herself. "I'm dead. I'm dead. It doesn't matter, because I'm dead already." Her knees sagged, but the strength of his embrace kept her on her feet.

His words were raining on her. Words! Words! What did words matter? If she had only killed herself before she had done this thing to Jim. After she had made a man of him, but before her married

Are You An American Beauty?

PRIZE CONTEST

SMART SET wants its monthly gallery of beauty to be genuinely representative of the lovely girls of this country. American beauties selected from every section and from every group. Business girls, professional girls, home girls, society girls, college girls.

SMART SET wants your help in finding these beauties. Are you one of them? Or your sisters or your girl friends?

Send in your photographs and let us judge. If you are an American beauty, send in your photograph yourself. If you are a photographer, professional or amateur, send in the camera study of your favorite model.

There are no requirements save beauty and good photographs.

Photographs must have pasted on the back of them the name, address, age and occupation of the sitter and permission for magazine reproduction. No photographs will be returned.

The editors of SMART SET will act as judges.

To the most beautiful girl of the month SMART SET will give a prize of \$25.00; to the second beauty \$15.00; to the third, \$10.00.

This Contest will close September 30th, 1928

propinquity had brought to life his conquered devils. But what was he saying?

"Harriet, Harriet, I know why you're running away. You're afraid of me. I can't blame you. I've been afraid you would be. You hardly know me, and you can't possibly love me the least little bit. But I want to tell you one thing. I love you! I've loved you and loved you till I'm not made of anything but love for you. I've loved you ever since one day at school a year ago, when I saw you standing all by yourself at a window, and the sun-shine tell across your face in a way that made me feel like getting down on my knees before you and praying. I've loved you ever since then, every minute!"

"I didn't dare speak to you at school on account of my bad reputation. The gang would have seen us together and might have said things about you. But, Harriet, dearest, I've walked close behind you in the halls just to look at you and to breathe the same air you breathed. I've hung around the girls' entrance to watch you go in and out, till that's how I got half my bad reputation."

"And since I thought I'd never, never get a chance even to speak to you, I kept on being tough and saying, 'Yes,' whenever some one made up a new story about me. Then one day I was sitting watching you in the cafeteria gosh, the noon periods I've spent stealing looks at you till I didn't know what I was eating, and your face was so dreary and wonderful that I was afraid you were in love with some fellow. I knew no matter who he was he couldn't be half good enough for you, so I swore to myself that I'd climb up out of the mud till I was fit to speak to you."

THAT day in the hall when you stepped out of a doorway in front of me, you've probably forgotten it but I haven't! Right then, Harriet, I wanted to grab you and kiss you so bad I was almost crying, but I knew if I did I'd be spoiling my chances with you forever.

"And now you're running away from me, afraid that just because you're married to me I'll hurt you, or frighten you. Harriet, most wonderful, I love you so darn' hard it you'll stay I won't lay a finger on you. I swear I won't. Just worshipping you will be enough to make me the happiest man in the world. I'll kiss you a great big kiss for your door at night. Sweetest girl in all creation. I'm telling you I love you! Now tell me you don't hate me, tell me that you'll stay!"

The pink came back into Harriet's cheeks. Slowly her eyelids rose, like night lifting to show the dawn beyond. She looked deep into Jim's great molten eyes as he held her close, and she saw that the truth was something beyond even his words. Her moment, which had started out so awfully, became a wondrous thing.

And in that little time which was so long, the girl became the woman. Being woman, she had guile. She seemed to hesitate before she went slowly back to the clothes tree and hung up her hat and cape.

"Jim," she said very softly and hesitantly, like a bashful little girl. "I guess I don't hate you, and you needn't buy any locks unless you want to, but if I stay, will you be good to me?"

"Good to you?" he cried, and choked up so that he could not go on.

"Will you promise to keep away from the old gang at school, and not to be cross with me when you're tired, and to wipe the dishes every time I ask you to? 'Cause, if you promise me those things," her voice and her eyes dropped shyly, "I guess maybe I'll stay."

But Jim was already down on his knees before her, sobbing great hot tears of blind mad joy.

French Women Laugh at Gray Hair

Now test free world's safest way



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. This have no fear of results.



2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean...safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

I bring back sparkling color — youthful lustre. Fading disappears and in its place is a glorious head of hair that makes you look years younger. Send coupon below for a test that will amaze you.

FRENCH women say gray hair means age and they laugh at those that have it. In France one is young. Now gray hair is proved unnecessary. At last a way to end it is found that specialists and doctors vouch is absolutely safe. A way that removes the faded streaks and brings back original shade to the grayest parts; that makes the hair live looking and lustrous, youthful and gleaming; that does not make the hair difficult to wave—that is not noticeable as are crude dyes.

Many Broadway stars will risk no other way—also 3,000,000 women. And all agree it is modern beauty science's most amazing invention.

The simplest way— also safest

Hair fades and turns gray when natural color pigment is lacking. So science by a clinical laboratory method supplies a liquid containing certain necessary elements that take its place—hence gives natural shade. The formula is called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer after its woman discoverer.

Simply dampen a comb in this amazing liquid—clear and colorless as water—then run it through the hair. That's all. In 10 minutes you are through.

Touch only certain parts or the en-



tire head, it makes no difference. You can almost see the natural color creep back, so quickly does it do its work. Streaks disappear...gray vanishes.

If auburn, your hair reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be. Tests under observation of world's scientists prove this true.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by your friends. This way defies detection. Nothing to wash off.

Test it free

Please test it by sending coupon for free test. Thus take no chances. Which is the safe thing to do.

Or go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle. A few cents' worth is sufficient to restore your hair completely. If not delighted, your money will be returned.

TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 151-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium
brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....
light auburn.....blonde..... (Print name)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Used by over 3,000,000 American women

Very White Teeth Catty Kitty and Her Boy Friends STILL...



Ignoring the teeth and attacking the gums, the disease of neglect (Pyorrhea) takes its tolls in health. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay its high price.

Forget these odds and start using the dentifrice that does all you can expect of an ordinary toothpaste and in addition protects you against this dread foe.

Morning and night, daily, brush teeth and gums with Forhan's for the Gums. It helps to clean teeth white and keep gums firm and healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist—today . . . 35c and 60c.

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This Book
FREE!

[Continued from page 15]

"HONest, I don't Kitty! You know what I think of you. I think you're the most attractive girl I've ever met. I . . ."

"Listen, Ransom," said Kitty, clutching him more. "Would you be TERRIBLY WRATHY with me if I had supper with Tony SPEED at the party? I told him I'd have to ASK you because you'd invited me to GO with you and all, my dear, but I ACTUALLY didn't ask me for SUPper, you know. And by that time you'll be DYING to get RID of me, so I told Tony I'd have supper with him, I mean, because I'm only up here for the week end and I won't have another chance to SEE him and I HONESTLY think I ought to have SUPper with him because I mean he came all the way from BALTIMORE, my dear, just to SEE me, do you know what I mean?"

"Sure, that's all right, Kitty. Only I thought you understood I expected to have supper with you. But it's all right about you having it with Tony if you want to."

"My dear, I'd HEAPS rather have it with YOU, only I've simply GOT to be POLITE to TONY, my dear, because I mean I've simply GOT to be DECENT to him after he's come all the way from BALTIMORE just to SEE me and all!"

"Oh, sure," said Ransom, glumly. "That's all right, Kitty."

THE party at the country club was in full swing when they arrived. Kitty had barely time to remark twice more that Ransom would be stuck with her all evening before Pete Blare cut in.

"My dear, you'll have me on your HANDS all EVENING!" warned Kitty as the masterful Blare whirled her away but the news had spread through the stag line that Kitty was there, and Pete was almost instantly superseded by another youth who, in turn, had to relinquish his prize to a third. To each of them Kitty remarked she hoped he wouldn't mind being stuck with her all evening. And each assured her he dared not hope for so sweet a destiny.

Ransom, meanwhile, had been polite and agreed to cut in on somebody's sister who was an awfully sweet girl but didn't know many men. Ransom saw why the minute he met her. She was one of those unfortunately heavy girls who are cruelly referred to in the collegiate vernacular as dreadnaughts.

Tony Speed found Kitty and cut in. Ransom, talking mechanically to the dreadnaught, watched Kitty and Tony unhappily. Kitty had said she felt in duty bound to be polite and decent to Tony reflected Ransom bitterly but she wasn't stopping at that. Her attitude indicated she was being affectionate. Tony was one of those uncanny dancers who can twirl a girl in a corner with a proprietary gesture that discourages cutting in. Undisturbed, he and Kitty danced gracefully, then during a pause in the music disappeared on to the dimly lit veranda to sit out.

Round and round labored Ransom with the dreadnaught, a prey to horrible sensations. Came supper and no brother to relieve him of his partner. Kitty and Tony were still on the porch. When the music recommended after the intermission the dreadnaught said she guessed she'd better be going home and if Ransom could find her brother—

Five minutes before the party ended Kitty and Tony reappeared. Ransom cut in immediately.

"RANSOM!" said Kitty accusingly. "Where on EARTH have you BEEN? ACTUALLY I've NEVER seen anybody so RUDE in my LIFE! You simply ABANDONED me to my FATE without a QUALM! I was stuck for HOURS with TONY and I was ACTUALLY embarrassed to TEARS because I mean you PROMISED FAITHFULLY you'd look OUT for me and the MINUTE I GET here you simply ABANDON me and go off and give a VIOLENT RUSH to some OTHER girl!"

"Gosh, Kitty, I got in a jam. I told Tod Billings I'd cut in on—"

"Now don't try and crawl OUT of it, Ransom. I don't BLAME you a BIT. She's prob'ly TERRIBLY allURING, my dear, but I think at LEAST you ought to have DANCED with me occasionally after BRINGING me to the PARTY and all! I mean I HONESTLY think you've been TERRIBLY RUDE—I mean I ACTUALLY DO!"

"Oh, Kitty!" remonstrated Ransom miserably, "I couldn't help it, honest. I got stuck with her and after that I looked everywhere for you but you weren't dancing."

"Well, I ACTUALLY thought you'd simply ABANDONED me and TONY was TERRIBLY sweet and said he'd take me HOME but I felt simply embarrassed to SOBS about it because I mean he had to arrange to get some OTHER boy to take home this other GIRL he'd BROUGHT, you see. GOSH, Ransom. I HONESTLY think you were TERRIBLY inCONSIDERATE—I mean I ACTUALLY DO!"

"Why, Kitty, what made you think I wasn't going to take you home?"

"Well, I didn't see you for HOURS, my dear! I thought you'd GONE somewhere with this intriguing FEMALE you were RUSHING. I simply HAD to get SOMEONE to take me home!"

"GEE, all I've been trying to do all evening is to get a dance with you, dear! I thought you'd GONE somewhere, Kitty," said Ransom plaintively. "but that wet smack Tod Billings got me to cut in on his sister and then disappeared and I was stuck with her all evening."

"Oh, go on, Ransom. You're just a philanderer. You've ACTUALLY WRECKED my FAITH in MAN and I'm SIMPLY SUNK about it—I mean I ACTUALLY AM!"

"Gee, Kitty, can't I take you home? Honest, I looked everywhere for you just as soon as I got rid of that dreadnaught sister of Tod's!"

"But RANSOM! How CAN I go home with you NOW after I've told TONY HE could take me? I'm TERRIBLY SORRY about it but I ACTUALLY thought you'd GONE or something when I didn't SEE you for HOURS."

At that point Tony cut in again and a moment later the dance ended.

"Nighty-NIGHT, Ransom," said Kitty sweetly as she and Tony passed him on their way out of the club. "I think you've been FRIGHTFULLY RUDE and I don't suppose I ought to forgive you but it's PERFECTLY all RIGHT because TONY says he ACTUALLY doesn't mind a BIT taking me HOME so it's PERFECTLY all RIGHT, Ransom, and I honestly forgive you for EV'RYTHING—I mean I ACTUALLY DO!"

*N*OW that Lloyd Mayer has introduced you to Catty Kitty and her boy friends you'll want to meet them often. Next month you'll see what happens when Catty Kitty sits out a dance

Science and Marriage

[Continued from page 57]

maybe the ages were wrong. Maybe beauty is more than skin deep. The best thought today rates beauty very high as an indication of brains and character.

"Beautiful but dumb" may be good, catchy slang but it doesn't mean anything. The superior, intelligent people are the beautiful people. It takes brains, as well as voice to make a great opera star. She who aims at that height must not only learn to sing, she must learn several languages and master the difficult art of acting. Could a dumb Dora do that?

Does it seem likely then that the gift of great beauty which Geraldine Farrar has is just luck? Was it just luck that the women who have lived in history were called beautiful by those who knew them? There was Queen Elizabeth of England; Madame de Sévigné, French letter writer; Josephine, wife of Napoleon; Mrs. Siddons, England's greatest actress; Cleopatra, Egypt's Queen, all great and all beautiful. Just luck?

LOOK at the great actresses in America. Is the aristocratic beauty of Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin, Maxine Elliot, Mrs. Fiske or Mary Garden just luck? Such stars of the pictures as Billie Dove and the Gish girls possess remarkable beauty. These women are idolized by millions. Yet their rise was not easy. They worked for their success and they succeeded because they had brains and used them. They did not inherit the pedestals upon which they stand. Brains, genius, and hard work won them their places.

In my recent book, "The Next Age of Man," I cited the results of mental tests given to some of the most beautiful girls appearing on Broadway. Here are some of the scores made by beauty: Marion Gillon of "Countess Maritza," scored 159; Dorothy Weisman, Ziegfeld beauty, scored 166; Georgette Moore, of "Great Temptations," scored 167; Kay English, another Ziegfeld girl, scored 168; Edith Davis, of "Naughty Riquette," made the astounding average of 184. This, probably, is a considerably higher mark than the average college professor would make. Thus these records show that the "silly chorus girl whose only asset is her beauty," is in reality considerably above the average in brains and in her ability to use them.

Should one marry then for beauty? Certainly. It is probably the safest single bet nature has given to men for selecting a wife. Beauty implies as a rule so many other excellent things. You should make sure that, besides beauty, your proposed mate has the other attributes of health and character that you have a right to demand. But these are, as a rule, associated with beauty.

But you may say that in spite of science and these tables that show you what to look for in the ideal husband or wife marriage is more or less of a gamble. There is some truth in this because two people can never be quite sure of themselves or of each other until after they have faced the strain of constant companionship. You may ask then if those who are interested in a better race of men and women are in favor of free love or companionate marriages?

The answer is a decided, "No."

You must not forget that science is hard at work studying the basic laws of life. Some of these laws it believes it has discovered. And one of them is that monogamous marriage is basically sound and as old as the human race. Biologists believe that they have unearthed facts that indicate that a normal woman is naturally most

deeply interested in one man because only one man can be the father of her child. The maternal instinct thus naturally centers upon one man. If a woman has not felt this exclusive devotion to one man the normal woman feels it after she has borne him children. These children become the most important thing in her life and she looks to her man to protect them. This is a very strong law and instinct as old as nature.

With a man the condition is quite different. At no time in the history of the race has the man's sense of fatherhood been so keen and dominant as the woman's sense of motherhood. As a result, when a young man marries, he may not be thinking of children at all. But if he is normal, when children come he will cherish them and glorify the mother. I do not see how companionate marriage could alter these basic instincts in men and women.

It is obvious that the race has survived because of woman's overwhelming maternal instinct. Through the ages this instinct has been strengthened by the conditions of life. We are descendants of a primitive race who lived for battle and who survived only because of superior prowess and endurance. The woman that primitive man chose as his mate had to love babies and bear babies. Had she not given her man sons to carry on his name and borne him daughters to perpetuate the clan she would have been driven forth from the cave home of her master.

In short, all through the pages of history the childless woman has not found favor in the eyes of men. In this respect the situation has not yet changed to any great extent. Remember what our thousands of young people said in giving the details for an ideal mate? The four most important percentages for a husband were health, financial success, love of children and appearance. In the ideal wife the demand for health, you recall, was very high. And good health means the ability and probably the desire to bear children.

It is upon this race old instinct that science builds in planning the marriages that will have an eye on the future.

OF COURSE too much stress cannot be laid upon health. I have just been stressing it as an indication that it will mean strong children. You will notice that both the young men and the girls put health at the top of their list in building up the ideal mate. But I have one warning to give you, or rather science has one warning to which you should pay heed in choosing a husband or wife.

It is not only the health of the individual boy or girl that you must consider. No, that is not enough. You must consider the health of the father and mother, of the grandfathers and grandmothers. But the love sick boy protests.

"I am not marrying my girl's father and mother, her brothers and sisters, her uncles and aunts."

"That is exactly what you are doing. When you marry, you marry the inherited blood stream of the whole family," science answers.

Science now knows enough about the laws of heredity to feel sure that if there is any taint in the blood of that girl's ancestors it may appear in her children or her children's children.

But there is more to it than merely avoiding a bad blood strain. If you know yourself and your family and if you know the history of the girl's family it will aid

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you greatly in predicting the health, beauty and intelligence of your future children. At this point an old law of nature comes to the aid of lovers. For example it would be absurd to suppose that nature would build up a talent such as, say, the love of music or merely a leaning towards kindness, and then make it unattractive and antagonistic to the opposite sex.

That is why I said a while ago that the natural tendency for like to mate with like is highly scientific. That is why, in general, the marriage of very dissimilar people is unscientific. That is why the heiress should not marry her chauffeur. Science says that in such a union the chances are that both the man and woman will be miserable. Of course the man may be a chauffeur through mere force of temporary circumstances. But in that case, you see, he is not really a chauffeur at all. If he is a chauffeur because being a chauffeur is natural to him, when he marries the heiress he has married a woman of dissimilar tastes, education and the like, and has probably barred himself from happiness.

IN SUCH a match it is probable that the girl yielded to a purely physical attraction, aided and abetted by a uniform that sets off and accentuates the man's virility. Quite likely the man was attracted by little delicacies of manner to which he had not been accustomed, and furthermore he was dazzled by the condescension of this glorious being whom he had come to regard as a creature quite outside of his world. When she descended and stood at his side and made him understand that she was just a woman and had chosen him for her mate, it would hardly be expected that he would resist her appeal.

So the heiress and the chauffeur wed. Almost immediately the light that never was on sea or land fades and the realization comes that each has married a stranger. The delicacies no longer captivate the man, he has become familiar with them though he does not understand them. In time he will even resent them. The girl sees her man when there is no uniform to dazzle. She also sees him leave his teaspoon in his cup and fail to rise when a lady enters the room. She may have smiled at these "expressions of individuality" before marriage. Afterwards she sees them for what they are, bleariness and crudeness. Quarrels and misunderstandings wreck the happiness of which they had been so confident.

Like, you see, mated with unlike and misery and pain were the natural consequence. Science as well as human experience could have told these young people with almost absolute certainty what the result would be.

But don't make the mistake of assuming that uniques must never marry.

There is a tendency for opposites to marry on one or two points which I had better mention. Dr. Davenport examined two hundred and thirty-six marriages as to temper and he found that no two people of high temper had married. Their lover's quarrels probably destroyed the possibility of a union before they could reach the marriage altar. The high tempered man or woman probably will marry some one with a calm disposition. Four points of opposite tendencies are: cheerful as opposite to gloomy, excitable as opposite to phlegmatic.

You will notice that these contrasts are all balancing emotional ones. The physical tendency for like to mate with like is shown by blue eyes marrying blue eyes and often one sees husbands and wives who look like brothers and sisters.

What then does science propose to teach? Science proposes, through the simplified teaching of mankind to man, to aid the individual in his ability to read human char-

acter. From their early school days children are now learning to rate and understand human nature better than ever before.

The methods of rating are too complex to explain offhand. However it will interest you to know that many employment offices throughout the land, in factories and department stores where intelligence is valued, are using these tests to place their employees in the right departments.

As young people learn to see each other more clearly and make their individual ratings more accurately, there will be, I think, less and less blindness in love and fewer unhappy marriages. Science says that in this matter of choosing mates everyone should look before he leaps. This does not mean that boys and girls will love less. It is the belief and hope of science that they will love more wisely when happily mated, and that their love will last longer.

Some people pretend to see a danger for the race in this selective mating proposed by science. They suggest that such marriages will weaken the race. This is an unscientific attitude because it is not founded on fact. This selective mating of which we have been speaking has been going on in a way throughout all of recorded history. As a result of these selective matings, wise marriages have perpetuated, in many great families, the virtues and talents of the parents and have improved the human stock.

The modern young girl who has her emotions under control in choosing a husband should remember four things. These four things she should hang up as guides along the road of matrimony and she should never forget them:

First, the long life of the boy's ancestors.
Second, physical health and the likelihood that character will be associated with it.

Third, intelligence

Fourth, moral character

You modern young people have shown clearly that you have your own ideas about marriage. Your intelligence will tell you that your opinions and ideals can be educated and trained. Education is a water-wing for one who has not learned to swim in the sea of matrimony. Many people imagine that when they get married they have seen the end of their troubles. Possibly they have, but it is often the wrong end.

MOST men boast that they select their wives. Most women are shrewd enough to allow their husbands to think this. But the woman, I think, more often than the man imagines does the steering towards the marriage altar. That is why she is so highly responsible and that is why she should study eugenics. Most men are married by some nice girl when they are not looking. All their lives they wonder how it happened that they had such good judgment. Really it was the other way about. When it comes to marriage women have the advantage over mere men. There's a saying that, "Woman knows other women and also men, while men guess at women and take a sporting chance on men." I rather believe there is a good deal of truth in this.

Young people, I think, are more serious now than ever before about marriage. I have lectured on heredity to thousands of college students. A company of young college men said to me recently, "After learning how strongly mental and moral character is inherited we boys now unconsciously learn about the families of the girls we meet."

Young people are many times less likely to become tangled up in the wrong love affair if they have trained their judgments on those different aspects of marriage which occupy science. After all most marriages fail because the participants were poor judges of character which, science knows, is inclusive of all the other factors that go to the making of a happy marriage.

Do You Dress to Express Your Real Self?

[Continued from page 69]

woman who dares to be unusual and even daring in dress is the woman immediately pointed out by her more conventional sisters as one possessing outstanding chic and personality. Dress yourself. Don't dress "fashionably."

Let us consider for a moment that you are a slip of a blonde, slight of figure and blue of eye. All your life you have been told you should wear pastels but you are a working girl and feel independent. You don't think pastels look right on you and you are right. They don't. They fail you because becoming as they are to your coloring they are wrong for your aura. They aren't your emotionism. They do not express you. Therefore, find the chic compromise between the self you appear, the self you are and the self you want to be and dress it.

This sounds more complicated than it is. Every girl on the motion picture screen understands its principle. Delightful individualistic girls as they are, every screen star knows herself to be the embodiment of some characteristic.

Take the orchid beauty of June Collyer for instance. She expresses a girlish buoyancy and an emotion of pleasure. Therefore she wears particularly well the flowing filmy type of dress which is in exactly that mood. Her dark hair and eyes give the dressmaker a wide range in choice of colors. Shades of blue are particularly becoming to her style of beauty. The soft, pastel shades are complimentary to Miss Collyer's aura.

NOW with Lois Moran whose winsomeness is only one of her charming characteristics the dress designer has an entirely different problem. She is the blonde type and vivid colors enhance her style of beauty. Miss Moran, herself, has very definite ideas about dress. She prefers simplicity in line and color and most of her dresses are all one color, either black, white or yellow. She does not like combinations of colors because they have a tendency away from simplicity.

Miss Moran is not extravagant in her tastes. She believes in having a few outfits suitable for everyday occasions. In selecting the ensembles she is very careful to have hat, coat and accessories to match. This is a very important point to be considered because the wrong hat may completely destroy the effect of a very charming gown.

Piquant and vivacious Madge Bellamy is a delight to the dressmaker. Her many emotional moods give great scope of expression through dress. She admits she feels very intensely the effect of dress. If I put her in a simple schoolgirl dress she confesses she could no more act the part of a frivolous, sophisticated woman than fly without an aeroplane. Not unlike Caruso, who in his biography said he never felt equal to a part until he was correctly costumed, is Miss Bellamy, who is a typical example of how finely the emotions are attuned with dress. She responds immediately to color. Put a flaming red dress on her and she immediately becomes vibrant. Clothed in black she takes on a more sober expression. Her type, which borders on the titian, is suitable to the more extreme lines of fashion.

Nancy Drexel, another of the screen's most promising youngsters, is the unsophisticated type who looks best in soft feminine dresses or in the sailor suit which was so popular for young girls a few years ago.

Sally Phipps, the embodiment of all that

a popular young girl should be, with sparkling blue eyes and infectious smile, reacts to the simplest of materials. In the simple organdie dresses or even gingham frocks she vibrates her open acceptance of the world and her eagerness to experience new sensations which is the heritage of every nineteen-year-old girl.

Thus, as these stars illustrate, your clothes should suit your figure, your complexion, your mood and the occasion. The latter is most important. In case you are invited to a reception of the usual informal char-

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Jessamine Cooke

acter, it necessarily follows that the dress should be informal also. So you will wear any dress in your wardrobe that is not severely tailored, a dress uniting both beauty and style without high collar or long tight sleeves, or stiffness as in cloth, a dress typifying informality. There should be in such a frock an artistic carelessness of dress that is not rigid, either in line, fit or texture.

It is not good taste for this informal dress to be in one of the high colors nor is it necessary that it be in one of the street shades; it should be a happy medium in either French blue, any of the range of soft browns, grays or blacks.

The same type of dress might be worn with propriety at a church fair, a theater, or a luncheon or dinner. A hat is customarily worn with an informal frock of this type. In fact, the only time a hat is not worn is when the costume is décolleté.

A costume of this type is never tailored or rigid; it should be of a subtle carelessness and the hat should correspond. It may be made either of soft straw, tulle, or any fabric, and should not be too large. A tightly fitting turban should never be worn with a costume of this kind.



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Make \$50 A Week Showin' this Style Line

The young girl who is going to her first party should remember that all ornaments such as glass beads, bracelets, cheap rings, should be eliminated and simplicity should be the rule of the costume. It is absolutely essential that her hair be dressed in a simple coiffure, that her dress be neither too short nor too long. Pretty satin slippers and stockings to harmonize with her costume will be chosen.

WHEN you are in the country, sport clothes are appropriate—particularly if you are young. Jerseys, tweeds, cloth or rough weaves, all are good. For town, however, your suit or dress should not be of the sports type unless you are off for a country trip and then the early or late afternoon appearance in sports costume on the street is permissible.

If you are of the type of girl who spends week ends with friends in the country often enough to make it worth while, investment in a sports costume is practicable. If you have but one dinner dress have a pretty one with stockings and slippers of a harmonizing hue. The black dress so often recommended, if beautifully and simply made, is serviceable for most occasions.

For morning wear your frock, according to season, may be of simple wash materials or a one-piece frock of silk, or wool.

When traveling wear a simple, smart, neat costume, a one-piece dress of either silk or cloth, according to the time of year, semi-tailored, with coat to match or cape if it is becoming to you and the vogue permits. A veil may be worn if desired; shoes should harmonize with the costume, a leather shoe being preferred by many people for wear with twills and cloths. Wear a rather heavy glove if it is spring or winter, in black, tan or a color to match your dress; silk, lisle or cotton in summer. Your bag, if you like, may harmonize with either shoes or hat.

Your shoes, your coats, your dress, all should be given attention. Do not neglect any of the accessories of your costume. Don't throw your clothes down on chairs. Brush and put them carefully away on hangers. Further, if you can do so, place them in a bag of some inexpensive material. Mend little rips or runs, repair trimmings whenever necessary. Brush your hat when you wear it. Smooth out your gloves and put them away in a box or case; clean your shoes and put them away on trees or stuff the toes with soft paper.

To emphasize what may be accomplished by the exercise of persistent good taste in the acquiring of a fitting wardrobe let me quote the words of one of France's greatest artists in dress.

"I tell you that one of the best dressed women in Paris buys only three toilettes a year. But these three are perfect in taste, in fit, in materials. They are made with rare skill of the choicest fabrics of their kind and they accord marvelously with the wearer. Then too this woman knows to a nicety how to put on her dresses, how to add just where it is wanted a corsage knot of blossoms, a piece of real old lace or a suitable jewel."

It is within the province of every woman or girl to do just what the Parisian lady does. Only she must use care and thought to her dress. She must not wear unbecoming colors just because they happened to be

The subject of becoming colors is one of endless interest to women. Every woman is her own artist and should study the colors of each season in relation to her own color of hair, eyes, and skin and make her own decision after much comparing.

The blonde with blue eyes, pale face and light hair may wear practically any color although the soft shades are more becoming. She should wear dark shades during the day, pastel shades at night. This type of woman prefers delicate frocks with dainty trimmings. For evening wear she will select whites, grays and mauves. All pastel shades except perhaps yellow are good.

The blonde with brown eyes, rosy cheeks could wear the same shades as her sister of the pale coloring but will probably avoid all shades of pink, red or cerise. The blonde with brown eyes and pale complexion should select shades a little stronger than the other blondes as shades too soft or delicate would emphasize her colorlessness.

The brown-eyed woman with a good complexion may wear practically any color according to age, taste and occasion. Being not an extreme type herself she will do well to avoid extremes.

The brunette with fair skin and blue eyes may wear all colors; the brunette with olive skin and brown eyes of the Oriental type may wear strong colors but she will avoid pastel shades, greens and yellows, unless it is strong emerald, apple green and canary yellow. For day wear she should avoid beige and tans.

The red-haired woman with brown or blue eyes will be always at her best in black and dark blue for street wear. For afternoon and evening wear all greens, including jade, are probably the best, also black and all shades of gold, copper and orange to blend with her hair.

Finally use these rules as your guides.

YOU don't have to be yourself to be well dressed. If you know yourself well enough you can be any girl you will. Clothes can be a disguise, a mask against the clever observer who would otherwise know more about you than you yourself know.

You will be sophisticated in an old fashioned garden and demure in a modern art drawing room. You will wear dimity when dining with a capitalist and pearls with a poet. For within the bounds of good taste nothing is so potent as contrast.

But always remember most girls dress what they want to be instead of what they are. Dress your faults and your good points will shine forth. Hide your too broad hips and let your slim waist stand forth unhindered. Acknowledge your physical faults to yourself and no one else will ever see them. It is avoiding the facts that one is too thin or too tall or too short that makes for bad dressing. A frank acceptance of the situation will help you overcome it.

the situation will help you overcome it.

Know yourself and you can be what you will. Will yourself to be a personality and dress accordingly. It is my experience in my motion picture work and in private dressmaking that women react definitely to dress. So my advice to the girl who would be attractive is to give extreme thought and care to her wardrobe.

Remember that Eve had nothing but Adam until she gowned herself with a fig leaf. After that she had a lot of trouble but more attention and she became the First Lady of the Land.

Hawaiian moonlight, tires singing on a mountain road.—then a crash and one of Honolulu's society husbands lay under an overturned car. A girl, not his wife, not a member of Honolulu's first families crawled out of the wreckage. Innocent? Yes, but no one believed it until—but you'll have to wait for "The Girl Who Was Cast Out" by Nell Martin in October

Girls, We're Wise to You

[Continued from page 35]

go out together he takes Carolyn window shopping, pointing out to her the things that he likes best but never offering to buy them. But if he sees something in a man's shop that he likes for himself he gives her the money and sends her in to get it for him.

One New Year's Eve she told him that at twelve o'clock they were going to get married but he filled her up with plenty of gin cocktails and by twelve o'clock she had forgotten all about it. A week later she came to him with a marriage contract she had drawn up. It freed him of any obligation to support her and guaranteed him twenty-five a week as long as they lived together. He refused pointblank. "I told her," he said, "that she couldn't fool me into getting mixed up with her. I wasn't born yesterday."

WHEN he gets up in the morning he puts on a record the first thing. Then he and the record have a race to see if he can get through dressing before the record stops playing. If the record finishes first he takes his things off and starts over. This often makes him late for work, but he says it's better than an alarm clock.

Carolyn herself is the most perfect example of jazzmania at large in New York today. She has a brother in the theatrical profession and one night when we were all booked for a masquerade down in the Village, her brother stopped her on her way out and asked her what she was wearing. She had decided to go as Eve. Her brother sent her back to her room and told her to think up some other costume. So about an hour later Carolyn appeared in our midst very much out of humor and wearing a pair of baggy Turkish trousers down to her ankles. She said she felt conspicuous wearing so many clothes.

As hard boiled as they are, they often have strange moments of sentimentality. A boy proposed to a girl I know and she laughed at him. So he went to a friend's apartment and jumped out of the window.

When they told her about it, all she said was that he should have stayed at home and done it there instead of making trouble for strangers. Yet I sat through a performance of "Hit the Deck" with this same girl and saw tears come to her eyes at the way Charlie King handled the "Sometimes I'm Happy" lyrics.

They glory in their new freedom. Well, so do we in ours and it's a darn' sight older than theirs. We can't see ourselves marrying just to turn into good providers so some fluffy headed nit-wit can sleep all morning, dance all night, and stop worrying about where her next pair of silk stockings is coming from. Old Aunt Matilda mayn't know a thing about George White's five step but she makes a darn' good cup of coffee. Why should we quit her for the doubtful joy of making our own and friend wife's in the bargain? Marriage may be a partnership but it's not just a dancing partnership.

We know there are great things ahead of us. This is the age of youth. There are more younger men today filling important positions, doing things, than there ever were before. The boys you see today in raccoon coats and yellow slickers, carrying around pocket flasks and little cigarette lighters that won't light, are going to be the older generation of tomorrow. Where will the so called modern girls be then? Nervous wrecks, unfit or unwilling to have children, slapping on the paint harder than ever and having their faces lifted two or three times a season. Is that the kind of person we want to be tied down to for the rest of our lives? A couple of loud, "noes."

Bring on the old-fashioned girl that knew her stuff! Dust her off and bring her on. Give her a modern setting if you want to. We don't care how much she smokes and what style clothes she wears, but give her an old-fashioned heart that doesn't beat in jazz time. Then stand aside and watch the rush. There'll be more enthusiasm than since Cleopatra set up light housekeeping with Antony.



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Courage

[Continued from page 51]

is the end. They never come back. More girls than the world realizes have thus been trapped and are living in the bagnios of Buenos Aires today.

Yet my suspicions might be wrong and it would be decidedly unfair to alarm this vibrant young creature with my fears and probably spoil an opportunity worth while. In the meantime I laid the case before a private detective agency, whose head was a friend of mine and in addition had a growing daughter. I told the girl to do nothing until she heard from me. Then I proceeded to make some investigations.

The report from the detective agency was as I expected. The attentive gentleman was then living under an alias. His record was black. Two girls who had been friendly with him had disappeared from their homes and were never seen again although no evidence whatever could be found to implicate him.

I sent for the young lady and with little formality placed the report before her. As she read her mouth set in a grim straight line and it seemed to me she paled.

Then she turned to me. "It will shock you I know, but I married him yesterday."

I was naturally thunder struck but there was nothing I could say.

There was something magnificent in the way she faced the issue for after all she was a child. "I have possibly done a foolish thing," she said. "But it is too late to whine. I cannot believe he meant to sell me into slavery. After all he begged me to marry him. I am going to try to believe that even though that might have been his intention he really fell in love with me and is going to quit his old ways. He is my husband and he is entitled to that faith until he proves unworthy of it." And there was something fine in the proud manner in which she held herself although her heart was breaking.

ALL of this happened two years ago, lacking a month as this is written. He has gone into a small business in a suburban town. They bear the respect of their neighbors and I feel certain he does love her. That she loves him, I doubt. But she made the best of a bad bargain with rare sportsmanship. And all this, I submit, is indicative of the stuff that makes up the younger generation we old duffers hoot.



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What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 21]

Cleopatra, is perhaps the one essential trait. Man being naturally polygamous, it appears necessary that a woman to keep him both satisfied and happy should satisfy all whims of his nature. should be a sort of one woman to him to him.

In other words a man wants his woman to be able to conduct herself according to her surroundings so that he may be proud of her, whether those surroundings are a palace or a penny dance hall. He wants her to contribute to his comfort, whether she cooks the corned beef and cabbage herself, or merely sees to it that the butler remembers that he doesn't like mayonnaise on tomatoes. And he wants to find in her a sweetheart who is responsive to his every mood.

There may have been no such word as psychologist in the language of Egypt in 80 B. C. but Cleopatra was one of the leading psychologists of all times.

Her success was due almost entirely to her keenness in knowing what her men wanted and then giving it to them. She had the intelligence to study their tastes and their needs, and the patience and resourcefulness to satisfy them.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt! The glorious sorceress of the Nile! The irresistible vampyre who held men by some magic spell! The dark and sleepy-eyed siren of the East.

Brink! Plain, unadulterated bunk that traditional portrait of Cleopatra!

CLEOPATRA, according to the most eminent historians and on the evidence of the sculptors and painters of that day, who would not be apt to paint her as less lovely than she was, could not lay the slightest claim to beauty. For one thing, her nose was too long. She was very small and when Caesar first met her in her sixteenth year, inclined to be skinny, though her figure was proportioned and she had a lively, active grace.

The legitimate wives of both Caesar and Anthony were infinitely her superiors in looks. They had had the pick of Roman beauties for years before they saw Cleopatra.

Unquestionably she could lie upon a velvet couch amid clouds of incense when necessary, but she wasn't doing anything that remotely resembled that when Caesar first saw her. She was rolled up in a ball of carpet and deposited at his feet, dishevelled and out of breath and probably with a smudge on her royal nose.

As for her being the Queen of Egypt, she was at the moment much closer to a grave dug for her by her bloodthirsty brother, Ptolemy, than she was to any throne.

But that entrance was a fortunate one for her. It made Caesar laugh and like all men he loved to laugh. And it awakened his admiration much more vividly than any majestic entrance in pearls and satins could have done. He had seen all that before. But this skinny, daring little princess, who forced her way into the presence of the mighty Roman conqueror by such an ingenuous device to beg his help in getting back her throne, was different.

Above all things Caesar admired ingenuity and courage. Cleopatra knew this two minutes after she saw the expression her unceremonious entrance brought to his face. She never forgot it. She never forgot anything. She stored everything in her memory for future use.

Discounting then, as we must, the theory of Cleopatra's magic beauty what was this

spell that won and held Caesar and made him bend every effort of his great political and military genius to help her?

What did she have which enabled her to make herself the one woman in the world to two such men as Caesar and Anthony, who had been everywhere and seen everything? And these two men, by the way, were the only ones with whom her name was ever connected and to both of them she was married by the laws of the gods in her own country.

Was this power something peculiarly personal to this daughter of the Ptolemies, or was it something that women of today can learn?

The answer to the last question is that it was not peculiarly personal to her and that it can be learned.

The answer to the first two must be an analysis of Cleopatra and her relations to her husband.

First of all, she knew what she wanted.

Therein she differed radically from most modern women, who do not know what they are aiming at and consequently are bound to miss it. The woman of today allows herself to drift here and there, allows chance to control her destiny and therefore ends up somewhere or other and doesn't like it. She doesn't understand navigation sufficiently well to know the importance of determining a destination before a course can be correctly set.

Cleopatra could make up her mind. And she was able, because she always forced herself to think a thing through, to concentrate on one thing. She trusted her judgment, once it was formed, and did not allow herself to weaken her forces by wondering if something else better wouldn't come along later or if she hadn't better leave a door open for herself in case this didn't turn out well.

That open door is usually the man's exit, not the woman's.

It is an interesting fact that in neither case was it the man himself that Cleopatra wanted in the beginning. Her ambition selected them. Caesar alone could place her in security upon the disputed throne of Egypt. Mark Anthony, after he had preached Caesar's funeral oration, was the one man on the horizon who might be intrusted to carry out the plans for world dominion which she and Caesar had made.

There can be no question that she was eventually fascinated by Caesar, and that she ultimately fell in love with Mark Anthony. But when he determined to make them fall in love with her it was ambition and not love that urged her on.

WHEN Caesar came to Egypt, Cleopatra knew that he was totally undecided as to whether he would support her cause or her brother's. In fact, it mattered very little to him. She had to win him personally to make him her champion. His background was unfamiliar to her. Foresight and forethought, which are essential to every woman, had caused her to find out what his background was. Chance and necessity gave her an opportunity to make a good first impression.

Caesar was not interested in her as a woman.

Caesar had been traveling all over the then known world. Oman says that he was the correspondent in every fashionable Roman divorce for years. He was Cleopatra's first lover but she was certainly not his first

may be produced by it, but happiness and accomplishment never are.

There is nothing on record to suggest that Cleopatra ever employed such cheap and petty means to interest Caesar.

During the first days in Alexandria, Caesar was past fifty. Youth had slipped from him and he loved youth. Philosophical as he was, he hated above all things the thought of growing old. There seems to be no question that Cleopatra often treated him as though he were her own age and romped with him in most unroyal fashion. These harum scarum methods were calculated to assure Caesar that she didn't see any difference in their ages and that she adored and desired no one else as a companion when childish moods overtook her.

HER conversations with him were never dull, because when Cleopatra talked she did the right thing. Now the right thing doesn't necessarily mean something profound and brilliant. Nor something sensible. She was not continually dropping pearls of wisdom from her lips. Nothing could be duller than that. When a simple, silly, or asinine remark was called for, Cleopatra delivered it. The remark was in key; it wasn't just dropped in for no reason. She didn't make wise cracks during a profound discussion of the military problems involved in conquering the East, nor suddenly start to discuss abstruse metaphysical problems in the boudoir at two o'clock in the morning. The art of conversation which was hers was in finding out what the other fellow wanted to talk about and allowing him to do so.

Above all, she had the gift of not allowing things to grow dull or commonplace. Look at some of the things she did and the way she did them with Caesar.

Six months after she met the Dictator she was within a few months of having a child. Did she sit around moaning her fate? Not at all. Rather she began to think about it. Her thoughts followed this line.

"H-mm. Julius has been cooped up in this palace with me for six months, seen me every day, had almost every meal with me. Not so good at best. A quail a day is too much for anybody no matter how much they like quail and you can think of a different way to serve it. It wasn't so bad when I could play and dance and go out with him. And poor Julius does like to be doing things. He's very easily bored if he isn't conquering something new or looking at something new he has conquered or might conquer some day. He's conquered me all right but at the moment I may not appear in the light of much of a conquest."

"Of course he'll be tickled to death when the baby actually gets here but in the meantime this is a deplorable condition of affairs. Love doesn't just go on lasting. A woman has to make it last, you know. Man is man and who am I to fly in the face of fate. I need Caesar and I want to keep him. Of course it's his duty to go on loving me but that doesn't mean that he will and I can't take any chances. If this child is a boy, Caesar and I ought to be able to fix things up so he can inherit most of the world."

"O Father Nile, what am I to do to relieve the monotony? That's an idea! Why not a boat trip up the Nile? Nice, comfortable barge, big enough so we won't fall over each other, a flock of dancing girls, some nice flute players and the best chef. Caesar has a touch of indigestion, though he'd hate to think I knew it, and I must watch him. I'm dumb or I would have thought of all this a month ago. Julius has often expressed a desire to see the headwaters of the Nile. He shall, or I'm a pyramid. Moreover, that's a pretty prosperous country up there and now that he's got me safely on the throne it belongs to me and it's apt to make him think I'm a nice person to have on his staff."

So they made the trip up the Nile. The

country threw Caesar into raptures and altogether the affair was a great success.

A Caesarean was born on their return.

Cleopatra was a devoted and wise mother to all her children, but she openly idolized this first son, whom she wisely declared was the image of his father and her ambition sprang into a great flame. Ambition was her dominant characteristic. She appreciated that it was Caesar's also and that he admired it in others. She fed his ambitious thoughts; she planted gradually the thought of kingship; she stimulated his greatest plans.

Caesar and Cleopatra were ambitious for a world dynasty: they were gambling with millions in men and money. But the difference between them and the woman whose man wants to be head of his department is only a difference in degree. She can give him the same stimulation, encouragement and inspiration.

Cleopatra fought side by side with Caesar. She studied his plans, knew his generals, talked his language, and was such an intelligent audience that talking to her clarified his own plans and re-enforced his own thinking.

When she followed him to Rome at his request taking their son with her, she continued to be his constant companion. Her villa was always bright. There he could have gaiety and brilliant company, or rest and quiet after a hard day's work. There he could find relaxation or stimulation as he desired. His favorite food was on the table and there was always the witty, clever, sympathetic, companionable little Queen of Egypt waiting to talk about anything he wanted to talk about or willing to sit silent if he didn't want to talk.

This lady understood the value of backgrounds in a way infinitely beyond the mere creation of charming surroundings for herself. That, of course, she never forgot. Her entrance into Rome was a beautifully staged affair. Even her make-up was intensified because the people would see her only at a distance. But he understood also what so many women forget, that a man subconsciously associates her with the things that happen to them together.

Caesar came to associate Cleopatra with all the vast ambitions he loved, with his divinity, his dreams of kingship, both of which she had planted in his thoughts. He came to see her as part of the beautiful and wonderful city of Alexandria, which so far surpassed Rome in culture and luxury. As the mother of his son, he connected her with that dearest of all projects, the dynasty by which his blood would rule the world.

THE woman who allows her husband to see or participate in the petty annoyances of housekeeping, who complains to him of her difficulties, who repeats her quarrels with her family or friends, may get sympathy for a moment, but if she keeps it up she will associate herself in his mind with unpleasantness and in time he will come to think of her with reluctance.

Caesar had undoubtedly learned what all men of any experience and thought learn in time, that the most important thing about a woman who is your constant companion is not beauty nor attractiveness nor even brains but a good disposition. Cleopatra understood this and she either had a naturally good disposition or she had sufficient self control to produce one.

Also, there appears to have been no first person singular pronoun in her vocabulary. She never said, "I." No pettiness urged her to insist upon credit for herself. Results were what she was after and she didn't allow the small feelings common to every woman to irritate her into quarrels and reproaches.

After the fatal Ides of March and the end of all the great schemes which she and Caesar had shared, she returned to Egypt, heart broken and unutterably lonely. The com-

panionship of the man who had been her husband and who was the father of her son had been everything to her. Their minds were attuned to such a degree that his death must have torn her to pieces.

But she rallied from it. Her indomitable will, her courage, and above all, her clear mind enabled her to avert a collapse. She must carry on. So she began to look the field over carefully. Caesar's estimate of Mark Anthony was in her thoughts. And she soon decided that he was the one man who might be of use to her.

Again she was not seeking a man, but *the* man!

And a man more totally different than Caesar it would have been hard to locate.

It is not necessary here to go into details of the civil war in Rome which followed the death of the Dictator. It suffices to say that Mark Anthony, having defeated Octavius all along the line, emerged victorious and was at this time the most powerful man on earth. Naturally Cleopatra, who always aimed high, picked him. He was necessary to her plans for her son.

When, therefore, he invited her to meet him in his headquarters at Tarsus, in the fall of 41 B. C. to discuss the situation, she went prepared.

Chance had given her the opportunity to make a good first impression on Caesar. This time she left nothing to chance and the differing manner of her meeting with Mark Anthony shows undisputedly her careful analysis and her psychological grasp of Anthony's character.

ANTHONY is described by all his contemporaries as a prince of good fellows. He was extremely handsome with the physique of an athlete. He was the idol of his soldiers. Theatrical display and broad jests, pomp and revelry were common to him. He liked women and adored above all things a good drinking bout. He seemed ambitious but had none of the cold, clear power of analytical thinking that had been Caesar's. A military demagogue with many weaknesses but much strength as well, married to Fulvia, a dictatorial, efficient and serious-minded Romaness.

Cleopatra estimated all these things, threw aside the last as unimportant except to remember Fulvia and determine to be as unlike her as possible.

Anthony had seen a good deal in his time, but it is certain that he never had seen anything remotely approaching the setting which Cleopatra had given herself aboard the royal vessel that sailed into Tarsus. She had come to Caesar wrapped in a carpet. She went to Anthony with all the splendor of centuries of Egyptian glory. It has been said that when he awaited her seated upon the public tribunal and she refused to go to him but rather invited him to come and dine with her, it was because she did not wish to appear in the rôle of a vassal. This may be partly true but her feminine reason must have been that she wished him to see her in her right setting.

At dusk, her vessel drew alongside the public quay.

The great purple sails, the silver mounted oars, the beautiful slave women garbed as sea nymphs, the musicians, were all merely a background for the figure of the Egyptian queen, who, according to Weigall "decked in the loose shimmering robes of the goddess Venus, lay under an awning spangled with gold, while boys dressed as Cupids stood on either side of her couch, fanning her with the coloured ostrich plumes of the Egyptian court."

The banquet that followed was one of such luxury and richness as to put in the shade anything the modern world knows. It delighted Anthony beyond measure. His whole nature responded to this display and pomp.

He began to think that Caesar hadn't been so far wrong about this woman. She was worthy to sit upon the throne of the world.

But she topped it when she went a few nights later to dine with him. The dinner in contrast to her own was marked by all sorts of course fun and risqué jesting. Anthony, for all his position, was a buffoon. Into this atmosphere, Cleopatra entered with all her spirit. She gave him as good as he sent, and by the time she left Anthony had decided that she was the best companion in the world and had declared himself her friend and ally.

When Mark Anthony wanted to go out in the streets of Alexandria after night-fall and ring Egyptian doorbells, disappearing into the shadow and roaring with laughter at the owners' bewilderment, the Queen of Egypt put on her old clothes and went with him and rang doorbells too and likewise roared with laughter. Cleopatra probably had no great enthusiasm for ringing doorbells but so long as Anthony preferred her company on his excursions she gave it to him. That is, she didn't stick up her nose and say, "Oh, Anthony, how can you?" Anthony no doubt was under the impression that he had thought up a form of sport which gave the lady more fun than she had ever had before in her life.

IT IS not possible here to go into details of the years that Cleopatra lived with Mark Anthony and of his great and increasing love for her. Mark Anthony failed her, because he wasn't big enough to carry out the vast designs of Caesar. Quite frankly, the burly Roman drank himself to death. He appears to have been drunk on the night before the great battle with Octavius, in spite of Cleopatra's inspired efforts to keep him sober.

Some people will say that Cleopatra came to a bad end. But that is a debatable point. True she invited the asp into her bedchamber but was it a bad end?

Her great plans had failed, first because of the unlooked for death of the Dictator. Second, because Mark Anthony as an instrument broke in her hand. But they were the two great men of their time and she had had their love and companionship and fidelity to a large degree until they died.

Also, it would appear that Cleopatra could have captivated Octavius, when he held her prisoner in Alexandria after he had defeated Anthony, and thus continued her vicarious domination of the Roman Empire. He gave every indication that he was willing to follow the example set him by Caesar and Anthony. But Queen Cleopatra could not bring herself to exercise her fascinations and talents upon the repulsive little man.

Cleopatra's spell was no Oriental magic. It was simply that she thought. She found out what the men she had set out to win and hold wanted and she gave it to them. She made them happy and was in turn happy herself. She was a perfect companion, in camp, in a palace, on a drinking bout, on a throne, on a fishing trip or in the boudoir.

No woman is all these things naturally.

Every woman can be all of them if she thinks not of herself but of the man she wants.

Therefore any woman can be as successful with the men she encounters as Cleopatra was with Mark Anthony and Caesar. True, she was a queen, but they were rulers and conquerors of her own class. They required all she could give them. In some degree, every woman can answer as well the demands of her own man.

Emma Hamilton was not a queen. She was a serving maid and other things even less desirable. Yet she won high position, the friendship of a queen and the magnificent love of England's greatest hero. Her methods differed in many ways from Cleopatra's but they were likewise successful.

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The Woman in the Case

[Continued from page 27]

had been mighty fond of him. And I never looked on him or any man as a saint. But just the same this mysterious woman he had been with must have meant a lot to him or he wouldn't have lied the way he did to save her. I began to wonder whether I had not done Bert a serious injustice and made a fool of myself to boot.

Sallie was furious and the moment she got me away from Hollis she started in.

"This is all nonsense," she said. "The only sensible thing to do now is to tell the truth. I'm not going to let you sacrifice yourself on my account any longer. Go right back there and tell Hollis you weren't anywhere near Jim Brent's studio that night."

"I couldn't possibly do that, Sallie," I said.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," I said, "I was."

But when she asked me to explain I wouldn't do it. I had my own reasons at that time for not wanting to make any more trouble.

"Never mind, now, darling," I said. "I refuse to tell you another thing until I have seen Jim Brent."

"What's he got to do with it?" Sallie asked. "If you keep on talking like that I'll come to the conclusion you really were there with him after all."

"You'll know when the time comes," I told her. "And as for what Jim Brent has to do with the matter I've about made up my mind he's no good."

"That's something anyway," Sallie said. "You've been wobbling between him and Bert Allen all summer. If you'd see Bert —"

I had started upstairs but leaned over the banister and called back to her.

"Hollis would be much better pleased to see me marry Jim Brent," I giggled. "After all the terrible things he thinks have happened, he would say that Jim was in duty bound to marry me if only to make an honest woman of me. Play that on your baby grand!"

JIM BRENT was released the next day. They let him out the moment the negro boy broke down and confessed he had done the shooting. It had happened very simply. When the boy had gone back to take Jim's brother the cigars and change, he had not seen any woman in the hall or in the apartment, either. That was a lie. There had been no one in the living room at all, so the boy had taken the wallet and when Austin appeared in the doorway he shot him. He dragged his body to the chair, dropped the pistol on the floor to make it look like a case of suicide. I heard all the news from Sallie who had just gotten it from Hollis over the telephone.

"I suppose Jim will be up here to see us as soon as he has a chance to turn around," Sallie said.

"I hope he telephones first," I said. "I don't want him to come here after what Hollis said last night. It wouldn't be pleasant for any of us. I'd rather see him somewhere else."

"At his studio?" Sallie asked.

"Exactly," I said. "You've hit the nail on the head. If he does telephone that is precisely where I am going to ask him to meet me."

But although I waited and waited Jim did not telephone. I tried to persuade myself that there were formalities to be gone through, that he would have business to attend to, but all the time I kept saying to myself that the Jim Brent I used to know

would have called me on the telephone in five minutes unless something had happened to change him and I couldn't see what had.

Women are queer creatures. I suppose that, knowing what I did about Jim and this woman he had been playing around with. I should never have wanted to see him again. But somehow it only made me the more anxious to do so.

While I was waiting there in the living room not six feet from the telephone, pretending to be reading a magazine, I was startled to see Bert coming up the front walk.

I COULD have run upstairs to escape him. I and sent word that I was out but I did not propose to let anybody, even Bert Allen, drive me away from that telephone, for there was no extension upstairs. So I stayed where I was, and heard Bert ask it I was in. Harvey, Sallie's butler told him I was and the next moment he stood before me with a box of candy in his hands and a rather sheepish expression on his handsome face. It looked to me as though Bert had come to the conclusion that I wasn't such a wicked creature after all and wanted to make amends for the way he had treated me.

I looked at him coldly and asked how he was. He gave me the candy and sat down.

"I should have come before, Nancy," he said.

"Why?" I asked. I had no idea of making things easy for him.

"Because," he replied. "I'm afraid you must think I have treated you rather badly."

"How?" I laughed. "By not coming to see me? My dear boy, you flatter yourself I've managed to exist."

This upset him even more than I hoped it would.

"I don't mean that," he said. "I mean the way I acted when you said you had been with Jim Brent that night."

"You acted," I remarked, "as though you thought me a pretty bad egg. Has anything happened to change your mind?"

Bert didn't answer me at first. He pulled at his collar as though he found it too tight for him and fiddled with a cigarette.

"Several things," he said at last. "One is that I am very much ashamed of myself for doubting you and Jim."

"Oh, so you did doubt me, did you? That's interesting. And now you don't. I'm not sure whether to feel flattered or angry."

Bert got redder and redder when I said that.

"Any man," he whispered, "who loved a girl would be angry to know she had spent an evening with another man under circumstances."

"Please don't let's go all over it again," I said. "It bores me. You were jealous and suspicious. Like most men, I know all about how you felt and why. You didn't trust me. If you do now there must be a reason for it. I'm not asking you the reason, but —"

Bert took hold of my hands.

"I don't want to talk about it," he burst out. "I want to tell you that I love you and want you to be my wife. That shows you how I feel."

I tore my hands away. I was suddenly unreasonably angry.

"Has Sallie been talking to you?" I cried.

"No. Not a word."

"Then whom have I to thank for this

sudden coat of whitewash I'd like to know?"

"Nobody. I've been thinking things over, Nancy," Bert protested. "If I hadn't been in love with you, it wouldn't have mattered. I put you on a pedestal. I thought you loved me. When you confessed to carrying on a cheap affair with Jim Brent I blew up. But that doesn't alter the fact that I love you. It only proves it the more. Will you marry me, dear?"

At that moment the telephone bell rang and I went to answer it. It was Jim Brent. "Hello, Jim," I said loudly enough for Bert to know whom I was talking to.

Jim was not at all like himself. He said only a few words, that he was free again, was at his studio, and wanted me to come and see him. There were some matters he felt he must talk over with me and he couldn't very well come to the house.

I suspected from what he said that Hollis had been talking to him. It suddenly came into my head that Bert Allen would know it he had.

"Bert," I said, when I hung up, "that was Jim. He wants to see me but he won't come here. Has Hollis been saying anything to him?" I was angry and showed it. "You might as well tell me. I'll find out from Jim if you don't."

"Yes," Bert said. "When Hollis got him out he brought him to the office and explained all we'd been doing to clear him. How we'd tried to prove an alibi and would have proved it if the negro boy hadn't come through with his story."

"Did Hollis tell Jim about my confession?"

"Yes. I begged him not to but he was too angry to listen to me. He jumped all over Jim and called him some very disagreeable names."

"What did Jim do?" I asked.

"At first he seemed to be angry. I thought he was going to knock Hollis down. Then he burst out laughing. He said he made a practice never to contradict a lady and went out. If he hadn't I would have knocked him down."

"Why?"

"Because if Jim Brent had been any sort of a man he would have denied your whole story then and there."

"Why should he have done that?" I said.

"Well," Bert said, "he had stuck to his story about having been at the theater right along, hadn't he? Why didn't he continue to stick to it? He didn't have to admit anything no matter what Hollis said. He was out of danger. The story you told wasn't necessary to save his neck. He could have lied like a gentleman if he had been one."

HEAVEN knows why I felt it necessary to defend Jim Brent then but I did. "I think Jim was perfectly right not to call me a liar," I said. "And as for his not being a gentleman, I don't agree with you. When I said I went to his studio that night it was true. And I'm going there again right now to hear what he has to tell me."

Bert took both of my hands. "I wish you wouldn't, Nancy," he said. "I have reasons for saying that, although I can't tell you what they are."

"Why not?"

"Oh, just because I'm not like Jim Brent, I guess."

I didn't understand what Bert meant by that but he wouldn't tell me anything more.

"I don't see what good it is going to do you, dear," he said, "to be mixed up with Jim any more. I never pretended to like him but I've done my best to get him clear. Now I'm through with him. And I want you to be through with him too. I love you, Nancy. Love you with all my heart. Why not forget this man and come along to lunch with me? If you go down to that

studio this morning you'll be sorry for it."

I was in an unreasonable frame of mind and thought Bert meant that for a threat. He had not made any hit with me by calling Jim names. Jim Brent had something to say to me; I knew that from the way he had just spoken over the telephone. And I wanted to ask him some questions. When Bert said if I went down to the studio I'd be sorry for it, I thought he meant that he would be through with me. And no woman likes to be threatened like that.

"Sorry, Bert," I said. "I suppose I might ask Jim to meet me at a restaurant or something but I won't do it. Since Hollis and the rest of you are convinced that I'm a bad woman I might as well act the part. By-bye."

I went out and left Bert standing in the middle of the living room. All he said was, "Nancy!" I didn't even turn around but from the tone of his voice I knew he was both hurt and angry.

ALL the way down to Jim Brent's studio I kept wondering what he would say first.

I almost ran up the narrow steps which led to the second floor of the garage but I hesitated a moment before I lifted the brass knocker of the door. There are times when we open doors hesitatingly, not sure of what may be waiting for us on the other side. I wasn't sure then. I remembered how Jim Brent had stuck to his story about having gone to the theater and I realized how desperately he had lied to protect some other woman. The idea chilled me and I must have carried the chill into the room for when Jim opened the door I thought he meant to kiss me. If he did, something in my manner must have stopped him. He only shook hands and said, "Hello." Then he perched himself on the arm of a chair.

"Why have you been lying about me, beautiful?" he said. Although he asked the question seriously enough there was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. "Wasn't my reputation bad enough already?"

"You should know why I said what I did," I told him but Jim didn't understand what I meant.

"I know that you were ready to go on the witness-stand and swear away your good name to save me from a charge of murder," he laughed.

That wasn't true and I said so.

"Much as I hate to disillusion you, Jim," I said, "you are wrong. I told that story to Hollis for an entirely different reason."

"What reason?" he asked.

"To save my sister Sallie from losing her happy home," I replied. "Hollis thought she was with you."

"With me?" he repeated.

"Certainly. Nobody believed your yarn about having gone to the theater. We felt sure you were lying to protect the name of some woman. Hollis concluded that Sallie was the one."

"But, in heaven's name why?" said Jim.

"Well," I said, "it's a long story. She'd left a handkerchief with her initials on it here for one thing. An envelope addressed to her and post-marked late that afternoon for another. Also, as luck would have it, she arrived home about midnight in a cab which she picked up at the corner of Church and Thompson streets after leaving the theater. When Bert Allen and the private detective they had on the case got through, Hollis was almost ready to begin action for divorce. But he wasn't certain whether Sallie or I had been with you. Not having any husband to lose, I took the blame."

Jim Brent sat smoking in silence for several minutes. I wondered what he was thinking.

"Rather a good joke," he said, "for me to imagine you had done all that on my ac-



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count. "As if any woman would do that?" "Do you suppose I would have let you go to the gallows?" I asked, "if I could have got you out?"

"Perhaps it's a serious matter," he said.

"But, I thought, it wouldn't have been *perfectly* exactly. I really was here."

"Honest?" He stared at me. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," I replied. "I was here. That's why I thought Sallie was the woman in the car."

"You'd better explain," Jim said. "You've got to get mixed up."

"I *am* I have," I told him. "Well, here are the details. You may remember that two days before your brother was shot I came in late early in the afternoon. You were, I think, a ketch and got me to pose for you. Remember that?"

"Never shall forget it," Jim said. "You were marvelous, simply marvelous." He reached over and tried to take my hand but I drew back.

"Do you also remember," I went on, "that you asked me to come here the next night and when I told you I couldn't, you said the night after?"

"Why, yes," Jim muttered. "But you didn't say you'd come."

"I DIDN'T say I wouldn't. When my sister and I stopped here late in the afternoon, you may recollect that I asked you what you were doing that evening. You said you were going to stay in and work. Being a simple village maiden, I believed you. I thought it was your way of telling me you would expect me. So after dinner at the country club I got rid of the man I was with and came."

"Here?" Jim gasped. His face began to flush.

"Certainly. You had invited me and had told me how much you loved me and everything after I'd posed for you. I came all right, idiot that I was! About nine o'clock, I dismissed my cab at the corner to save my reputation and walked down the alley to your hotel door."

"You darling," Jim murmured. "Just as I reached it," I went on, "I saw a lady—I hope she was a lady—ascending your steps. I thought it was Sallie. In the dark, I couldn't see her face clearly, but I could have sworn to her walk and her figure. So, finding myself somewhat 'detrot,' I beat it silently and discreetly. I took in the card showing of a picture at the *Galaxy* and then went home. You see, my dear Jim, I had every reason to know that your little yarn about having been at the theater was untrue. I believed you were protecting your charming visitor with your life and that, if need be, she would step forward and save you in true movie style at the foot of the gallows. That is why I didn't offer at first to volunteer any information about my movements. I thought all the time that the woman was Sallie."

"It wasn't," Jim snapped. "I know it. In fact, she, poor dear, being perfectly innocent, got the idea in her head that the guilty party was I. We two had a merry time of it. Neither of us supposed that there was a third woman in the case."

"So you know that, do you?" he asked. "Certainly. I saw her, Jim. I certainly have to hand it to you; you are popular with the ladies."

"Nonsense," he said. "I don't admit there was any woman here."

"You don't?" I said. "When I saw her?"

"You must have been mistaken. I went to the theater."

I began to think of what Bert Allen had just said, that Jim was not a gentleman.

"You didn't tell Hollis that," I snapped. "You didn't defend me to him and Bert

Allen. You let them think the story I told them was true."

"Look here, Nancy," Jim said. "All I let them think was that you had been here and you've just said you were. What's the harm, anyway? Don't they trust you?"

His question was almost like a blow but I kept my temper.

"Jim," I said. "You had a woman here with you that night. I said it was I to save Sallie. But since it wasn't Sallie, it seems to me you had better tell Hollis and Bert Allen who your visitor really was to save me. After all my reputation is important too. I'm sure the woman who was here wouldn't want to protect herself at my expense."

Jim came up to me and took both of my hands.

"Nancy," he said. "I'm going to trust you. There was a woman here that night. A married woman. Her husband is one of the biggest men in town. If I were to say anything heaven knows what would happen! I don't care anything about her, but you couldn't expect me to let her down, could you?"

"Not even to set me right with Hollis and Bert?" I said.

"I can't." He pulled me suddenly toward him. "Don't ask me to, Nancy. It would ruin her. And I don't care a rap about the woman. She's nothing to me. Just a passing amusement. You're the one I really care about. And you did come to see me that night. I was waiting for you too. I had no idea this other woman was going to show up. I love you, Nancy. Terribly. And you're here now, so let's pretend nothing has happened since that afternoon you posed. We'll forget Hollis and Bert and all the rest of them. Will you, sweetheart?" He grabbed me and kissed me on the neck.

"LET go of me, Jim," I exclaimed. "He should have known from my voice how I felt but he didn't."

"I love you, darling," he muttered. "Love you and want you. Always."

I managed to get my hand free. Without a word I struck him across the face as hard as I could. It was pretty hard and he wasn't expecting it. Then I turned and opened the door.

Jim Brent sprang forward and tried to take hold of me. I screamed. And just then Bert Allen came up the steps. He passed me like a flash and hit Jim Brent a blow on the jaw that sent him clear across the room and into a corner.

"You rotter," he said. "I knew this morning in Mr. Carter's office that Nancy wasn't here with you that night. I thought you'd have the decency to say so instead of being willing to hide behind her skirts. You and Mrs. B——"

He mentioned a name that made Jim squirm.

"Yes, I found that out too but I wouldn't give you away, not even to Nancy. I thought maybe you'd have honesty enough to square her yourself. Well, you didn't. So I've decided to tell Carter for you. It won't go any further. Robert B—— isn't going to put a bullet through you because of anything we tell him. But if you ever so much as speak to Nancy again, the ambulance surgeon will have to scrape up what's left of you with a hoe."

Bert put his arm around me then and led me through the door.

"Nancy, you little fool," he said. "I'm going to take you out right now and marry you. You need somebody to look after you and I have decided that I am the best man I know of to do the job."

Of course when a man talks to a girl like that she will go anywhere with him. Bert and I, however, only got as far as the marriage license bureau and a minister but it was far enough.

There's a Limit

[Continued from page 73]

either. We could see people moving among the bushes and high weeds and hear giggles. We even had to give a signal, three double knocks and a password. Everybody got a grand kick out of it. We were let in at last and saw that only our own crowd had been invited. Al was on a box making a speech.

"Ladies and gents, this exclusive gambling den is about to open for business. There will be separate tables for the ladies and you will see why in a minute. Each player will make a list of the articles of jewelry and clothing he is wearing with approximate value."

Somebody snickered, "Strip poker."

"More or less. You file your lists with the committee and we issue poker chips accordingly. We close at midnight and all bets not payable on the spot will be settled by I. O. U.'s. All squabbles will be settled by the committee and if you get fresh with the referee out you go into the tall grass. Charles is the strong man."

The evening was a knockout. I won Angyl's vanity case and two pairs of pretty good stockings. Bertie lost his socks and shoes and shirt, but it was an old one and he hated it. He paid on the spot and looked a sight going home. We called him Robinson Crusoe.

THE next afternoon we found the booze but not when we were looking for it. Trudie was on the raft out near the end of the pier showing off for Jerry O'Brien. She grabbed his arm and cooed, "Here's a stunt, old dear. Give a good shove from the raft and if your angle is right you can go under the pier and come out on the other side."

Ted Lane yelled, "Like this, old deah," and gave a big push.

I was standing on the pier right above the place where Ted dived and although the water was rather murky I could see his legs quite plainly. Instead of going straight ahead they suddenly doubled up under him.

"Get him quick," I yelled. "Cramps!"

And then I forgot all about him because I caught sight of Jimsy and I thought he had gone nuts.

He had been playing whale, going under, getting a mouthful of water and then squirting it up in the air. It is a wonder Jimsy can get under the water at all. He is terribly fat and floats like a cork. Well, he began swallowing water in great gulps. He would make gurgling noises and then try to swallow the lake again. He looked awfully funny.

Just about the time they pulled Ted out, all doubled up and rubbing the back of his neck, Jimsy yelled, "Liquor! This lake is made of rum." So they all jumped in again. And sure enough, somebody had tied a bag made of fish net under the pier and in the bag were three bottles of rum and seven of whiskey. Ted had broken one with his poor head. They put the bottles in a pile and did a war dance right there on the pier.

Bertie as usual took charge. "Everybody beat it home and swipe some eats and we'll have a party down around the bend."

By six every one was on the beach and we pulled a party all right. It was a good party but as usual the stories about it were better than the party itself. That is the way it always was in Dundee.

The Frogs never said a word to us but they called a meeting and it lasted forever. Mother and the rest must have read the riot act to the backsliders because right

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and I thought we would die. They were terrible. We heard mother and dad sneak down the back stairs after about ten minutes of it.

Cal and Dora's committee was having a gorgeous time. They had taken over the publicity end of things and they thought up more pure devilishness than you would believe existed in the whole world and everything went in the papers. They arranged interviews for different committee heads, stole photographs, and even organized a strike of all the maids in town because desert islands should not have servants. The Frogs raised the maid's wages though and ended that in a couple of days.

The committee planned the Desert Island Costume. The girls wore bloomers and skirts made of strips of rags or paper. For waists we had a sort of sleeveless jacket affair. The boys wore track pants or bathing suit trunks with skins over their shoulders when they could find any. And we all went barefoot. And our pictures went in the papers that way too!

The night the booze committee announced the first completed batch of what they called brandy, we had a tom-tom dance through the streets and down to the beach. Then we danced on the pier to the music of the Seven Dundee Jazz Hounds. They were not so bad by this time on account of practising every day. No one who heard them the first night would have believed they ever could make real music. The Picture News man took flashlights of our party and I was having a wonderful time though the booze was a failure. It tasted like gasoline.

And then my good time ended because that horrid reporter said something to me that made Jerry mad. Jerry rushed at him and the man backed up and raised his camera above his head to strike. I screamed and a crowd began to gather but that camera never struck Jerry's head. The next thing I knew it was way out in the lake and the reporter lay on his back in the sand. Even then Jerry was not satisfied. He picked the man up by his belt and flung him into the lake too. So those flashlight pictures never were printed and they took the Picture News man to the hospital.

AFTER that most of the others went on jazzing but Jerry and I sat back under the edge of the bluff and talked.

"Jerry," I said, "do the people who read the tabloids think we are bad?"

I had been crying and Jerry kept smoothing my hair.

"Yes, Marion," he said, "I expect they do."

"But we aren't," I said.

"No," he said, "most of us are as straight as a string."

"Do they think we are bad here in Dundee?" I persisted. "Your folks and mine, Jerry, what do they think?"

And Jerry said, "Darned if I know what they think."

We decided we were sick of the whole thing and wished we could call it off. After a while several of the others drifted over to us and they said they certainly were tired of being devilish too. A person who has not tried it can't imagine what a terrible strain it is to think up new ways to be devilish. However if we quit the Frogs would have won. We simply could not let them have that satisfaction. We did not know what to do.

The fight between Jerry and the reporter was in other papers the next morning even though the Picture News lost out for once, and strange to relate they had the story almost right. I knew there was a meeting of the Frogs at ten. I wandered down town and saw a perfectly killing sight. Nearly all the boys were in front of the post office riding up and down on brand new bicycles. Jerry had written to a sales-

man and he was there taking I.O.U.'s for them. Mr. Hodge, the dance hall man, was with him vouching for the boys.

And still better they nearly all had jobs! They had to have money and there was nothing else to do. Jerry was going to an electric company in Chicago. Ted Lane had a job with a fresh air camp as life guard and swimming instructor. Calvin Thompson was going to sell books right in Dundee to the Frogs. He did it too and cleaned up two hundred and thirty-seven dollars before school started in the fall. Bertie was going to try out with a real jazz band. Al had landed a job on a big dairy farm and Jimsy Cudahy, with all the money his family had, was going to be soda jerker in the village drug store!

Jerry rode me home on his new bicycle and I kept wondering all the way what on earth the girls were going to do now. We rode to the summer house and—well, I—you cannot expect me to write down everything. When we came out I knew what I was going to do. I was going to hurry up and get through school and marry Jerry as soon as he could support me.

JUST before lunch mother knocked at my door. She looked wretched and mother hardly ever looks like that. She sat on the chaise longue and said, "Marion, at the meeting this morning we decided that our experiment has been a failure and on the first of the month everything will be as usual. Will you please convey this information to—" And then she put her head in her hands and said, "Oh, Marion, we thought we were doing right but the paper this morning—"

I knew she was crying and I just flew to her. Honestly I have the grandest mother. She understands everything. She does not care that Jerry is poor and a plumber's son and has an impossible stepmother. I told her how all the boys were going to work and there was a very funny expression on her face that I remembered afterwards.

That night we had a last meeting of the Tygs in the old livery barn and voted to give a dance for all parents at the country club, music to be furnished by the Seven Dundee Jazz Hounds.

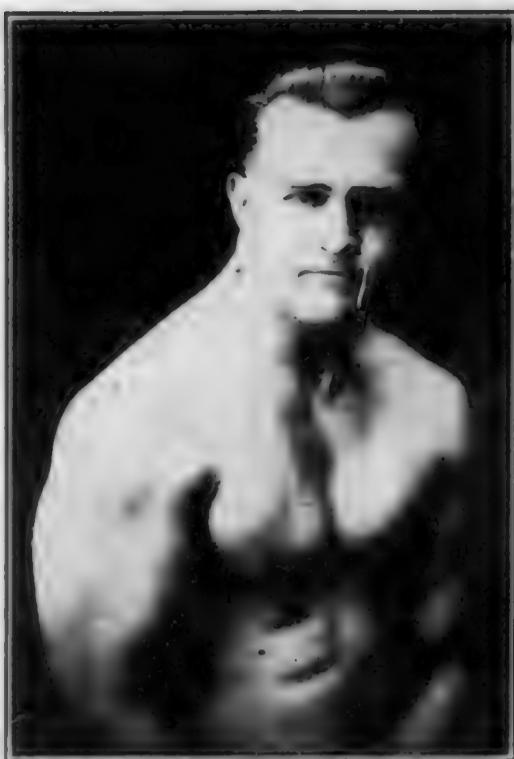
That dance was a marvelous success. Everybody was there from the three hundred pound grocer to Mrs. "Mayflower" MacMahon, from Jimsy's millionaire papa to the garbage man's wife. All the newspapers gave it a write up.

And speaking of newspapers mother wrote an article and it was published. She told us that she was going to write it but when we Tygs read it our back teeth nearly fell out from surprise. The last of it went something like this:

"So we feel that the experiment in Dundee which was given such wide and often fraudulent publicity, was after all a success. The younger generation in our town previous to the desert island experiment were like so many glass bottles into which entertainment of all sorts was continually being poured. They never exerted themselves.

"Although many unfortunate and regrettable things happened as a direct result of our drastic action, nevertheless I call attention to the fact that at the present time nearly every one of them is either holding down a job or has some profitable interest in life. And every Sunday sees a crowd of bicycle enthusiasts like their more sensibly brought up European cousins off to some favorite spot while the big cars stand idle in the garages."

Can you beat that? We're doing what they really wanted us to do all the time! But as I sit sewing in the summer house with Jerry's last letter next to my heart I just can't be mad at them. Suppose they were right! Who cares?



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Some day danger will confront you or your friends when you least expect it, and it will be up to you to overcome it or fail. When that time comes will you be ready for it. Will you have the strength, the muscle, the staying power every man owes to himself if he wants to be loved and respected?

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There comes a time in every man's life when strength—real strength—is the only thing that can save him. In war or in peace, on the sick-bed or in the prize ring, your strength either makes you the winner or the loser—and losing often means death.

Cheek up on yourself now. How are the old biceps? Are those rolls of flesh around your stomach pudgy fat or lean, strong muscles? Are your legs like toothpicks or are they strong and shapely? How's your wind? If you got into a life-and-death rough and tumble scrap would you be on the bottom or on top when it's all over? Come on, now, be fair to yourself. If you haven't got the punch in a pinch, snap out of it, and get it in a hurry. There's a way to get that punch, and get it in a hurry. It's not difficult and it's quick—and it gives you real live, red-blooded strength. I've given it to over 100,000 men and many of them were weaker than you are when they started. But they don't call me the Muscle-Builder for nothing. Here's what I guarantee to do for you.

30 Days Will Do The Trick

One short month will do it. I've had many thousands of students. I've had 30 days. I've had 60 days. I've had 90 days. I've had 120 days. I've had 180 days. I've had 240 days. I've had 300 days. I've had 360 days. I've had 420 days. I've had 480 days. I've had 540 days. I've had 600 days. I've had 660 days. I've had 720 days. I've had 780 days. I've had 840 days. I've had 900 days. I've had 960 days. I've had 1,020 days. I've had 1,080 days. I've had 1,140 days. I've had 1,200 days. I've had 1,260 days. I've had 1,320 days. I've had 1,380 days. I've had 1,440 days. I've had 1,500 days. I've had 1,560 days. I've had 1,620 days. I've had 1,680 days. I've had 1,740 days. I've had 1,800 days. I've had 1,860 days. I've had 1,920 days. I've had 1,980 days. I've had 2,040 days. I've had 2,100 days. I've had 2,160 days. I've had 2,220 days. I've had 2,280 days. I've had 2,340 days. I've had 2,400 days. I've had 2,460 days. I've had 2,520 days. I've had 2,580 days. I've had 2,640 days. 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there is always the danger that your emotions are running away with you, that you're doing something rash. Why not part for a while, stay away from each other entirely, and see if your love survives the test of separation?"

In the end we accepted her suggestion. We saw the wisdom of her point, precisely as the parents had seen the wisdom of ours.

And so, without further ado, Aubrey started on a hitch-hike tour of America that led eventually to his shipping on a transatlantic vessel. It took nearly five months, that trip, before he came back to Kansas.

"Now, are you still in love? Do you still feel you must have each other? Do you still want to marry at once?" they asked us.

"More than ever," we replied. We had learned the truth of the old adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Ancient as it is, that old saw, it's ever new and ever true.

And so it was agreed that we should marry.

We never even dreamed then what that marriage of ours would mean. We never dreamed of the hurricane of publicity that would follow or of the storm of comment and questioning and excitement that would break about our heads. Maybe if we had known these things we would not have done it. But now that we have done it, we know that we would do it over again.

Even though we didn't anticipate the extent of the ballyhoo that actually followed, we did wonder what sort of talk would be occasioned in a small town by a more or less sudden marriage of two school children such as we. You know all the world loves to gossip and gossip thrives nowhere better than in a small town.

IT WAS Marcell who achieved the solution. Instead of having the marriage fall like a thunderbolt she gave an announcement party. She invited to tea at her home all the teachers of the community. And then and there she calmly broke the news to them with the formal announcement that Josephine was to be married. Coming as it did, that announcement left no room for misunderstanding. And the teachers, having been taken into our confidence, were in a position to check gossip even before it started. That's just what happened.

But as yet, the world hadn't discovered that we were to be companionately married. That came later, like this.

A while before the date for our wedding, which had been set for Thanksgiving day, Josephine's mother had gone to Denver to interview Judge Lindsey. In turn the newspapers interviewed her. They wanted to get the reactions of this woman, herself a mother, to the new plan.

They asked her, for one thing:

"Would you let your daughter enter into a companionate marriage?"

Of course she said yes.

And at once newspaper headlines screamed the news that Marcell Haldeman-Julius would let her daughter be a companionate bride. From that moment on, our time was not our own. They learned that we were to be married very soon and the hue and cry broke in full force.

At the outset we couldn't even sleep nights. The telephone would ring in both our homes at all hours of the day or night, with editors and reporters and photographers and newsreel men wanting us to talk or to pose.

At first, we tried to avoid it all. We didn't know what to do—it was all so new and sudden—so we made the mistake of trying to evade them by denying that we were to be companionately married. But Josephine's mother showed us we were wrong.

Why Folks Get Fat and how they lose it

Science, some years ago, found a cause of excess fat which is easy to correct. Scientists proved it on thousands of test animals, then on human beings. The results were reported in medical journals, and the use of this method has spread the world over.

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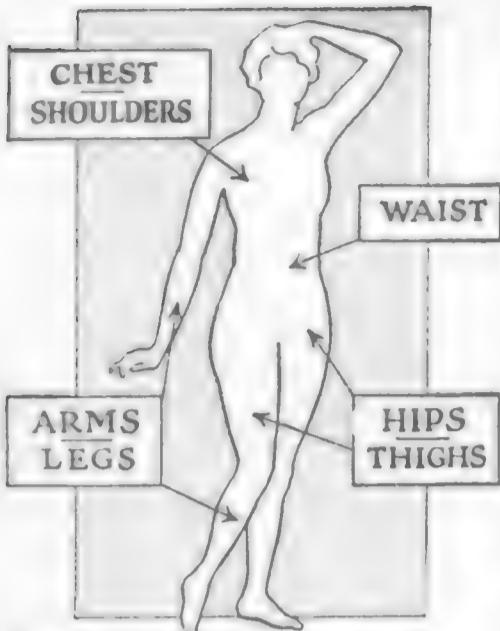
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WE ARE NOT OPPOSED to having children. But we are opposed to having them now, before we are ready to support them. We don't want anyone to misunderstand us. We hope, some day, to have our own home and children. And then Josephine's career will cease to be dancing; it will be homemaking and mothering.

psychology, physiology, sex, passions and all the thousand and one other things that enter into the problems that will come there.

Then, separately and together, these problems will be threshed out with the husband and wife. The specialists will consider each case, too, without the presence of either husband or wife. And if it's humanly possible, divorce will be avoided, and the couples brought together on the right road to happiness again. And if it's utterly impossible to avoid divorce if it's better that they should be parted, then that divorce would be given decently, and without the mud and filth that characterize the divorce court at present.

There you have our attitude toward divorce. It's the one thing, probably, about which we're asked more questions than any other single point.

Another thing we're asked about is the matter of children.

"Of course you've agreed not to have any children until you're ready to support them and a home," they say. "but what if you do have children, despite that agreement?"

Our answer is very simple.

If a child should be born to us, then our companionate marriage would at that moment automatically become a family marriage, just like all the millions of family marriages that fill the homes of America.

We are not opposed to having children. But we are opposed to having them now, before we are ready to support them. We don't want anyone to misunderstand us. We hope, some day, to have our own home and children. And then Josephine's career will cease to be dancing; it will be homemaking and mothering.

Just the other day, in Los Angeles, we were interviewed and during the course of the talk, we explained that point. We wanted to illustrate it and so we dressed up a pillow as a baby, and with Josephine holding it and Aubrey looking over her shoulder, we posed for the most typical family picture that you have ever seen. And some day, that'll be real! It won't be a pillow; it'll be a baby—or two—or three.

Then, even as now, our marriage will continue to be on the fifty-fifty basis. We'll both do our share of the job. Aubrey to bring in the money, Josephine to make the home. Now, we both bring in the money or try to, at least.

WHAT we earn we put in a common fund. We each spend what we see fit. We buy our requirements, each without having to ask the other's permission first. We even pay for our separate meals when we dine out. That is, Aubrey does the actual paying, because it looks better for a man to do that. But afterwards each of us is charged for whatever we ate.

There's nothing unusual in our financial arrangements. They're not at all different from what hundreds and hundreds of other married couples are doing today.

And some day all the rest of our agreement will be nothing unusual. There'll be not hundreds, but thousands of couples, who will be as frank as we are in admitting their companionate marriage. And in whatever degree our own activity and publicity has helped bring that about, we are happy.

You ask us if we're sorry we did it.

We tell you we're not.

You ask if we'd do it all over again.

We tell you we certainly would.

You ask us if we'd wait until later, if we were back where we started.

And we tell you that we're only sorry that we didn't do it sooner than we did.

You ask us if we're happy.

We tell you we're divinely happy.

And you ask us if we'd advise other young couples in our circumstances to do what we have done.

And we shout:

"YES!!!"

Annette Kellermann, Suite 404,
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Why beat around the bush?" she wanted to know. "They'll learn it sooner or later. Tell them the truth. It's the first step in your experiment in truth. It is companionate marriage. Why not come right out and tell them so?"

We did. And the storm was on with double fury. We felt that it would all end after we had actually been married, so we moved the wedding ahead three days. Our wedding day was one of those gray, rainy ones but that didn't balk them. They were cut in force and we even had to stand out in the rain for them, while the new-reel cameramen ground hundreds of feet of film away at us.

But honeymooners want some time to themselves. We were nothing then but just two happy newlyweds, even though there was a new adjective attached to our wedding. So we dodged them. We slipped away to Joplin, Missouri, and for three happy days no one knew where we were.

But you can't hide from the newspapers for long. We found that out and they found us out. But a kindly hotel management protected us, and so, even though they had located us, they weren't allowed to bother us for several more days.

NOW, in the endless publicity that has followed, we don't feel that we have always gotten a square deal. We have learned by bitter experience to be always extremely careful of what we say and do and how we pose.

There was, for instance, that time we posed in the dressing room of the theater where we were playing. Some photographer asked us to pose with Aubrey hooking the back of Josephine's dancing dress, while Josephine powdered her nose.

The picture came blazing out with this caption:

"Maid as Well as Mate!"

We don't like the idea that seems somehow incorporated in that. It tends to lend an air of effeminacy to Aubrey and if there's anything any less effeminate than he, Josephine swears she can't imagine what it is!

Yet we both feel this—and it gives us some measure of payment for the ordeals of publicity we have undergone—that the day will come, and not long from now, when people will laugh at the attention we got, and wonder how the newspapers were ever so foolish as to waste all that space and effort on something as ordinary as companionate marriage.

Aside from this inescapable publicity, there is one other thing we have to contend with all the time. That is the flood of stupid, uninformed, silly, senseless questions we get. People hear the phrase "companionate marriage," and jump at conclusions.

They ask us, for instance:

"Let me see, now. Which year is it that you'll get your divorce?" They simply can't get away from the idea that our marriage is on some sort of time basis, at the end of which we automatically are to get a divorce.

Why, there's nothing further from our mind than divorce. We're simply not interested in it. And yet we're asked about it and pestered to explain what our attitude toward it is.

We explain to them that we're married for life, as far as our beliefs and our hopes are concerned. We're not contemplating divorce ever. But, if ever the time should come when we find we are quarreling, and unhappy, and unfit to go on together, then we believe with Judge Lindsey that we will have reached a situation where the matter should not be placed in the law's hands, but rather in the hands of experts.

Our problem should be placed in the hands of specialists who understand the complicated and widely varying factors that enter into that problem. Judge Lindsey suggests, instead of the divorce courts, a "House of Human Welfare," where unhappy couples can submit their problems to specialists in

Ain't Nature Wonderful?

[Continued from page 33]

"Ain't we the girl scouts!" I cry. "And how!"

We take the ferry across the Hudson and having filled up with gasoline, paid for by me, drive north on the wonderful highway that runs along the river. Really, I detest anyone to be downhearted among scenery like that. In spite of myself I grow less rebellious. We buzz along singing the latest hits and putting the miles behind us. Late in the afternoon we arrive at the town near which authentic information alleges the mountain villa of Churchill Thomas to be.

Smoothness is now a thing of the past. In the first place, we are climbing, and secondly, I have discovered what they do with all the old bumps that they take out of Fifth Avenue. They bring them up here and dump them.

"Goodness," gasps Seena; "this is terrible." But there are other difficulties. As we struggle on, the tiny car, laden with its array of sporting goods, becomes as warm as an Elks' Convention on Parade. You'd think the radiator was a peanut stand, and the odor of burnt oil is nothing that Coty concocted.

"Seena," I demand. "Stop!"

I speak too late. Our car acts for itself, and the ensuing stillness is broken only by the bubble-gurgle of the radiator. From the smoke pouring out of the hood you would think we were an Indian signal fire.

Seena stubbornly presses her foot on the starter, but without results. We have certainly arrived, and her and I could fix a steamboat as well as we could this automobile.

Perhaps you can imagine that French heels and chiffon hose are not the most practical things in the world to navigate that road in. The great outdoors is getting darker and darker until it is like a whale's second stomach seen from within. By the time I and Seena see a light in the distance we are both ready to lay down in the dust and let the birds cover us with leaves.

"I hope," Seena pants, "that this is the house."

EVERYTHING is perfectly still. Then the door swings open abruptly and we are confronted by a little, wizened man. The man looks at us, rather startled, and makes a deep bow.

"Howdy," is his greeting. "It's the Countess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Trent, isn't it?"

What a reception. But it annoys Seena. "Say," she frowns. "Don't get fresh. Is this Mr. Churchill Thomas's house?"

The only reply she draws is a blank.

"Who lives here, mister?" Seena goes on sharply.

"Ssssshhh!" He glances mysteriously around him. "I," he whispers, "am Charlie Chaplin."

"Oh, my Gawd," I moan. "You might know it. Seena, it's the nut Jerry was telling us about. Listen, mister, can't you get your mind off of Hollywood? Tell us, have you got a telephone in your house?"

He shakes his head. "I have a little mustache, though," he says confidentially. "I stick it on. Would you like to see it?"

I look at Seena and shake my head hopelessly. "No use," I mutter. "No use."

"I'm going to try something," she whispers, and turns to him. "Mister Chaplin, can you tell us where Harold Lloyd lives? Is it far away?"

A cunning smile spreads over the man's face. He takes one long look at Seena before he tears past us at a dead run and disappears into the dark.

AS WE stand there wondering what to do, we become aware of a great commotion approaching through the woods, and to our relief plainly audible is the bull-like voice of Jerry.

"The bodyguard," I snicker. "Mr. Chaplin is bringing your friend back with him."

We hurry off the porch as the pair of them come thundering up. "I told you to stay off our place, and I mean it," yelps Jerry. But Mr. Chaplin is dashing on ahead and without a word he streaks across the porch and slams the door behind him. I hear the bolt click and then see him with his nose pressed to the glass, looking out of the window.

"Right on the job I see, you watchful fellow you," I call mockingly to the former leather-pusher. He jumps as if he had been introduced to a bee.

"Huh?" he grunts. "Who's that?"

Prize Winners

Six lines from SMART SET poets won prizes in Aleck Smart's July limerick contest. The first prize of \$5.00 goes to:

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Vegas, New Mex.

Seena brushes past me. "I must say," she complains, "this is a fine reception."

"Seena!" beats Jerry.

"Yes," she chills. "What's surprising about that? I told you I was coming, didn't I?"

"But baby," he protests. "I sent you a wire not to come. I sounded out the boss but he said absolutely no soap. He won't have a skirt on the premises."

"Ha, ha, ha," retorts Seena. "I just about break my neck coming to see you and this is the news I get. Who invited me up here?"

The brain storm's teeth begin to shine in the lamplight, and he chuckles. "Never mind," he says. "I'll fix you. I'm gonna put one over. Churchy's gone for the evening, so I'm gonna hide you babies in the woods."

"Seena," I interrupt. "I don't like this. Let's us get quietly out of here. If your brilliant friend can start our car I vote that we turn it around and head for home. Who wants to stay around a bunch of nuts and cranky millionaires?"

But Seena is looking devotedly at her Jerry. "Jerry will take care of us," she says, and the outcome of it is that Jerry does.

He first deposits me and Seena in a safe, dark place where Mr. Chaplin won't annoy us and then disappears in quest of the automobile. It is quite a wait, but eventually he comes back with it miraculously restored to life, and conducts us stealthily through the woods, past Mr. Thomas's big

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house, to a spot not far from the lake but entirely screened from view.

By the light of the headlight he unloads the car at the edge of its circular camp, and lays them out on the grass. After a time he starts to lay out the things into order and then goes by pieces of wood laid down the banks to the shore. Some of the folding chairs are arranged in an arc on the sand, but at least everything, tent, eating table, chair, lantern and all, is ready.

Just a picture like a dream land. "How you are and I am," announces, "that's the art." Abby Park, but a mile. Just that for the wall paper, and you don't have to do no help."

"You wonderful man," says Seena.

"You are great big traveler. Handy Andy," I call. "Now you've got us in here, you can have the way of getting us out. Take that back with you to your mudroom, back and ponder over it."

I've heard people that people spending their first night in the great open space are usually the deepest, farthest in my own opinion, in contrast that statement is inaccurate. We press open a new can and eat the pieces of ham, and I stretch on my cot for just about three minutes. I think that my body has known a bitter avengement and wonder if there really is any love, when the first thing I realize there is a pair of sunlight toying with my nostrils and it is in range. And what a range!

I slip from beneath the covers while Seena still lost in dreams on the other side of the tent, and step forth into the dawn. It makes me feel like leaping into a tree and warbling like a robin. At that moment I lose most of the numbing observation I have had to this sort of thing and become a care-free enthusiast.

Through the trees I catch sight of the blue water of the lake, and in an instant I am charging in that direction. The beauty spot by the shore is completely sheltered and with an adventurous thrill I obey that impulse and wade in.

I revel in the best bath of my life and when I have lazily resumed my draperies I stroll away through a hallway of trees along the edge of the water.

I have not gone very far when I get a shock that brings me back to earth.

"Mr. Thomas," comes Jerry's voice, "there ain't a girl in ten miles. You're worryin' about nothin'!"

Ain't that a laugh! Looking wildly about I perceive a little clump of thick bushes, and dart into the middle of it. I strain my ears to hear Churchill's answer.

"I was told in the village," he says, "that a woman injured the way to this place yesterday."

"It be hows up," Jerry blusters, "leave her to me. I'll see that she don't get near you." That's a good one, ain't it, with me resting uneasily a few feet away?

"Just the same," says Churchill anxiously. "I wish you'd take a good look through the woods after breakfast and see that there's nobody hiding there. I have the feeling that some one's around and it makes me uneasy. Because the detective that was watching the girl who sent me those letters reports that she has disappeared."

"That Jane ain't got a chance, Mr. Thomas," is Jerry's reply. "Not with me taking care of you."

I pull a branch aside to catch a glimpse of the elusive millionaire that hates the human race and what I see is something no photograph ever did justice to. I mean there's a fellow I could care for and money has nothing to do with it. He's simply wonderful looking, tall and handsome with crinkly brown hair, the kind I love to touch. Oh, my!

I wish I could look at him closer, but they turn and walk away. When they are out of sight I pull myself from my hiding place and hurry back to our tent.

"Just my luck," I complain to Seena, who is up and toying with the stove. "The one fellow I've ever seen that gave me a genuine thrill not only for all women, but is at this moment so scared that one of them is hereabouts, running us and anxious to get rid of them."

"For heaven's sake, the gas?" "Are you going to burn the walls of the Churchill Thomas hunting?" Say I, merrily. Think of a mirthless practical like getting our breakfast."

"I thought a girl like you would love cooking," I retort.

Seena sniffs and snorts. "I came up here to see Jerry. He didn't want to be a detective. If he doesn't make things more convenient I'm going home."

"I mean it," I insist. "I will never leave this place until the day I die. Churchill may not know I can't, but I may want to get rid of me. Let's sing a little heart-beat-there's a chance." And here I stay.

"You're gonna stay, she with us."

I really have a mirthless time with that girl the rest of the day. I suppose all of Jerry's intellect is concentrated on the task of keeping his boss from trudging in our direction, and that I don't dare to dally with her. Anyway he doesn't show up.

In fact it is after dark before Jerry arrives and then he comes upon us so noiselessly that he gives us both a night.

"Having a good time?" he begins.

My girl friend launches into a recital of grievances that would turn in any ear drum, and I slip away. I want to get over towards that house. There might be a window shade up and I might see Churchill.

It's awfully dark. The wind is sighing through the trees in a mysterious sort of way and I slip along through the under brush. The woods at night have a wonderful smell. There are sort of Christmas trees mixed in with the others and they make it just like the pillow that mama brought back from Maine when I was a kid. The house as it looms up is ablaze with lights.

What a romantic place, I think, to spend a honeymoon. And at that precise instant a whiff of something comes to my nostrils that makes me stand stiller than a clothing store dummy. I ain't worked around a cosmetic counter all this time to be unable to identify perfume, no matter where I meet it, and the scent that has come wafting out of the woods didn't grow on a tree. It's jasmine! And where you find jasmine you find a skirt.

THERE is a crackling of the underbrush over to one side and a little murmur of voices. I step carefully that way.

"All right," I hear. "Go on in, and when you scream I'll come in with the camera."

That's enough. It sets my heart to beating wildly. It's a man talking to a girl and something tells me they're after my Churchill. What'll I do? I think desperately. I can't get Jerry. There isn't time. He ought to be up there watching. How dare he leave!

The two have gone off toward the house. If I could only get there ahead of them. If I could only get inside maybe I could do something. Well, I'll try. It's my single chance.

Careless of the noise I break into a run. Branches slap me in the face and twigs pull my hair but nothing like that can stop me. I come out of the trees and hurry across the lawn. To my relief there is a back door and it is open. An instant later I am in the kitchen. I can smell Churchill's pipe smoke from somewhere in front and there is a radio playing. Thank goodness, I am in time! I realize that I am trembling like a leaf.

Then I tense all over as there is a knock at

the front door. Churchill's footsteps cross the room and as I hear him speak I creep forward.

"Yes," he says. "Look here, you can't come in. Jerry! Jerry!" But I know where Jerry is.

"Good evening, Mr. Thomas," says the girl. She has pushed past him and I hear him follow her.

"You'll have to leave the house immediately," he demands.

She doesn't waste time, that cat. "Oh," he means suddenly, "I feel so faint."

There is a rustling noise that can only be Churchill catching her in his arms as she pulls a fall. That's the signal for me. Just as she lets out a piercing shriek I dart into the room. From the corner of my eye I see her accomplice come through the front entrance but I don't stop for him. With one shove I push her out of the way and take my stand beside Churchill.

"Don't ask questions," I murmur and link my arm through his. "I'm a friend of Jerry's. Let me take care of this." Then I turn to the other two.

"Yes?" I eyebrow in my best Harlem manner. "And what do you want?"

The man in the doorway is doing his best to get out of sight; the girl is struggling furiously to her feet and I expect her to leap at me.

"Who are you?" she cries. "What have you got to do with Churchill Thomas?"

"Dearie," I answer, "haven't you missed your connections? I think you belong in the next house with the crazy man. If it means anything to you, I am Mrs. Churchill Thomas, thanks. The orchard is closed. The easy pickings are gone forever so take your racket somewhere else. Furthermore, I happened to hear you and your boy friend out in the woods talking about screams and cameras and if you're not out of here in exactly one minute, me and Churchy will have you thrown to the wolves. Now beat it!"

You never saw two people move so quick, or such a surprised person as Mr. Churchill Thomas. His jaw drops to his chest with astonishment. And they? They simply fade.

"Your bodyguard's a lot of help," says I. "Well, it's a nice night, isn't it?"

"What? Where?" he stammers.

"Just one of the females," I assure him.

but before I can go further there is a noise like the arrival of a tractor and Jerry, followed by Seena, comes bursting into the room.

"Say, sister," the ex-mauler bellows, "don't you know that frills ain't allowed around here? What do you mean by screamin', anyway?" Then he recognizes me. "Holy smoke," he gasps. "You!"

"Myself," I mock. "Ain't you a little late?"

"Jerry," says Churchill, "you're a fine bodyguard."

"It wasn't me that screamed, you clever detective, you," I go on. "I was merely doing your job. And now, having enjoyed your company and Mr. Thomas's ever so much, I suppose me and Seena will have to be getting back to New York, where they don't object to ladies and a girl doesn't need a permit from the governor to take three steps in a westerly direction."

"Mr. Thomas," says Jerry humbly, "it's all my fault. I made some crack to these girls about them comin' up here."

But Churchill is standing there looking at me, and listen, boy and girl friends, my heart begins to beat from the bottom up. For his look holds the light that every girl hopes to see and seldom does.

"I hope none of you go," he says. "I've found the best bodyguard I ever had in my life." He takes a step toward me. "Please don't go," he begs.

Love at first sight? I don't know how it works for others, but I know what it did to me. At that moment I seem to float right up toward the ceiling with joy.

"I could camp here forever!" I cry.

"You know," he says, and the whole talk seems to narrow down to us two, "that plan you suggested about the orchard being closed has its points!"

Yes, he kissed me that night and later he and I had our honeymoon there. Lads and lassies, it exceeded even my wildest dreams of what a honeymoon could be.

Seena and Jerry had theirs in Asbury Park. Yes, my girl friend married her odd admirer. She only stood the woodland life a week. Then she took the little automobile back to the drug store clerk, and Jerry went along with her and they were married a few days later.

What did Churchill need with a bodyguard? He had me!

My Vacuum Cleaner

[Continued from page 63]

more or less at Leon's invitation and we sat down in the living room to think. Leon seemed on the whole a little sleepy.

"I'm afraid I woke you up," I ventured, sipping my highball.

"Oh, not at all," he replied with a yawn. "I really consider it a compliment that you came to me first."

"No," I insisted. "I'm afraid I woke you up."

Finally Leon had an idea. "I tell you what," he said.

"What?" I replied.

"The trouble is," he announced, "that you probably haven't got the right kind of dirt on your rug."

"How do you mean?"

"Well," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "I'll bet you haven't got the dirt which is most suitable for your type of machine."

It seemed like a very interesting idea.

"Maybe you're right," I muttered.

"Of course I'm right," said Leon and with that he went into the next room and came back with a handful of black dirt such as is often seen in flower pots.

"Now here," said Leon, convincingly, "is probably just the right kind of dirt. You take this upstairs, put it on your rug, start your vacuum cleaner and see what happens.

If it is the right kind, I'll let you have a lot more tomorrow."

I got up, knocking over my highball glass and took the dirt.

"Leon," I said, "this is certainly mighty nice of you."

"Not at all," he replied, holding open the outside door, "always glad to help a friend."

"That's what you are," I said, "a true friend."

I found myself in the hall and walked slowly upstairs, taking particular care not to spill any of the precious dirt. When I reached my living room, I carefully did as Leon had directed. And then, with trembling hands, I turned on the motor and steered the cleaner toward the experimental spot. It reached the edge, hesitated and then passed slowly over. After a minute I looked back. The dirt had disappeared.

"Thank God," I murmured and putting down the vacuum cleaner without even bothering to shut it off I rushed out and down to Leon's room. I rang the bell again and again. For some reason he did not answer. I rang again and then decided to tell him in the morning.

In the morning, when I finally woke up, the vacuum cleaner was still running. So I shut it off and fed the cat.



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You, My Beloved

[Continued from page 39]

what exquisite boredom would such messages be received by a man who openly yawned at his easiest victories! So that with the arrival of cold, clear daylight, many of them thankfully found their ultimate destination in the waste basket.

In February you wrote:

My Beloved.

Nothing I can ever say can excuse my conduct towards you, nor can I ever hope to make up to you for all your misery and suffering which my neglect has caused. E. knows your handwriting and is highly suspicious that something is up between us two, so will you in the future post your letters to me at Riddings, The Studio, Oxford, so that I can get it when I go there on Friday mornings.

If, however, you write to me here will you disguise your handwriting and post your letter outside your own neighborhood and then all will be well. I hate this subterfuge but I don't want to cause more people pain than I can help. God knows I've caused you enough as it is, beloved one.

E.'s suspicions have been one of the reasons why I have not written before. She has nothing to go on except that she knows your writing but I, who know her so well, am perfectly certain that she has that amazing intuition that something is up, which is only possessed by women of a jealous nature like hers. Though I owe her nothing she is mine in the eyes of the world and as such must be considered. So that's that and we'll forget it.

My darling, I had given up hope before your letter came. I thought I had killed the dearest part of me by my enforced silence but hoped in your amazing wisdom you would understand and forgive. As to our meeting, can it ever happen again, I wonder. I feel E. is so suspicious that even a journey to London by myself would arouse all her faculties for trying to find out things. As a matter of fact, she and I are staying with John's people in London from next Tuesday till Thursday morning but it only makes things worse, doesn't it? However, I'm not going to give up hope. I've had a tentative offer to sing in London, which, if it comes off, may open a way for us, and be sure, my beloved, that I shall miss no opportunity.

Your adoring R.

As always your handwriting set me on the highest pinnacle of joy, and this letter beyond all others injected me reassuringly with all the hope and vitality which had evaporated from my weary grown spirit during those months of waiting for with it came the divine discovery that you trusted as well as loved me. You had allowed your trust and love to sprawl across the page in great blazoning letters and it made me feel small and beautiful and unworthy and very, very proud.

For two days you would be in London. I wondered blissfully which part of those days we should spend together. Or both, perhaps? Of course, assuredly. The telephone would ring Tuesday about lunch time and you would say, "I shall be with you in an hour." Or would it be Wednesday evening, bidding me to meet you and dine? I would wear pink, the new pale coral chiffon which shaded to apricot and slim pink satin shoes with ridiculous diamond studded high heels and I would manage pearls somehow, if I had to beg, borrow or steal them. I didn't dare to look forward quite to those hours we should be together. It was so unimportant whether I lived or died after-

wards. And so I waited for a word.

Never very far from the telephone, never daring to be too glad or too despairing. Just trying to keep balanced to prevent my quivering thoughts from beating a ragtime on nerves which jumped like netted goldfish. Waiting with the telephone, when a loved voice is at the other end of it, is like waiting with a ghost in the room; one daren't stretch out one's hand to touch it, one daren't even speak to it; one can only feel its disturbing presence and tremble at the thought of what may happen in the next few seconds. And yet, if only one had the courage! My eyes wandered to that small black stand, dealer in messages of birth and death, rapture and despair. One grab of the receiver and all doubts and uncertainties would vanish. At least one would be assured of the quality of one's hell.

I waited all the day.

At half past six, Muriel Lake rang up to know the address of my dentist. I don't suppose she'll ever speak to me again. After that I just said, "No, she's gone to Africa," to everybody. At nine o'clock the operator said, "You're through to a call office," and later, "Sorry you've been troubled; they've gone away now."

At four o'clock, Wednesday, some one in the next flat began to sing, "I love the Moon." There were creamy roses, too, on the piano. Why do scents and voices and tunes always insist on opening the wounds of our memories? The darkness was closing in upon the day. So little time left to dress now even if—

On Thursday I said to myself, "Perhaps after all you hadn't come up."

The thought whipped sharply across my bruised senses and brought a thin rag of comfort with it.

That night Jill phoned me and said, "I thought I saw Richard walking along Sloane Street yesterday morning with a tall, dowdy woman but it couldn't have been, could it?"

I found myself answering, "I don't know," in a dim, toneless voice.

I wanted a fire, a hole to creep into and an assurance that soon the floor and ceiling would stop dipping in that curious way.

AFTER days of personal lassitude in which life tasted like sawdust in my mouth, and happiness seemed annihilated forever, I wrote asking you how you dared to be within a ten minutes' taxi ride of me for two whole days and never send me a word. It was incredible that you could do this thing. Would it not have been more human to have omitted to mention that you were coming up if you had not intended moving heaven and earth to give us a few hours together?

I imagined that you would say that you were not able to find a moment alone, but apparently you could not call your soul your own, and it was a ridiculous position for a grog up married man to be placed in and I could not understand you of all men allowing it. You talked of your wife's claims! Did you not know that when two people had ceased loving each other, claims, except monetary ones, no longer existed?

It seemed it was useless to dream about a time when things would be different. They never would be. We never saw each other; we might be living on different planets. I was tired of loving a bundle of ghostly memories. It was seven months since you'd been anything but that and though I'd never forgotten the smallest moment with you, I couldn't go on shadow worshipping

forever. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't. I seemed unneeded and alone. Alone in that peculiar solitude of mind when present grief cannot be lightened by prospective future joy, when dark thoughts dip and circle and finally sink into a well of hopelessness beyond belief. Robin had no need of me. He was happy, analyzing, experimenting with test tubes and bottles, his long slender fingers busy and absorbed, gray eyes fixed on some bubbling crucible.

It was Sunday morning.

I looked in at what had once been a perfectly good spare bedroom and was now a conglomeration of strange and awesome machines, bottles, tubes, instruments and photographic plates, with Blotto mingling very happily with the rest. "Busy?" I asked.

Robin said, "No!" politely and threw me a smile. I knew he was very busy.

"Would you like me to come out or do anything to amuse you?"

"Of course not. I'm past being amused."

"Not enjoying life?"

"Like fun I'm enjoying it!"

Robin's busy fingers stopped.

"If only you wouldn't put the wrong things first! You get all your values mixed up."

"Oh! What do you put first, my pretty dear?"

Robin hesitated a moment, then said, "Oh, ambition, I suppose."

"Well, I may have a nice little ambition, too, tucked away somewhere where nobody can never see it."

"Oh, not that kind of ambition."

"What kind, then, my superior pet?"

"Work. With most of your interest and hopes in it."

"Work! What would you like me to do?"

THERE'S lots of things you can do if you want to," he said. "Learn to get a real backhand and become a tennis player instead of a mediocre one. Write a novel. You could, they tell me. Practise! You never touch the piano now. What about that Nocturne by Thing-a-me-bob? You were mad on it for a week——"

"I know but I found I cheated. Scriabine wrote it for the left hand and I caught myself putting in all the difficult bits with my right. It didn't seem to matter somehow. And anyway you can't let that sort of thing—parlor tricks—absorb you completely."

"Why not? Better than those you do!"

That was rather brutal. I kissed the top of Blotto's head. "Your father's a strange being, darling, though I rather envy him; he's so complete unto himself, complacent and utterly unrebellious."

A tender irony covered Robin's mouth. "Because I'm not forever crying for the unattainable?"

"Or because your spirit of defiance has been only immaturely developed? No, it is not that, either, just that you're not greedy; I am. So terribly. I love wearing beautiful shimmering clothes and knowing white and gold luxury. I feel an ever stirring resistance against becoming old and ugly and unwanted. I hate routine. I want excitement and love always. I can't bear the thought of losing anything I've once had," I cried.

I found Robin looking at me with that amused smile which he usually wore when I threatened to become intense and Latinish. I felt rather as though he had caught me out in some gaucherie of manner. Metaphorically using the wrong kind of knife and fork!

"Oh, can't you blow me into little bits with those old tubes and acids of yours and put me together again as a nice lady elephant, a blonde for choice! Now that really would be an enterprising experiment! Think of all the people who would make

perfectly charming companions as pets but who are wholly intolerable as human beings!"

"I know," laughed Robin. "I always used to imagine I was doing that to myself as a kid."

I loved to think of Robin as a baby. He must have been such an intriguing one.

"It was when we had a long night nursery between the three of us, D'Aula and Pop and me, and my cot was nearest to the fire, so that if I leaned over I could see right into it and toast myself as I'd seen Napoleon do—Napoleon being a long suffering cat whom we all adored. So every night I slid over the side of the bed in the bedclothes, and lay there swinging and toasting and telling myself that I was a little cat in a hot bag on top of a mountain!"

"Why a little cat?"

"Oh, a kitten would have seemed babyish!"

"How old were you then?"

"Oh, about five."

Funny, I saw it all.

A SMALL and engaging Robin curling himself up in a ball suspended dangerously in a cocoon of bedclothes, which hung perilously over the side of the mountain, where pictures could be ecstatically gazed upon in the bright firelight. It was adventurous and immensely exciting to lie there swinging and toasting in one's little hot bag, snug and tight and warm, never quite knowing whether one's weight would try the strength of the sheets and blankets beyond endurance and one would surely be precipitated down the mountain with a speedy and alarming bump until reassurance came in the shape of a competent Nannie, who would declare that falling off mountains was all very well but the place for hot bags was in the middle of the bed, and not over the side if you please.

I saw even a smaller Robin, warm and sleepy and infinitely secure. Well, there might have been that, too.

And perhaps, later Marygold Ann.

Why not? She would have Robin's gray eyes and serious challenging mouth and my absurd, imaginative mind. Well, she might do any amount of damage with those combined inflictions. Poor little devil.

Sternly I removed Robin and Marygold Ann by the dream scruff of their dream necks.

My heritage of misery should not be handed down to any young Robins or Marygold Anns.

Panic stricken I turned to Robin.

"We didn't really want babies and things, did we, Robin?"

But Robin was saying softly to himself, "Damnation! I believe I've run out of lime."

He had a way of shutting the door on fruitless lamentations.

Towards the end of March I heard from you again. I read that letter in the exquisite freshness of a gossamer spring morning, a day when new life and scent were pulsing out of the earth and wind, and there were crocuses and tulips and daffodils veiled in a film of green silverish mist and pale sunshine.

You, who know what that letter contained, will understand how that first day of spring will be forever branded on my memory. I shall never again look upon yellow buds pushing their way out of the earth without seeing them broken and discolored, without my heart missing a beat and my mind reverting to perplexed shame and ecstasy.

Was that the letter of a man to a woman whom he did not love, whom he had never loved? Was it? Was it? Does a man reveal his innermost soul, strip naked his most cherished thoughts, unlock his closest

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secret to any but a deeply loved fellow creature, one to whom he is prepared to give perfect understanding, compassion and sympathy in return? Was it not irrevocable, that letter? Had you ever given any woman greater proof of your devotion and your trust? Had you? To me it was more binding than any marriage tie; it made me more exquisitely and immortally yours than ever before.

How shall I then describe the torture of those next months of waiting? April, May and June sped their way in blazing sunshine. The gardens, noisy with bees and the scent of flowers, golden heat all around. I alone remaining untouched by it, unawakened to the life and joy of summer. Only my unkindled love lived on, chained to my ever wandering images of you.

I was waiting for you to come and mesmerize me to life, for your voice to accelerate me and shake out some of the pain of this unutterable longing for you, which threatened to crucify me in its slow death. Was I to spend all my life waiting?

I was stripped of every rag of pride and I wrote you something of what I was enduring. Each word had been pressed out of misery and despair and a great overwhelming craving for you. Letters! What end do they serve, except to give birth to a groan of boredom, a smile of indulgence or bitter tears. Why are we not brave enough to carry our agony in our hearts, and not let it drip about in ink and paper?

It seemed incredible that you could not find a way out, that we could not meet for a swift flash of moments.

How could I believe you were tiring with those life giving letters of yours breathing of your love and faith? How could I?

ONE morning towards the end of June I found myself in the train steaming down to Oxford.

I couldn't bear it any longer. I had to know one way or the other. And you were always to be found at Riddings on Fridays, the studio at which I addressed my letters to you.

I rode through that narrow busy High Street with its swarms of jolly looking hatless boys swinging along with linked arms and my thoughts went hopping about like restless flowers, planting doubts as to whether you would be prepared to show your joy at seeing me, swaying in the wind of uncertainty.

Anyway, in two minutes I should see you. That was the only thing in the world that mattered. In two small minutes! What a jolly morning it was and what a gay adorable place was Oxford. Beautiful and pulsing in the sunshine and full of lurking adventure. I paid the driver and walked—was this treading on air walking—through Riddings door, which tinkled a merry little bell as I closed it, and up to the music counter, where a fuzzy haired lady all bangles and bows and Roger and Gallet eyed me coldly.

"Yes?" she demanded.

I kept my balance and asked for you.

"Not here," she replied and turned her back.

I'd played charades before, and the word here was obviously tact. I let her see what a nice set of real teeth I had. "Oh, there must be some mistake; he's here every Friday, you know. Perhaps you would kindly send in my name."

She fixed me with an oh-lord-give-me-patience look.

"I tell you he's not here; finished last Friday. Don't you know the long vacation started this week?" I think she would have liked to add, "You poor fish."

I felt like a brightly colored penny balloon and somebody had suddenly come along with a pin.

Then for the first time she looked at

me and became suddenly quite human. "Can I send a message? I have his address."

"No, thanks," I spoke, "it doesn't matter; it's not of the least importance." My voice sounded like something that had just died.

I suppose the bell tinkled as I went out. I didn't hear it. I suppose the sun was still warm. I didn't feel it. Well, love was like that; you put out your hand to touch it and it shot clean away from you.

Across the way was The Mitre. I dropped in there and sat down in a dim corner of the lounge.

FATE seemed to have a malicious pleasure in dealing me knockout blows. Why, when you had been there for twelve consecutive Fridays, should I have chosen this particular one to come and see you? The Friday that the long vacation started, as that fuzzy haired female had said. What did I know about long vacations anyway?

Well, I wasn't finished yet. But how to get at you? You were not on the phone. A telegram? Of course, a telegram. Yes, but there was that Edith of yours and anybody was entitled to open telegrams. I couldn't somehow hear her saying, "Richard, your little Funny is waiting for you. Hurry and I'll pick some flowers for you to take to her," or even, "There's a poor woman dying for you at The Mitre. Better go and see what you can do."

So the telegram was sent in Van Thompson's name. You'd often stayed with him and sung together at concerts. I felt sure he wouldn't mind his name being used to save somebody's life and I'd tell him one day how I'd borrowed it and ask his pardon.

Then I went back and played my old familiar waiting game.

It was lunch time, so I lunched. Assuredly for no other reason. Was it really cold lamb and salad and cherry pie and cream that I ate? It tasted like straw and sawdust. The luncheon room was very full and everybody talked a lot and looked excited and happy. They all seemed to have mothers or brothers or lovers with them.

After lunch I sat in the lounge opposite the front entrance. Somebody brought me coffee. I don't remember ordering it.

Was it only three hours I sat there, turning over the pages of last month's Tattler and watching people go in and out of that front entrance, people with tall dark figures and your kind of voice? It seemed thousands and thousands of centuries.

At five o'clock I crawled back to the station. How could I have thought Oxford beautiful; it was ugly, graceless and stupid.

For three weeks after that painful journey, sodden with depression I drooped about the flat with less life in me than a wad of cotton wool. I seemed to have forgotten how to look forward or be glad. I was spiritually crumpled. The heat was intense; the streets smelled of wood blocks, petrol, and horses, and I couldn't look at a butcher's or fishmonger's shop without feeling that I never wanted another meal again. Even the vegetables looked dejected, and the fruit colorless and dusty. For no reason at all I would often find tears starting to my eyes.

Robin watched me with eyes very like Blotto's when he's stolen a bone. Poor dear, I often succeeded in tying up his days, too, with crape bows. For some obscure reason he was always infected by my moods and consequently for the last few weeks he had whistled with painstaking and tuneless persistency. A sure sign of despondency in Robin.

It was almost with relief that I saw him packing up for St. Margaret's. I would join him later.

Jill declared no man on earth was worth stopping in London for in this heat and

she could send on the brute's letters to me.

I heard myself actually laughing. I hadn't laughed for years. Jill could always inject me with some of her own vitality. She was one of those people who, when you are with them, set the blood tingling like a quick walk on a frosty day.

"Just exactly how long is it since you've seen this lover of yours?" she asked.

"Just exactly one year."

She lit a cigarette and surveyed me. "My heavens, what faithfulness!" she exclaimed.

"A curse, isn't it?" I laughed. "Just the one thing a man never forgives."

"Why, in heaven's name, don't you cut it out? Is it any good to you seeing him once in a while like this? It's not civilized to suffer so intensely."

I knew she was right, yet how could I cut you out of my life? You were in my blood, part of me, the most vital part of me; it would be like amputating a limb the loss of which would leave me helpless my world sunless, starless.

"It's better than nothing," I replied. "Besides, he'd never really let me go; he'd only pretend to as he's always done before. However long we'd been separated, however far I'd run away from him, I should always find myself lassoed back either by a letter of the careless vagabond type at which he so excels or a prearranged chance meeting ending with fervent 'if onlys' and 'd' you remembers.' It would be the same thing all over again."

"Yes, but you're dying of him! To let a man's personality absorb you so completely! Why, it's a crime that one person should have so great an effect on another! He's spoiling your life."

To Jill there were no half values, no glamour in the far away preciousness of hidden things. Opening drawer after drawer filled with radiant memories would never intrigue Jill. One might have affairs; intrigues even might be encouraged; but to admit that one had a heart, that was altogether too tiresome.

So until August.

YOU, who for reasons best known to yourself allowed that anniversary of ours, that August day and night, to pass without a sign or word, will know nothing of what I endured, of how I came up to London with my heart full of joy and happy expectations, promising myself in the train, "There will be a letter at the flat," and later, "There will be a phone message to-night."

But there was no letter, no message.

You, who possessed a positive genius for amputations, preferred to perform your operations without the help of anaesthetics. Even then, I felt sure that something would happen, that you would dash up at the last moment and we should laugh the whole thing over, that there would be an end to these tormenting hours and our laughter would wipe out the nightmare of this hideous waiting. Had not the whole year been pivoted on the thoughts of this blessed August day? Had I not borne those long months, laughed without joy, eaten without tasting, marking time and living only in the thought that each departed hour would bring us a little nearer?

I held out my empty arms while the silences beat against my heart and the hours dragged on.

Later, I wrote you, "I am desperately unhappy, in abject misery and implore your help. For the sake of everything you hold dear, send me a word or let me know where I can see you. Richard, on my knees I entreat you not to fail me. You, who have so much understanding, understand and hear me now, for there is no one in the whole world who can help me but you."

I received no reply to this. Not one single word.

Then, only then did I realize that all I had lived for had been of no account and with this merciless comprehension came the worst hours I have ever known.

I had lived for this love of you. From the first hour I had known you so many years ago it had come swooping down on me in a swamping and engulfing tide. My marriage had brought a small respite till you came and caught me up in it again, in a fiercer grip than ever with your promises of faith, devotion and eternal love. Your vows had been the very meaning of my life.

I had often been broken with the strain of waiting but always the warm thought that you cared had made the long stretches of loneliness bearable, lifting me to a small heaven of my own. You had been so curled round my heart, the root of you so deeply embedded that extrication was not possible.

ALL these years, how they rolled back, showing the gay slime of mockery where I had only seen a bright blaze of light. There had been no light nor beauty. Grief transmuted to understanding at last forced me to acknowledge this. My mouth was full of cobwebs and strange ghosts jeered at me, ghosts of all those dead, stupid years. Why had I treasured the bloom of all those years for so long? They had seemed sacred but now all the sweetness had gone. They were cold and barren with the coldness of death. They had never really been different; it was only my love that had blown a little warmth into them.

I had written, "I implore your help—"

And still you could refuse me a sign, would not put out your hand to lift from me this weight of despair and suffering.

Had you sent one word explaining that you had tired, that you had promised your wife never to see me again I should have understood. In all those years had I ever shown you that I would willingly have given you a moment's distress, a second's boredom? Was I the sort to try and rekindle a flame which had been extinguished? Had you the right to think this of me?

Had I not always been glad of the time we had been able to enjoy together, ready to stand aside when important interests took you out of my life, your engagement, your marriage, grateful only for the small sweet hours you were sometimes able to give me? I had been so easily satisfied. You had given me such a Spartan upbringing, taught me to expect so very little. To have seen you once or twice a year, a word or so from you in between, and for the rest, just remembering. Surely you could not have grudged me that much.

And here was I, holding out my hands to you for a shred of pity, one word to tell me the reason of your silence, to lift me out of this hell of suspense, and you refused it. O God, to whom was I to turn if not to you? In a splintering string of tears, my thoughts circled round. You had left me last August with magical promises, actually carrying out my light and life and flinging them into the nearest dust bin.

You had written me heart lifting, wondrous letters, assuring me of your love and devotion, entrusting me with your innermost soul's secret. Could I have greater proof of your faith? What motive could you have for bandaging my eyes to the fact that you were satiated? You, who had never hesitated to inflict wounds; you, who were mercilessly truthful where your own feelings were concerned. Was all I had learned of your character, of your temperament to avail me nothing now? How was I to understand the complex of a nature which could do this thing, could be so relentless in its cruelty, so utterly callous; could watch, with dispassionate eyes, the trickle of agony which slowly dripped from out of my heart?

From the moment I realized you were



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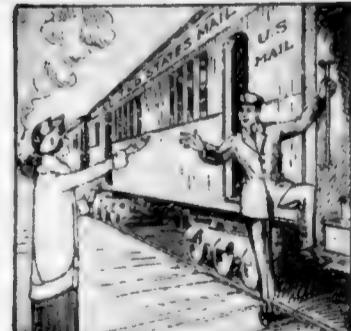
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not going to reply to that last pitiful and useless entreaty of mine, my mind was jerked forward into the coming years, and I knew what the future held for me.

With a clearness of vision that penetrated through the stretch of time, I saw myself getting older, plainer, less and less attractive and clinging without dignity or courage to the vain hope that some day you would write or see me. To sit through the months and wait like some starved, middle-aged virgin spinster hugging the thought of a phantom lover, which existed piteously only in her imagination.

Years after, coming across a packet of yellowed and dim letters, we might have a tolerant smile, as we flung them in the fire and said, "That old affair! What a blasted fool I was; I forgot how it ended—" Well, it shouldn't finish like that. Not if I could help it. Dear God, it shouldn't.

It had been fine and clean and brave all along. I would smash it to bits, rather than let it become small and mean and musty. I would smash it until it was utterly broken and destroyed. There would be an end to these battering, bruising heights and depths, and hellish silences and lacerating reunions. I would grind up every memory I had of you.

For a month I threw myself into a fever of gaiety. Gaiety! theaters, dances, night clubs. I went to them all. Dragging Robin with me. I dashed about in a frenzy of hilarious excitement. I allowed Jill to show me the hectic night life of Chelsea. I went

to studios where slim flat chested young things, with mannish heads and manners, lolled against effeminate, sweater clad youths, where cocktails and brandy and indifferent champagne were tossed down in tumblers, and the practice of sniffing "snow" was an old-world pastime, where, according to the swing of the age, everybody had an air of being involved, brittle and pertly cruel. Oh, the boredom of it!

Was this the only way in which one could lie down and be trampled in the mud of forgetfulness?

"You see, there are worse things than an unsatisfactory love affair," grinned Jill, who was badly in debt.

"Are there?" I replied. "Well, I expect I'll have to wait till I get to hell to find them."

Then one day I knew; this misery was to be with me all my life; it would stick to me like a shadow—ghosts, ghosts and memories all the time, in trains, in busses. The outline of your face was smudged on the window panes. In a crowded room, your voice would whisper in my ear, "Little old Funny!" And suddenly I thought how peaceful it would be to die. Never to wake up again to these mornings of bruised and crushed humiliation, this leaden weariness.

It seemed such an easy way out. Not to be hurt any more by you. Not to have to struggle to get through the days. Not to pray that the nights might end, the long, dark, weary nights, where ghosts came more thickly than in the light. Robin?

Well, Robin would be better off without

me. Robin, who always gave and gave and received nothing in return. Yet he had courage enough not to drag around looking wild and hungry, lashing himself to frenzy on thin spun memories. Dear Robin, happily escaping every assault of experience, knowing nothing of this ferment of life that simmered unceasingly and demolished at a gulp the whole joy of living.

It would be so good to just sleep and sleep and never wake again. I had forgotten how to sleep now. Something was always clawing at me, murdering sleep. I turned over the small glass bottle of veronal tablets; it felt sweet and cool against my burning skin. There would be a long, deep, quiet sleep. No more pain. No more empty, hungry bitterness reaching through torn channels of unutterable longings. Just rest. I swallowed eight tablets and drank a tumblerful of water.

I closed my eyes. How not to feel terrified? Was this dying, this rather pleasant rush of warmth stealing over my body?

Strange palpitations coming from my heart but that of course was because I was frightened. Mustn't get frightened—no panic—just close my eyes again—not struggle—give myself up to that curious sense of warmth and far awayness—floating now—comfortable to float—I was light—so light—there were purple beams resting on purple beams—so airily. Lightly I had touched the ceiling, shot gently upwards—always upwards, floating—no sounds, only a lifting upwards—

I NEEDED peace so much. It would be so good never to have to wait any more for a letter that did not come! Oh, surely I would find rest this way! But I didn't. I'll tell you in October SMART SET how I was pulled back to the torment of life again

I Knew Him When—

[Continued from page 46]

vanity. When he died, an old man, I am certain that he had no more sincere mourner than I. I miss him yet with his courtly manners, his rich inflections, his little mannerism which, with countless rehearsals, had become a natural part of him.

One afternoon we were having a round of drink together in a corner of the club tap-room. He had discussed this and that and the other thing, when all at once his mood became confidential. He bent towards me, his voice lowered:

"I wonder," he said, "if I could so far presume upon your good nature as to ask a very great favor?"

I told him I'd be very glad to serve him in any way possible.

"I want you," he said, "to read some manuscripts and then privately give me your opinion as to their merits."

"Are you writing your reminiscences?" I asked, jumping at a conclusion.

"Oh, no," he said. "I am an actor, or was one before I retired. I do not set myself up as a writer or as a critic of writing. But you are a literary man and so—"

"Pardon me," I broke in. "I make a living at writing. I fancy I might be called a journeyman at my trade. But Heaven forbid that I should ever be called a literary man."

"Have it your own way," he said. "At any rate you are a writer. Now, I have a son, a young man, a very young man in fact, who also wants to be a writer, a playwright. He's just an amateur, of course, but he has written some one-act things, sketches, I suppose you might call them, or playlets and I have read them and I am puzzled to know what to make of them. And without saving anything about it to my son, I'm going to bring those scripts

down here to you and get you to read them, and strictly between ourselves, to give me your honest opinion of their merits, provided you think they have any merits."

"Hadn't you better take them to some regular dramatist?" I said. "I've never tried my hand at play writing but once, which was a mistake. I collaborated with another man in a thing which we fondly fancied was a drama and we actually found a manager feeble-minded enough to produce it. But I can show you a sheaf of clippings from papers, following the first night, clippings in which the leading reviewers of New York City unite, without a single dissenting voice, in the conclusion that I don't know the least little thing about writing a play.

"A lot of people assume that because a man can write short stories or articles or even novels that he should be able to write plays, too, but I want to tell you that story writing and play writing are two entirely dissimilar callings. It's like expecting that a hen which lays eggs should also lay bricks. True, both are laying operations but they call for the exercise of entirely different organic processes. And, according to my way of looking at it, the same thing applies to writing plays and writing stories. So I'm suggesting that you ask for a criticism of your boy's work from some recognized dramatist."

"I don't want to do that and for a reason," said the old gentleman. "You see these maiden efforts of his are so entirely different from such plays as I have read in my lifetime, and I've read a great many, that I'm afraid a professional playwright might laugh at them. I want the opinion of an outsider, so to speak. Will you read them and then, in confidence give me your reactions?"

I told him I would. A few days later,

with rather the guilty air of an elderly conspirator, he put in my hand the typewritten copies of three one-act plays, and I retired to a nook of the writing room and read them through.

Reading them, I could readily understand why the senior O'Neill had been puzzled by the handicraft of his son. He had been used to the bombastic heroics, the artificial romance of Victorian drama, whereas here was a realism so vigorous, a style so terse, a method so revolutionary and so abrupt as to be absolutely startling.

I reread the playlets a second time, slowly, and then I went over to where that dear old man, with a strained nervous look on his face, was awaiting my verdict.

"Mr. O'Neill," I said, "here's what I think. I think this son of yours must be a man of tremendous vision, tremendous vigor. I don't believe I ever saw so much power, so much raw strength compressed within so short a compass. Why, these things are little breathing wriggling slices cut out of life. But if this is to be his style, I honestly don't believe your son can ever hope to have any success as a playwright. All I can see ahead of him is heart-break and disappointment. Because, should he find a producer willing to put them on, which seems to me highly doubtful, I don't believe the critics will like his work and I'm morally sure the public will never accept it."

He thanked me with an air which I interpreted as acquiescence in my good judgment and put the scripts in his pocket and went away.

I wonder whether Eugene O'Neill, who I have never met, knows that I read the first of his plays before they ever reached a manager's desk and that, in the prophetic rôle, I predicted the American people would decline to accept him as a dramatist!

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AGE 18 TO 55

Ten Darlings of Broadway

[Continued from page 29]

She went to agents and applied for jobs in Broadway productions. If she was lucky, they gave her a bit in a Holyoke stock company. She wasn't lucky often.

Dorothy did not crave the big things of Broadway. She did not want her name in lights. Well, perhaps we shouldn't go so far as to say that. She might have wanted it, but she was willing to start from the very bottom. All she asked for was a small part in a Broadway production with her picture in front of the house.

This was really very little to ask of Fate. But Fate is an obstinate bird sometimes and it couldn't see its way clear to give her a tiny break. It would not even grant her that picture in front of a Broadway theater. So, after two or three years of struggling and battling, Dorothy gave up.

In the early part of December, 1926, she was found dead in a hotel alleyway. She had killed herself. They carted her away. She had paid a commission to an agency for the last time.

SOME two weeks later, a new play opened on Broadway. During one of the intermissions, I strolled about the lobby and looked upon the pictures on the walls. One of them was Dorothy Smollar.

Investigation disclosed the fact that the girl had worked in that play for a scant day. On that day, pictures had been taken. She had been dismissed the following day, but her photographs still remained.

Dorothy Smollar's ambition had been realized. On an opening night, her picture had adorned the walls of a Broadway theater. But she never knew about it.

Imogene Wilson. She came to New York around 1922 and she will always live in my memory as one of the most beautiful creatures that ever struck the phoney boulevard.

She drifted here from Louisville, Kentucky, where she had been born and educated. A musical show or two and the summer of 1924 found her acting as just another blonde prop in the temple of Ziegfeld beauty.

For twelve reasons Imogene Wilson was receiving more than the usual quota of publicity. The first reason was that the publicity man for that attraction was badly smitten with her. The other eleven do not matter. Imogene didn't seem to give a hang for him but the publicity man never stopped trying, working on the theory, no doubt, that where there's a Wilson, there's a way.

As a matter of fact, Imogene gave a hang for nobody but a comedian named Frank Tinney. With several millionaires currying her favors—and what favors they were!—she cared for no one but Frank Tinney, the funny man. They would certainly have been married but for one unfortunate circumstance. He already had a wife and a child and his wife was very healthy.

Suddenly came a scandal. Imogene ran from her home one rainy night in May and proceeded to tell the world that Frankie had walloped the daylights out of her. He had come in drunk, she said, and found fault with her. Home brew, she claimed, had made home bruises.

Imogene told all the reporters just what had happened. She told them that she still loved her Frankie but that she was going to have him punished. And if there is anything paradoxical about that, don't blame it all on Broadway.

At that time Imogene had practically been chosen as Douglas Fairbanks' next

leading lady. With this scandal wrapped around her, the odds were a million to one that the contract would be cancelled. But Imogene didn't care.

"I love him," she cried in those happy days. "I love him. I want the whole world to know how he's treated me. I want the whole world to know that I love him. I don't care what happens to me. He's the only thing in the world I care for."

Time passed and the little girl from Louisville grew wiser. True, she followed her man to England after her case against him was dismissed but she grew wiser nevertheless.

She stayed away from America for more than two years. When she came back I met her at the boat and I soon discovered that another Ziegfeld beauty had turned into a very shrewd and cautious lady.

"How do you do?" she cooed at the time. "I have been most studious while I've been abroad. I studied various philosophies and I also concentrated on familiarizing myself with ancient Grecian architecture.

"Tinney? You mean Frank Tinney? Please do not mention that name to me. Please do not insult me."

Today, out in Hollywood, Imogene Wilson is working her way toward stardom under the name of Mary Nolan. She was recently given a five-year contract by Universal. She has performed a remarkable feat by living down a Broadway scandal that kept her on the front pages for many a day.

She is a success. More power to her.

JOYCE HAWLEY. She looked for success on the stage. She found it in a bathtub. But when the bathtub was emptied she vanished.

Daughter of a Lithuanian butcher, Joyce Hawley came to town from Chicago. She doubtless had dreams of being another Mary Eaton for she applied for jobs in various choruses while a huge blonde wig adorned her hat-rest. But neither the wig nor her ambitions meant a thing. She couldn't land a chorus job.

Finally came a party. It was a party that started harmlessly enough but wound up in a sensational trial that sent a famous producer to Atlanta in order to cool his spurs for a while.

Earl Carroll was the producer. For ten dollars he hired Joyce Hawley to sit in an innocent little bathtub without so much as a fig leaf to cover her. It was something "nude" in the line of entertainment.

There isn't much use telling you details about that party. You doubtless remember the lurid facts that were set forth in all their front page attractiveness. And you doubtless remember the trial that made out-of-towners throw up their hands and wonder what New York was coming to.

Oh, yes. Joyce had her tiny hour of triumph! The Supreme Court was her stage and she starred there for two hours. True, she starred for but one performance but she hit those front pages for all she was worth. And out in Chicago, a Lithuanian butcher dropped his meat axe for an hour and threw out his chest with pride when reporters crowded around him for information. His daughter was a success in New York.

But Joyce Hawley had neither the ability nor the good fortune of Imogene Wilson. Plenty of jobs were offered to her but she found none of them fitting to a lady who had starred in Supreme Court.

"Why don't you take that burlesque

offer?" somebody asked her after the trial. "What?" she cried indignantly. "Burlesque, indeed! Do you want me to ruin my reputation?"

So Joyce Hawley, after a few weeks in musical comedy, went back to the obscurity from whence she had risen in a bathtub. She has remained there ever since.

BARBARA STANWYCK. When she first saw the light of day, her name was Ruby Stevens. To go upon the stage, she didn't have as far to travel as some of the others. She came from the outskirts of Brooklyn. But, while that is not far in actual distance, it might be the Whangpoo River as far as the average Broadwayite is concerned.

She landed a job in one of the cabarets. The kid could dance like the very devil. She had a perfect little body. And there was no cabaret girl in town two years ago who had better looking limbs when they were encased in the sheerest of hose. That popular song, "Hose Baby Are You?" might have been dedicated to Ruby Stevens.

Then came the yawn. Ruby Stevens grew tired of working on crowded cabaret floors. She grew tired of men who poured drinks and then pawed her. She grew tired of gentlemen who thought she should be included in the cover charge. So Ruby Stevens went looking for dramatic work.

Just about that time, Willard Mack, the playwrighting actor, had completed a piece called "The Noose." One of the scenes in the play called for a number of girls to do a Black Bottom dance in a cabaret scene. Ruby Stevens applied for one of those positions.

When Mack saw her he took her aside. He talked to her. And when the play opened in New York, Ruby Stevens had become Barbara Stanwyck and was playing a little rôle in a big way. In a small rôle, she made her audiences cry. And when you can make them cry in New York, they will remember you long after the one who has made them laugh.

Today Barbara Stanwyck is the leading lady of "Burlesque," one of the season's greatest triumphs. After a scant year on the legitimate stage, she has achieved a success that thousands and thousands of other girls dream about but never realize.

Barbara Stanwyck is one of the miracles of show business. And it is just such a story as hers that makes so many, many girls come to New York to go upon the stage and sends them home again with broken hearts and narrowed eyes.

LOIS WILD. Known to all readers of the Sunday magazine sections of the newspapers as the prenatal child. Her mother always explained that she wanted her baby to be blonde. To be beautiful. To appreciate art. To love to dance. And various other things.

All these Mrs. Wild desired. And behold Lois! Before she was five years of age, she was the personification of all these things. As Mr. Ripley says, you can believe it or not.

At any rate, Lois was another girlie who did not have far to go when her mama determined upon a stage career for her. She lived on Long Island and she did not have far to stray from the old homestead in order to reach Broadway.

At the age of fifteen Lois was in the ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House. She had accomplished this without even so much as a tiny nod from Otto H. Kahn.

At the age of sixteen, Lois was on the next step of the ladder and whether that was a higher or a lower step, I will leave to your better judgment. For she had become just another girl who was casting kicks and "Moon in June" songs at Mr. Ziegfeld's none too select audiences.

On the occasion of a publicity stunt in Central Park, I rode with Miss Wild in a taxicab. It was mid-August and the day was as hot as the fade out in a Clara Bow picture. "Gee!" she cried suddenly. Wondering what had caused this sudden outburst of conversation, I looked over at her.

"What is it, Miss Wild?" I asked innocently.

"Gee!" she repeated, "I want to be a star. I want to be a big star like Marilyn Miller or somebody. That's what I want to be. A big star."

I assured her that she would be. All of which, I found out long ago, is the proper thing to do if one expects to get along with Follies girls.

A year after our little conversation, Lois betook herself to church one balmy morning and proceeded to tie herself to a gentleman who tooted a horn in an orchestra. She became Mrs. Leslie Sherriff and, as this article goes to press, she is still Mrs. Leslie Sherriff, I hope.

I had a letter from her a short while ago. The letter came from a small town in Nebraska. The name escapes me at the moment.

"Dear Mark," the letter read, "I'm living out here now with Leslie. It's really a very nice place except that it's very cold sometimes."

"Enclosed find a picture of our little baby. Her name is Marjorie. She's a year old now and very beautiful."

As I read the letter, I could not help but smile. For I was wondering if the mother of Lois, the prenatal child, had visited any small towns in Nebraska while she was wishing for her daughter to be a star of the stage.

Thus, for the time being, has ended the stage career of Lois Wild. She was not a success. But, with a baby and a husband who adores her, would you call her a failure?

MAE DAW. Just another blonde with beautiful eyes and golden curls. All I can tell you about Mae's early history is that she had a mother and came from Philadelphia.

Mae was one of the very few who didn't have to come to New York to go upon the stage. At the age of seventeen she sat in the gallery of a Philadelphia theater and watched the production of "Sally" unfold before her. She had seen no more than an hour of the show when she came to the conclusion that this was the life for her.

The following night found her applying for a job in the front of the house. They threw her out. She went around to the stage door. They threw her out even more quickly. Whereupon she did the best thing possible under the circumstances. She sat right down in front of that stage door and commenced to cry bitterly.

The producer of "Sally" stepped out of that stage door. He saw a very pretty thing crying very bitter tears through very blonde curls. He asked her the trouble. She told him. And when "Sally" left Philadelphia, Mae Daw was in the chorus.

Mae rose with leaps and bounds. It wasn't two seasons before shows were featuring her name along with others. She was spoken of as a new Marilyn Miller. She was standing on the threshold of big things when she went off and got married.

But Mae didn't pick a horn tooter. Nor did she, God forbid, pick a newspaper man. She chose Mr. Graveraet Young Kaufman, the son of the president of the Chatham and Phoenix bank. Which, you will admit, is not bad choosing.

Today Mae has everything that a millionaire's wife can desire. But those who are close to Mae tell me she is not as happy as she might be. They tell me that she yearns for the shuffling of the stage hands,

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the bustle of an opening night and the applause that is the very breath of life to every performer.

Thus, Mae Daw has beautiful automobiles, many servants and many jewels. Now would you call her a success?

PAULINE ARMITAGE. Nashville, Tenn., was her birthplace and Pauline Smith was her real name. At the age of eighteen she felt that her talents would be better appreciated in New York than they were in Nashville. So she ran away from home.

Once in the big town, Pauline Armitage followed the old, old formula. She visited all the dramatic agencies and registered with them. But Pauline was luckier than many of the others. Within six months she was working.

The career of Pauline Armitage was interesting if not sensational. She played leads in some shows and second leads in others. She played opposite Lowell Sherman in a production or two and was very much in demand as a stock actress. In 1926, at the age of twenty-six, she was playing an important part in the Irene Bordoni show, "Naughty Cinderella."

During the rehearsal period of this latter show, she fell in love. She fell in love with a Broadway character who is extremely well known. But whether he fell in love with her is a totally different question. There were those who said that they had been engaged, that he had broken their engagement and that this had broken her heart.

I met Pauline Armitage but once. And that meeting took place in the office of Murray Phillips, a dramatic agent. I was sitting with him in his office when she came in.

"Well, Pauline," cried Phillips in his best Broadway manner. "I have a great stock job for you in Toledo. Will you take it?"

"I don't know, Murray," she responded. "I'm feeling terribly tired these days. I don't think I will take that job. And maybe I won't bother you any more at all. I'm so tired."

She smiled as she said it. So did Phillips. So did I. These Broadway people are strange. No matter what they say, the safest thing to do is to smile vacantly.

But Pauline kept her word. Two weeks after that conversation she leaped from her hotel window one morning and plunged twelve stories to the street.

They put her in a box and sent her back to Mrs. Smith, her mother. They buried her as Pauline Smith. She had run away from home to go upon the stage but she had gone back home in the end.

NANCY CARROLL. A very pretty little girl with big eyes and a bouncing walk. She was one of two sisters who came to New York some five years ago to go upon the stage.

Nancy became a Shubert chorus girl. And what is worse, she fell in love. And what is still worse, she fell in love with a newspaper man. They were made man and wife until death did them part, perhaps.

The boy's name was Jack Kirkland. Jack had ideas that were different from those of most newspaper men. He didn't want his wife to work. So Nancy left the Shubert chorus and took up the business of becoming a mother. Jack continued his newspaper work. And strange as it may seem, they were as happy as two doves in the mating season.

About two years ago, Mr. Kirkland became a trifle weary of New York, for which one cannot blame him in the slightest degree. He bundled up his wife and baby and off they went to California.

Nancy Carroll's husband, for whom she had left the stage completely, became a scenario writer and we in the east became accustomed to seeing his name among the

movie notes. If any of us thought of Nancy Carroll, it was because we were glad for her sake that her husband was successful.

Suddenly, from out of the west, strange little stories began to creep into those movie notes. A girl named Nancy Carroll was playing the lead in a musical comedy called "Nancy." Then came another note. A girl named Nancy Carroll was playing Francine Larrimore's rôle in the coast production of "Chicago."

Some six months later came the most astounding note of all. Nancy Carroll had been chosen to play the lead in the motion picture version of "Abie's Irish Rose."

"Abie's Irish Rose" opened in New York and Nancy came east to appear at the première. When I met her on that occasion, I asked her how it felt to be a star.

"Just the same," she cried. "Do I seem any different to you? I still love my husband and I still love my baby. I hope that I always will."

Nancy Carroll is a success. A very great success.

JULIA BRUNS. She was a gorgeous creature. Had the largest and most perfect pair of flashing black eyes I have ever seen. Tall and stately, she was almost like a queen. Sweet to look upon and sweet to talk to.

Julia Bruns lived in a dark little house that overlooked the East River. The parlor, in which the interview took place, was dingy and gloomy. In a vessel on the table, some sort of incense was burning and it was horrible stuff. Two candles stood on a rickety mantelpiece and flickered feebly.

Julia had been on the dope. She said she was cured now. And she told me all about it.

"It happened over in Paris," she said. "I was leading woman for Arnold Daly and we were scheduled to open in two days.

"Suddenly came a cablegram from my sister in America. She had married without my consent and the man she had married was a man that I hated. I left my hotel and wandered around in a daze.

"I drank too much that night. Some woman called me into a ladies' room and handed me a white powder. 'Take it,' she said, 'you'll feel better.' I took it and I did feel better.

"And I kept taking those powders to feel better. I took them until I had to stop a year ago. But I'm off the stuff now."

James Montgomery Flagg had called her the most beautiful woman in America. She had been quite proud of it. So, too, were her folks back in the outskirts of St. Louis. She had played in this show and that until the big chance came. And the big chance was over in Paris with Arnold Daly.

Then came that cable from her sister.

"But," she cried, "I'm going back on the stage. The Shuberts have promised me a big part in one of their new productions. I'm going to sign with them because I'm through with dope forever."

Last Christmas eve a bloated, unkempt woman was found in a room in Greenwich Village. The only furnishings in that room were an empty gin bottle, a battered bed and a morphine needle.

The woman was Julia Bruns. She was dead. Dope, it seems, did have a hold on her after all.

Those, then, are just ten little stories of ten little girls. They are but ten of the estimated twenty thousand who come to New York each year to go on the stage.

I have written what I know. And although I have been around Broadway for a scant ten years, I know as much about the dreary thoroughfare as though I had been on it for two hundred and ten years.

I know as much as any man in the business. I know nothing.

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A Lady with Money

[Continued from page 27]

was in no way comparable to what Mr. Rockefeller will pass on. It would not have made it possible for Carlita to wallow in luxury for the rest of her life. It was merely a nice comfortable amount which would keep contented a sensible, level-headed girl who was not given to making ridiculously expensive gifts or indulging herself or her friends in champagne breakfasts. No, it was not a staggering amount of money but in Inwood where nobody was financially secure Carlita became a creature apart, the lady with money.

Carlita noticed the change. The trades' people insisted that they send everything to her house. They could not bear the thought of her carrying a box of Uneeda Biscuits. It must be sent. Carlita was not amused. She would grab the article out of the grocer's hands and fling the money down on the counter and stamp out. Without her change? No, Carlita knew the exact price of everything and always had the exact change. You see, Carlita was the type, level-headed and all that, who could live forever on Grandmother Egenhoff's money.

SHE had not shed a tear since that night in the drug store but she missed the old lady. Many a night she would look up from a book and her eyes would rest yearningly on the box of idle chess men.

She was an efficient person, a sensible person, so one night she said to herself, "Look here, you're getting old and morbid and yet you're not twenty-four. You'll have to get company for yourself or you'll be a very old lady in no time."

She realized that she had given too much of her time to her grandmother. She was not the sort who bellows over spilt milk but she wished that she had cultivated at least one friend.

When she was in the drug store again she spoke to Tommy O'Dell.

"Do you play chess?" she asked him.
"No, Miss Egenhoff."

"I'll teach you. Which night are you off?"
"Wednesday night."

"Come over at eight." He looked up at her. He wanted to smile in a friendly, sociable fashion but somehow the smile wouldn't come: she had such a frosty, unsmiling face. She held herself so proudly.

Carlita watched him as he tied up her bundle. Suppose he didn't come. It was so lonely in the big apartment. What was it you said in a careless, offhand manner that got people to come to your home? Perhaps if he knew what it was like to go night after night without anyone to talk to he would not disappoint her. She would tell him something of how it felt and make him promise to come.

"I—I," she began, "I'll try some of that powder, too." After all she was the last of the Egenhoffs.

Tommy and Carlita were playing chess. At least Carlita was playing chess. Tommy was moving chess men about. His instructor had told him to take all the time he wanted before his move. So Tommy obligingly stared at the board, counted two hundred very slowly to himself and changed the position of a bishop which had been doing nicely where it was.

"Thanks for letting my knight out of that hole," said Carlita.

"Oh, that's all right," said Tommy, "I always like to help a fellow out of a tough place."

This was the third time they had played. Three Wednesdays Tommy had come dutifully to apartment D 12 to take his chess

lesson. After the second session he had felt that the hospitality was too one sided. Carlita was always the one to serve coffee and sandwiches.

"Would you go to the theater, Miss Egenhoff, next Wednesday night?" he had asked.

"There has been a death in my family," she reminded him. "Besides," she added, "you wouldn't let me pay for the tickets."

A quick flush leaped to Tommy's cheeks. "They don't pay drug clerks so bad," he said.

"You need to learn more about chess." So here they sat playing chess.

"I'll make some coffee," she said presently. "Please don't bother."

"I'll have coffee anyway," she said.

They had sardine and cheese sandwiches and a cake.

"Where do you live?" Carlita asked him.

"I have a room," he said. "There's a lady has a big apartment on Academy Street and she rents out rooms."

"Where do you eat?"

"In the restaurants around."

"I have dinner alone every night. Why don't you have dinner with me?"

"I will sometime. Thank you."

She hated to see him go. She stood talking to him at the door. Never when he took his hat to go did she seek to detain him. Perhaps he was bored. It was not in her to urge him to stay. She stood now as always with her head held high, her lips red and warm looking. She was so tall that her eyes were on a level with his. He never remembered seeing them before. They were lovely eyes, he thought, but cold. His mind began to run, ridiculously enough, over other girls to whom he had said good night in hallways. He had always kissed them. They would have been hurt if he hadn't. But they were a different type. This was a lady with money he was visiting. She wouldn't stand for anything like that.

"Well, good night, Miss Egenhoff."

"Good night." The door closed. Carlita went back to the library and sat down. She did not feel sleepy.

IT WAS that week that Carlita discovered that talk was going around about Tommy's visits. It hadn't occurred to her that there would be talk. Mrs. Keisel stopped her for the sole purpose of telling her.

"Now, you don't know me, Miss Egenhoff, and I don't know you. I don't know a thing about your habits but I'm never one to be mean. So the minute I heard this talk I says to myself, 'That girl ought to be warned of the things people are insinuating.' Now it's this way, Miss Egenhoff, I mind babies at fifty cents an hour for ladies in the neighborhood and I would, for the same price, chaperone you during your boy friend's visits and without another extra cent I'd be pleased to tell all the ladies they were wrong when they said things about you."

Carlita looked down at the dumpy little woman in her greenish black coat. There was something not quite kind in the sweet smile she wore.

"What would you be pleased to tell all the ladies if you and I couldn't do business?" asked Carlita.

Mrs. Keisel shrugged her shoulders. "I could only say that you didn't want a chaperone," she replied.

Carlita laughed a little. "Neat," she said and walked on. She believed that Mrs. Keisel had originated the whole idea of gossip herself. After all, Inwood ladies rarely chatter maliciously about anything more im-

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portant than another ladies' clothes. Carlita had learned that much about them. Still Mrs. Keisel would start slinging dirt. She was obviously that sort.

Carlita walked across Dyckman Street. She was not the kind to brush lightly aside a threat to her reputation. No Egenhoff woman had ever had a name for being light and easy. She was troubled. She could have stopped seeing Tommy, of course, but that somehow or other did not occur to her.

She did, however, think of Tommy. It was when she passed a row of half finished stores. The corner store was to be large and it was a good location, Carlita thought, for a drug store. A drug store would be a good investment. Everybody uses drug stores. Of course, one wouldn't dream of backing a drug store unless the person put in charge of it was trustworthy and fully conversant with the business. It was then that by the merest stroke of luck Carlita happened to think of Tommy. Nothing had been farther from her mind at that moment than Tommy. She had only thought of a drug store, understand, because of this nice corner location.

She decided to speak to him about it. After all one ought to do something with one's money. She walked for several blocks lost in thought. Suddenly her mind turned again to Mrs. Keisel and the problem of looking as respectable as she really was. Now if there was only one woman who lived with her, that would put a different face on matters.

THE outcome of Carlita's long confab with herself was a neat advertisement in New York's best newspaper:

"Young lady wishes to share large apartment with another lady. References exchanged."

Four ladies answered Carlita's advertisement. One considered Carlita's rent altogether too high. The second Carlita thought feeble minded and was afraid to take her. The third insisted that the apartment was altogether too large for two and spoke glowingly of her boy friend. The fourth was Erminie Randolph. She was a dark, sparkling eyed creature a year or two older than Carlita. She wore a bright green velvet suit that dripped mink at the collar and sleeves. Her hat came down low over her eyes and when she looked up her eyelashes curved intriguingly against a row of tiny taupe buttercups. She was an expensive woman. She did not quake when Carlita during the first second of their acquaintance mentioned the rent.

"Would you agree," asked Carlita, "to arrange your engagements so as to be at home on Wednesday nights?"

"I could do that," said Erminie. "Could I move in tomorrow?"

So Erminie moved in. She took the room which Grandmother had had. Carlita did not tell her that Grandmother had died there. Erminie looked as though she would be frightened of anything as natural as death. She unpacked her trunks and hung a series of pictures of herself around the portrait of a long dead Egenhoff.

Carlita saw the pictures without feeling that there was desecration here. After all, Miss Randolph was paying her money for a half interest in the apartment. She did not question Erminie about her means of support. That, so long as Erminie conducted herself like a lady, was Erminie's business.

"We're from Virginia," said Erminie although she had not been asked. "F. F. V., you know. Father has made a great deal of money in Wall Street. He allows me a ridiculously large amount of spending money. He hated me to come north but so long as I'm with some respectable girl he's more or less content. You know how strict real Southern gentlemen are with their daughters."

Carlita listened to the way Erminie pronounced the word girl but she said nothing. A girl has a right to weave fiction about herself so long as she enjoys doing it.

Erminie despised Inwood from the beginning. It amused Carlita to find herself resenting the things which Erminie said of the women blocking the doorway with their baby carriages. Somehow while she hadn't been looking, Carlita had become an Inwoodite.

"I like Inwood," she said to Erminie. "The people are very nice and very friendly."

"Of course, down in Virginia—" began Erminie.

"Oh, by the way," said Carlita, "this being Wednesday, the clerk from the drug store is visiting me tonight."

Tommy had not been prepared for Erminie. She burst upon him just as Carlita had caught him in a fool's mate. Erminie came from her room with her hand outstretched, a glad smile lighting up her face. She wore a black, sleeveless dress, with a skirt that fell to her ankles.

Carlita made the introduction. Erminie was charmed. You'd have sworn that she'd never before met anybody who had pleased her as much as Tommy O'Dell. She sat quietly by while the chess proceeded. Tommy won a game. He had never won a game before. The Engenhoffs in dead days had been famous for their chivalry.

Erminie insisted upon making the coffee and setting the table.

"You two hold post mortems over your games," she said, dimpling at Tommy. "I'm sure I'd be better at the coffee making than on the entertainment committee."

Carlita was quite at a loss for an explanation for all this kindness. She always looked suspiciously upon a deal from which she got more than she expected.

The explanation came the next evening. It seemed that a friend of Erminie's family was in town. An eminent man indeed as Carlita would know if she were acquainted with the bond business. Erminie hoped that Carlita would have no objections to his coming to dinner. Also Carlita would understand that Virginia girls of good families never learned to cook and Carlita was such a good cook, would she—

Carlita would. The eminent Virginian arrived. His name was Rogers. He had a habit of pronouncing his words exactly like a Westerner. He had a full, red face and he called Erminie girlie. He wheezed heavily as he ate and asked Erminie if she had gotten his last check all right.

"Yes," said Erminie. "That was from the investment I made with that money my father gave me for Christmas."

"What? Oh, yes. Sure," said the eminent Virginian.

ON THE Wednesday that followed Erminie read while the chess game proceeded. When the first game was over she said to Tommy, "I don't believe you really like to play chess."

"Yes, I'm very much interested in it," Tommy said but Carlita did not ask him to play again.

Erminie was wearing a lace dress on that occasion. It was cream colored and against her cream colored skin it created an alarming illusion. Tommy kept staring at her.

"Can't we three see a show downtown some Wednesday night?" he asked.

"I'd love to," said Erminie.

"What would you like to see, Miss Egenhoff?"

"I couldn't go," she said.

"Why not?" asked Tommy.

"I told you before."

"I guess we'll have to go alone," said Erminie, looking at Tommy with mock forlornness.

"Oh, come ahead, Miss Egenhoff."

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Tommy's tone sounded desperate. Carlita said no again. She kept saying no. Who would go to the theater with a fellow in a shabby coat? Especially when tickets are three thirty apiece.

So on the next Wednesday night Carlita sat alone with a book in her hand. She couldn't read and she wasn't sleepy. It was an uninteresting book. It couldn't hold her attention for a minute. She kept looking at the clock. At last she got undressed and turned out the light in her room. She sat at the window watching.

Tommy and Erminie came along. Carlita was too hard a self disciplinarian to eavesdrop but she was not close enough to hear them speak and she was not prepared for them to do anything that requires privacy. She was surprised when Tommy kissed Erminie. He did it quite simply as he would have shaken hands with Carlita.

IT OCCURRED to her at one o'clock that it was an odd thing for a girl who could attract red faced, wheezing men with money to be bothered with Tommy unless it was a case of love. At two she decided that Erminie was not the type to fall in love. Tommy was probably recreation for her while the red faced man was her business investment. At three Carlita thought that Tommy had showed poor taste in kissing Erminie where people could see him doing it. It was after four when it came to her that Tommy was probably mad about Erminie. After all Erminie was very pretty. Then too, while Erminie had pretty clothes and that sort of thing nobody had ever drawn a prickly, poisonous circle about her and condemned her as the lady with money.

At breakfast Erminie had much to say on the subject of Tommy. She sat drinking her coffee and crumbling thin slices of toast and talking gaily. She wore a maize chiffon negligee and her black hair was a mass of tumbled curls about her small, heart shaped face.

Carlita sat across from her with a stolid, unencouraging countenance; her own breakfast was before her. A breakfast which irritated Erminie. Fried fish, a little pat of cream cheese, rye bread. A heavy, peasant-like breakfast, the taste for which often made Erminie wonder what the Egenhoffs had been before they distinguished themselves in America's Westchester.

"Do you know," chattered Erminie, "Tommy's really an awfully good kid? It's a shame that he's only a drug clerk. There really can't be any money in that. I think I'll try to do something for him. You know there isn't any limit to the money a young man can make in the bond selling game. I think I'll speak to Mr. Rogers about him. Tommy could sell bonds. He has such an honest, open face that a person would trust him without investigation."

"Is that necessary to the success of Mr. Roger's bonds?" asked Carlita.

"Golly, you're nasty," said Erminie.

CARLITA said nothing more. She retired to her room to dress. It was Erminie's turn to do the breakfast dishes. Carlita planned to take a ride up to Connecticut for the day. She was just leaving the apartment when Erminie called:

"Tommy said for me to ask you if you want to go with us to a show next week."

Carlita answered over her shoulder. "No, I'm going out of town Monday. I'll be gone for the week."

She went, too. She had said the words unthinkingly but they would have to be made good. Carlita packed a valise and went to Boston. There was a very distant relative of hers there who owned a hotel. It was a good hotel and he would welcome her as a guest. It had been folly enough to go away, without adding the extra folly of extravagance by going to some town

where she was not related to a hotel owner.

Erminie gave a party in Carlita's absence. Carlita knew it the minute she walked into the apartment. Somebody had dropped a cigarette on the sofa tapestry. Somebody else had had a set-to with the antique glass lamp in the music room. A bottle of whiskey had been upset on the piano scarf. There were here and there other little indications that a good time had been had by all.

Erminie came in an hour after Carlita arrived. She was looking very lovely in a satin coat that trailed a short, stylish cape.

Carlita stared coldly down at her. She felt very heavy and clumsy in her tailored clothes. This girl had ever had the knack of making her feel huge and graceless. Before Carlita could speak Erminie led her trump.

"Tommy's selling bonds," she said. "Four days and he's made two sales; isn't that wonderful?"

She cocked her head on the side and looked a smiling challenge up at Carlita.

"If I do as I intended," thought Carlita, "she'll think it's spite work because she took Tommy away. She knows I'm thinking that."

Carlita looked at the smooth, perfumed little figure before her, then her eyes turned to the burned tapestry. Of course it was

What's Waiting for You?

IF YOU liked this story, "A Lady With Money," you will want to read Vina Delmar's "Common and Preferred." Perhaps, like Sand in that story, you have dreamed of unattainable romance and perhaps it is waiting just around the corner for you as it was for her. One summer evening as she strolled through Central Park she met a charming stranger and—but that's the story. Don't miss it in

OCTOBER SMART SET

insured but it was the principle of the thing.

"Our arrangement to share this apartment is automatically terminated by your abuse of the furnishings," Carlita said in a cold voice.

Erminie laughed. "I expected that when I told you that your darling drug clerk was no longer a drug clerk," she said.

"I'll expect you to be out by morning," said Carlita. "And please arrange that no eminent Virginians call on you tonight."

So Erminie Randolph with a pert smile on her very red lips and an insolent swing of her slim, young hips quitted apartment D 12.

The lady with money stayed on. There wasn't any other place to go. For the first time she looked now at the young women in the street with interest. It occurred to her that Mrs. Duval might make a nice companion or perhaps Mrs. Lewis.

When they smiled at her she acknowledged it as frostily as ever. She hadn't the talent for making friends. Besides she'd had the chance long before to be companionable and had passed it up. She decided to stick to her guns and preserve the legend that a lady with money was naturally not human enough to desire friendliness.

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Once as she jumped into her car little Billy Duval asked her for a ride. He was three and an adorable baby. His mother was standing by. Carlita could have taken them both but if she had they would have known that she was consumed with loneliness and trying now to be friendly. She did not even answer Billy. She pulled viciously at the gear-shift and disappeared down the Drive.

"Don't you care," said Mrs. Duval. She picked up her baby and soothed his wounded feelings. "Daddy will buy a car some day soon and you'll ride all the time just like the nasty lady does. Don't you care about her, darling. Mama won't even smile at her anymore."

After four months of living in solitude Carlita decided to go abroad. There are friends to be made in traveling and though it might be an extravagant thing to do, it was cheaper than going insane.

Carlita booked passage for Liverpool and on the night before her boat sailed she went to the drug store for some things which she would need. She hated to go to this certain drug store. There was something about the place she didn't like and yet she chose it instead of any of Inwood's other drug stores.

The clerk said, "Good evening, Miss Egenhoff."

Carlita said good evening and told him the things she wanted.

"Do you remember Tommy O'Dell?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," said Carlita.

HE WAS here a minute ago. He's down and out. Looks hungry and everything. He wanted a job. It's a wonder he couldn't stick at a job he was fit for."

"Which way did he go?" asked Carlita.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders. "You want rachel powder, don't you?"

He spoke to thin air. The last of the Egenhoffs was flying down Dyckman Street.

In the little cafeteria at the corner of Broadway and Dyckman Street she found him. Through the plate glass window she saw him carrying a mug of coffee to a table. Inwood's lady with money hung open the door and burst in.

"Tommy!"

HE LOOKFD up at her and smiled "Hello, Miss Egenhoff."

"What's happened, Tommy?"

"That friend of Erminie's was crooked," he said. "Those bonds were fraudulent. I sold them two months before I knew that."

"Where's Erminie?"

"I don't know."

He took a swallow of coffee then pushed the mug from him. "Somehow," he said. "I don't feel like drinking that."

He got to his feet. He put out a hand to steady himself but not in time. He fell back weakly against Carlita.

"Pardon me, Miss Egenhoff, I can't seem—"

His voice trailed vaguely away. Carlita put her arm about him and marched him out.

She got him home. There was no nonsense or false modesty in the Egenhoffs. Quickly and efficiently she got him into Grandmother's bed and phoned a doctor.

"This is terrible," moaned Tommy, "what about your reputation, Miss Egenhoff?"

"Don't be a greater fool than necessary, Tommy, and by the way don't call me Miss Egenhoff," said Carlita. "We'll be married as soon as you feel better if that's satisfactory to you. Now try to get a little sleep."

Carlita walked over and put out the light. After all, she said to herself, there is no sense in wasting electricity.

Love For Hire

[Continued from page 45]

said. "Still in confidence, what sort of a man has most success?"

I did not answer. It was curious but I felt a flutter of nervousness. This unknown man, this marvelous dancer with the caressing voice made me feel that I should tell him anything he wanted me to tell him. I had never been so much affected by a voice in my life. I looked up into his eyes. I determined to seem as much at ease as he did. Oh, those eyes! I felt like a silly, inexperienced, little country girl at her first party. And yet I had been out a great deal and everybody said I had poise. I tried to seem self-possessed. "Ask Mr. Bannister," I retorted.

"I have," he said, "and he confesses he is as ignorant as I."

Fortunately Sara was standing near when the music stopped. I wondered why she frowned as she looked at me. My escort frowned too, but not at Sara. He saw the lovely Neva coming toward him and he excused himself and went to meet her. Neva was not smiling.

"Well, you've done it!" Sara said. "I hope you saw how mad Neva was. You can't say I didn't warn you." Sara laughed a little bitterly. "For a quiet little country mouse you certainly made a triumph. You must have danced three dances with him."

"I don't even know his name," I cried. "Who is he?"

"You know very well it's Reggie Bannister," she said, "and Neva is perfectly furious."

Later in the evening when I had danced with a score of men, Reggie cut in and took me away from a very boring partner. He was amused at the mistake I had made.

I looked after Doris Carpmail who had

passed. "I should have thought violet eyes were much more attractive."

"It's not her violet eyes that hold me," he answered. "But she's such a corking good sport. Neva starts a tournament tomorrow and Doris and I are partners in the mixed doubles. Do you play?"

"A little. I'm not in Miss Carpmail's class though."

"I didn't expect that," he said. "Doris is wonderful." Reggie did not guess that then and there I swore to beat her. "She's such a fighter too and I love anybody who's dead game. She's certain to win. She's the class of the bunch."

"I may be a dark horse," I laughed. "I suppose she's a great friend of Neva's?"

"They hate each other," he said, but when I asked him why he said he didn't know. I thought it was nice of him to pretend so solemnly that he was ignorant of the fact that they both wanted him.

"I wonder what you are thinking about," he said later. "That's the worst of girls with gray eyes and level brows and scornful glances. One can never tell what they're thinking about."

I wondered what he would have done if I had told him the truth which was that I had fallen hopelessly in love with him.

I thought how bitterly unfair life could be. It had been cruel to me. My visit was for two weeks. Two weeks in a lifetime. After that there would be aching discontent and all the little hard economies that make existence so drab. Far, far better for Reggie to think me scornful and heart free than to know how I really felt.

After he left me he danced with Doris Carpmail. I could see that she resented my having taken so much of his company. She

looked so splendidly vital and triumphant. I had a vision of her beating me on the tennis court. Her reputation entitled her to.

I didn't think I had a ghost of a chance when I went to the courts. I might play badly in one of the earlier rounds and never reach the final.

I drew a by in the first round and my opponent defaulted in the second. In the semifinals I drew a steady player but hardly anyone came out to see us play. Neither Reggie nor Doris was there. It wasn't necessary that I should show my best. I tried to make the match a practice game and beat Mrs. Chatwood six-four, six-four. I was standing behind Doris as she looked at the scores attached to the board. Reggie was at her side.

"Your new pal," Doris drawled. "can't be so hot if Deenie Chatwood took four games in each set from her."

"Watch out," Reggie warned. "she's a fighter if I'm a judge of glorious girlhood." Then he saw me. He wasn't in the least embarrassed. "I'm warning Doris against you. I see in those cold glances of yours the light of victory."

"Reggie always exaggerates," Doris said. "I see you just managed to beat Mrs. Chatwood. I intended to see the match but Reggie would insist on motoring in to Miami after breakfast."

THE two strolled away. Reggie looked over his shoulder and smiled. I wondered what Doris would have said if she could have known that her sneering manner aroused all the fight I had in me. I wasn't very happy as I looked after the two.

It seemed that Sara Betton always came upon me when I was looking at Reggie.

"He's not for us, my dear," she remarked. I jumped. I hadn't realized she was anywhere near until she spoke.

Sara looked at the score on the board and frowned when she saw I had only just beaten Mrs. Chatwood. "You won't have much chance with Doris if that's all you can do. Neva will be frantic with rage if Doris wins."

"She hasn't taken much pains to be nice to me," I said.

"My dear girl," Sara asked, "would you be nice to a rival? Would you smile charmingly if some other pretty girl seemed to fascinate the man you wanted to marry but who hadn't asked you yet?"

"Reggie isn't used to having a girl look at him as you do. Doris wanted to know whether you were one of the lost Russian princesses by any chance. You cast such scornful looks at your fellow guests. Doris simply worships Reggie. She'll try to make a monkey out of you in the finals. But you don't seem in the least worried."

"I'm not," I said.

"You've grown very attractive," Sara went on. "You have style and Reggie says you're the best dancer here."

If Sara could have seen or realized what this meant to me, she would not have thought me uninterested. But I was not going to give any of these idle rich, pleasure-loving people the satisfaction of knowing what my reactions to them were. I was at heart vaguely frightened when I thought of Reggie. I was afraid that he would catch me off my guard and I should show him myself with the mask removed.

Sara awakened me from my reverie. She wanted to know if it would be safe to bet on me. She said these people bet heavily on everything and were offering ten to one I wouldn't get a set from Doris and twenty to one that I would lose.

"Take the first bet," I advised. "I may not beat her but I'm going to take a set." I saw Reggie coming toward us. "Have you a date with Don Juan?" I asked.

"A date with him?" Sara said. "He doesn't know I exist." She hurried away

and Reggie Bannister sat down by my side.

"I wish I had a line on your play," he began.

"So you might report to Miss Carpmail?"

"You know I didn't mean that," he said.

"How should I know it? I hear you've bet heavily on her so I imagine she's sent you to scout."

"That was before I knew you were going to play. Everybody thought she'd meet Gladys Ferris in the final. In that case there could have been only one result. Gladys is a base line player and Doris would have taken the net and smashed her lobs."

This was a tip for me. Doris could smash lobs. Very few women can. I should have to place them very well.

"You've got to be mighty good to pass Doris at the net," Reggie continued. I knew he was thinking that I hadn't a chance. "Mighty good, Marjory, and I hope you do it."

"If Doris only heard that," I said. "I don't like traitors. Mr. Reginald Bannister. You've got to pull for Miss Carpmail."

"I'm going to pull for you. Do you know why?"

"Somebody always bets on the under dog," I said. His voice was low. I had never imagined there could be such a caressing quality in any man's voice.

His hand closed about mine. I wanted to pull it away but I hadn't the strength to do it. I felt there must be some nerve of mine telegraphing to some nerve of his that I wasn't scornful or cold at all but afraid that I should give myself away and be just another of the myriads of girls he must have flirted with.

"I want you to win, Marj," he whispered.

I pulled my hand away and forced myself to look at him. There was a wistful, anxious look in his eyes as if he really meant what he said. My own heart was singing, if he could have guessed it. He wanted me to win!

The tennis court was crowded when the match began. I looked around and saw what a hand Doris got. That didn't worry me. She was one of them, a player well known and I was a stranger. I knew that of the hundreds only three were on my side: Neva, because of her dislike for Doris; Sara, because she wanted to win money on me; and Reggie Bannister.

In the warming up process I deliberately played my strokes softly. Doris tried her celebrated flat drive which depended on its speed. I hit back everything but not a soul there knew about my best stroke, my backhand drive. Most of my playing had been done with boys and men who hit hard and smashed hard. Doris was much taller than I but I knew I could hit harder.

SHE won the serve and put down a beauty in the corner. Ordinarily it would have been an ace. People applauded as she delivered it. They thought it was the first point for her but my backhand was working and I scored a placement ace along the sidelines. The onlookers thought it was a fluke but they applauded, especially Reggie. I noticed that Neva was conspicuous in her clapping for Doris.

It is useless to describe the whole match. I won in straight sets. When Doris came to the net I lobbed on to the back line or drove so fast she couldn't return. I had never in my life played so well. I played better than my form and Doris, because she was anxious and angry, was below hers.

When the presentation of the prizes came I found I had won an ostrich hide fitted dressing case that was adorable.

Reggie turned to Doris. "I picked it out for you, Dorie, because I heard you wanted one and naturally I expected you to win."

"Yes, you did!" Doris retorted. She was white with rage. "All you did for me was to hire a professional player who pre-



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tended she couldn't play. It was a rotten trick and I'll tell everyone about it."

Neva looked astonished at this outbreak.

"Are you a professional, Marjory?"

"Of course not," Reggie answered for me.

Neva didn't look any more pleased at this than Doris. They saw that he had eyes only for me.

"Child, you're a wonder," he said. "Do you know you're the most graceful player I ever saw. You could trim me any day."

"You are making Neva furious," I whispered. "After all, you are her guest, just as I am. Please go! It will make her mad at me and that won't be comfortable."

Sara came to my room before dinner to tell me Neva wanted me.

"There's murder in her eyes," Sara told me and then she kissed me affectionately.

I remembered Neva's rages at school. She was one of those lovely, sulky blondes who should never let themselves get too angry but when I entered her room I could see she hated me.

"There's a train in an hour's time," she said.

"You want me to go while everybody is having dinner?" I asked. "How extraordinary! And how hospitable!"

I walked slowly to the door as if leaving Neva's house made no difference to me at all. In truth it meant losing Reggie. He would be dining when I left and I couldn't very well go and explain that I was being turned out for running after him. Perhaps he really thought I had been running after him. Was I, after all, only a girl who didn't know how to behave in a crowd like this?

I stayed in my room until everyone was at dinner. Then a maid told me the motor was waiting.

I wasn't being sent away in the big limousine that had brought me to Neva's house. A smaller car with a chauffeur from the garage, a man not in livery, was good enough for me now.

As I was climbing in I heard a noise in the hall; some one called my name. I saw

Reggie, in evening dress, coming toward me. Neva was at his elbow, talking, but he didn't pay the slightest attention to her.

NEVA tugged at his arm. "Really, Reggie, what will people think of us rushing out in the middle of dinner like this?"

"I want a word with Marjory and I want it alone," he said.

Then Neva, knowing there was no hope for her, turned on me. I was a vulgar little adventuress, a scheming little cat and a girl without a character. Everybody should know what I had done and so on. I made her madder by not showing any anger. I turned to Reggie. "Isn't she amusing?" I said.

"Not to me," he growled.

Then his marvelous car glided up and a man put my baggage in the rumble.

We drove along in silence. I couldn't realize yet what had happened.

"Marj," he said. "I'm horribly nervous." He pulled up the car by the roadside. "I've never been so nervous in all my life. I wish it had been a better life. Oh, Gray Eyes, you make me feel unworthy."

"I can't imagine you being nervous," I said but I knew he was.

"Darling," he whispered, "you must know I love you. Everyone at Neva's knew it, but not a soul in all the world can tell about you. Are you laughing at me? Is there somebody else to whom you are going and to whom you will talk about me, and the rest of us here, as curious, soulless wasters? Your gray eyes are like velvet curtains shutting out the real you. If I could only see behind."

He took my hands and kissed them. "Marj," he whispered. "If I could see behind, what would be there?"

I did not answer at once. I think in every girl's life there comes a moment like this one when she knows what is in store for her.

"Marj," he begged. "Answer me."

"It would be like looking into a mirror," I said. "You would see yourself."

Can Work Take The Place of Love

[Continued from page 41]

and maternity because of the new freedom.

They have cast a glamourous camouflage over this essential frustration of their independence. Their brilliant achievements in competition with men are celebrated daily in the press. But every normal human woman among them is writhing inwardly with the hopeless misery of a life mission unfulfilled.

I know because they come to me daily with their shattered nerves. I could give you names that you would recognize instantly, women whom you envy for their successful careers. They have everything you want—freedom, prosperity, fame—and they have nothing. They are approaching a crisis in life when the lingering dream of a child must vanish. The bleak finality of it leaves them unspeakably depressed, morose, contemplating suicide.

WHY have they gotten into this fix? It certainly isn't for lack of men to go round. With the continuing excess of males in this country there is a potential mate for every one of our nine million unmarried women, with three million men left over. And certainly girls never had wider opportunities for meeting men than they have today.

Let me give you two contrasting cases from my own experience that sum up strikingly both the cause and the consequences.

A vivacious, clear eyed, smartly dressed young business woman sat at my desk. She

was discussing her emotional problems with the confidence of one to whom life is an open book.

"Yes, I suppose I do love him," she admitted with a little shrug. "But I'm making more money than Bob is right now, twenty-five dollars a week more. He can't offer me half the luxuries I can earn for myself. Look at my married sister, chained to her baby, doing her own work, dragging around in last year's clothes. Why, she hasn't even been out to the movies for six months! Not for me, thank you."

This girl—we'll call her Helen—wasn't talking to me. She was arguing with herself. She was twenty-six and jubilant in the first flush of her rapid rise from stenographer to assistant executive. She drove her own little car, shared a cozy apartment with two other prosperous business girls, and outside of easy working hours had perfect liberty to lead her own life in her own way. She represented thousands of her kind who are free from responsibility as no other group of women in history ever dreamed of being.

Why, indeed, as Helen danced all night at a studio party, should she envy her married sister doomed to sit up all that same night with a croupy infant?

Ask Frances M. Thirty years ago, Frances was file clerk in a bond house. Twenty years ago she had become private secretary to the boss. She was vital, intelligent, well paid for the time, inspired by the then

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current notion that this was a man's world in which women were serfs. She was going to be one of the pioneers in throwing off the yoke. Dish pans and diapers? Not for Frances. She shied at two offers of marriage and set out to win economic independence.

Frances M. had just passed fifty when I talked with her the other day. She is more than economically independent. She is independently wealthy. She is the controlling power in a business that nobody could run as well as she could when her employer died. She has a luxurious city apartment, a country home, servants and an annual European trip.

"I'd throw it all to the winds," she told me in a voice of dry despair that her associates never hear. "I'd live in two rooms and do the neighborhood washing, if only I could have a baby!"

A furnace man who works in my neighborhood has eight children. His wife is a drudge in a five-room basement flat. She is perhaps physically worn out, but she is spiritually at peace. She is a far happier woman than Francis M., who doesn't know.

I'm not arguing you young girls to marry furnace men and have eight or a dozen children. You want to have a dozen children, whether you know it or not, but under present economic conditions you can't and shouldn't. But you can marry and rear at least a couple of babies.

OF COURSE, I don't expect you to agree with me, you glowing butterflies of the business world who are putting such a gay face on your state of single blessedness but it is a plain fact nevertheless. In your very independence you are passing up the only true joy that life can offer you.

You are the unwitting sacrifices to a strange delusion, the delusion that woman has hitherto been an inferior sex. As if there could be any question of inferiority propaganda. To the contrary, each sex is obviously supreme in its allotted sphere and neither can ape the other without disaster.

They say that many young men, like that boy on the train, are avoiding marriage in these times for financial reasons. Those are merely reasons they give. Men always did avoid marriage; no man really wants to get married until some girl gets him worked up to face a convention that is out of tune with all his strongest instincts. Men haven't changed but women have.

True enough, while the laws of chance rule human meetings, there will always be spinsters by fate. But we're considering here a distinct and unnecessary addition to the sisterhood, the modern spinster by choice. It matters not whether her choice is deliberate or an unconscious reaction to a new phase of education.

At twenty-five, I happen to know that Lois K. was eminently marriageable, and that there were men who felt it, who hovered about her, and who would have proposed had she led them to it. But she had the social service bee in her bonnet then. She played the intellectual side of her make-up too strongly. She thought and spoke too much of her career.

Today she is fully awake to her mistake, but it is too late. For two years I have watched her campaigning for a husband among the men she meets. Her methods are awkward. She has tried every rôle from coquetry and feminine helplessness to the easy frankness of lunch-hour pals. Her costume and the cut of her bob have varied with each rôle.

All futile because all are artificial. These are conscious attitudes and not the boiling up of primitive instincts. Lois has the instincts surging within her but they have so long been overlaid by masculine traits acquired in her competitive life on the masculine plane that she's lost the secret of releasing them.

But if this problem went no further than the individual fate of the unmarried business or professional women of today, we might ignore it. I'm thinking however of countless younger girls in high schools, business schools and colleges, of thousands of girls who are just going to work as stenographers or clerks. They are tempted by the glamorous independence of the business women a few years ahead of them in experience. But they are ignorant of the essential tragedy of the unmarried business woman's life since the latter, in self-defense, takes good care to camouflage it even from herself.

A friend of mine has an attractive daughter just out of art school. She does advertising layouts and puts more money on her back and in the bank than the young salesman who is courting her if I may use so old-fashioned a word.

"Let him stew awhile," she says frankly. "I'd rather marry him than any boy I know. But I'm not so sure I want to get married at all. I've got lots of time anyhow. I want to play around for awhile."

So she left her parent's home and set up her own studio. That's the sort of thing that is happening all around us. Girls used to fall in love and promptly get married. They took an awful chance. Nowadays girls fall in love, but they don't get married. They are taking a worse chance. They think there's lots of time, but there isn't. They think the ideal man will come along, but he won't.

Among primitive peoples, the unmarried girl is shamed. She is forced to sit in the corner of the wigwam passively with her hair over her face. Or else she is an outcast from the village. In the Middle Ages spinsters were herded through the streets and jeered at. If that was cruel and stupid, it was little more stupid than the present glorifying of the bachelor girl, which holds up before the eyes of younger girls an unnatural alternative to marriage.

But if it is unnatural, if every one of these unmarried business women would scrap her freedom gladly for a home and children, how has the situation come about?

Remember what the stodgy old conservatives used to predict when sex emancipation first flared up as a fiery social issue? That this new woman of the twentieth century would surely lose her charm?

"RIDICULOUS!" the progressives retorted. "The new woman, competing with men in business as well as politics, intellectually man's rival, freed from the unfair double standard and playing man's game man's way, is going to be all the more charming."

And today these advocates of the emancipated woman say, "I told you so. Aren't these free modern girls with their bobbed hair and short skirts, with their cigarettes more alluring than ever?"

To which the reply is a categorical no.

Let's consider less superficial things than garments and smoking. Consider the psychological situation, which isn't manifest as yet except to the clinician. That is where the change has come, and oddly enough it is exactly what those old conservatives predicted. In so far as the new woman has become a new woman, in so far as she is playing man's game like a man, imitating his mental habits, she has lost her charm for him.

Let me give you a typical chapter in the story as seen through a young man's eyes. He is a rising executive in a bank, unmarried. He has had three secretaries in the past two years.

"I'm dead sure I'd have fallen in love with any one of those girls," he told me, "if I had been thrown into as intimate contact with them in their homes as I was in the bank. But each of them was so capable, so self-reliant, so snappily efficient, that somehow I escaped. They didn't quite

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get me stirred up beyond the usual sex interest."

Strangely, this young man failed to realize why two of his secretaries had abruptly left for another job. They had fallen in love with him. But the artificial code of their business life and the formal surroundings of the bank had prevented their lapsing into the appealing state that would have aroused his domineering impulse to possess utterly and to protect. When the conflict in each girl's soul became unbearable, she had to get away.

There you have typically the dilemma of these modern young business women. They can have plenty of sex experiences if they choose. But they can't have marriage unless they throw to the winds all their academic notions concerning sex equality, that patent misnomer which, despite its fallacy, has taken such a hold on women that many of them in the present generation must suffer spiritual vivisection before their social experiment is proved futile.

BUT," protested a mother with whom I was discussing this situation recently, "girls have got to be trained for a business career nowadays. It's their only salvation."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Well, doctor, you know what my own life has been. My husband is irritable and domineering. I'd have left him years ago if only I had known how to earn my own living. I don't want my daughter to be victimized that way by her husband."

"You haven't been victimized by your husband," I replied, "but by your own nature in conflict with our new civilization. You have only one child and you should have had a great many. That is the chief reason why marriage has been a disillusionment to you. Your own restless search for substitute satisfactions is at the root of your marital troubles. It has led you, like thousands of other mothers, to preach a doctrine of escape to your daughter. Unfortunately she can't escape in the way you think. Many a wife declares that the only reason she stays with her husband is her inability to support herself. As a matter of fact, that is only the way she excuses rationally a quite irrational instinct."

You see, this all leads back to fundamentally different but complementary traits in man and woman. Man is by nature active, aggressive and polygamous. Woman by nature passive, attractive and monogamous. As civilization has advanced man has still been able to give full play to his essential traits. In business, sport and war he can live the active, aggressive life of the jungle.

But as a result of modern economic conditions woman can no longer live her full natural life. For, like it or not, it is a simple fact that in the relationship between the sexes, man's desire is completely satisfied where woman's only begins. Hers is not satisfied until she is nursing a baby, and then another, and then another.

Our grandmothers did rear many babies; and our grandmothers lived often to an active, contented old age. They rarely had nervous breakdowns. But nowadays women live amid a demand for countless comforts, luxuries and intellectual self-development making a large family impossible.

"Doctor," my feminine client replies to that, "you want to make us merely child-bearing machines."

And all I can answer is:

"Madam, God made you that and it is essentially all he did make you. I'm sorry but it can't be helped. It is one of the surest facts in nature. Of course you are now denied this natural outlet for good and sufficient reasons. You must find some sort of compensation. So long as you found it in naturally feminine work—nursing, teaching, sewing—you were safe. But now you have abandoned these outlets; your

sex impulses are frustrated or released only so far as to arouse a still more compelling desire for the children you cannot have.

"You need marriage and need it desperately. But men as a rule don't marry the independent business woman of proved competence in masculine fields. However, men are forever marrying nurses, waitresses, teachers, actresses and just nice girls. In other words, there are certain activities to which woman's nature responds, in which she excels and in which she can remain naturally feminine. They are activities allied to her two major functions, to attract the male and to mother children."

Which indicates there's a solution to the problem that so many young women are facing today, and it runs:

"Girls, stick to your knitting."

I know one unmarried girl who bloomed while she was assistant buyer of infants' wear in a big department store, and who is drying up now that she has gone in for real estate. All the way from tea rooms to teaching, from millinery to interior decorating, there are countless jobs that have some direct relation to those artistic, creative and attractive qualities which are the essence of a girl's nature. In such activities only is there compensation for thwarted child-bearing instincts.

In sum, then, you girls of today have got to find an outlet for your deepest urge in other than completely natural ways. Some of you flirt with the idea of seeking it in free and easy sex life such as man has had. But you know very well there is no release for you thus; from presimian times you have inherited the need to be the mother of one man's children.

Others of you are seeking a way out through a revolt against old-fashioned marriage. To be sure, marriage is only an artificial institution, which came into existence by force of cultural necessity and although it is an excellent institution it is more or less of a burden for both sexes. You need it more than men, however; they aren't naturally marrying creatures but they become adjusted to marriage once they're in it. Don't let them escape it.

Remember that the active, aggressive, polygamous males would be running around with one girl after another, stealing each other's women, fighting, and neglecting children, if the institution of matrimony hadn't been devised to subdue them. It forced upon them responsibility for one woman and her offspring. And it gave men the compensation of gratified egotism, the privilege of possessing a wife or showing her off in pretty clothes, of glorying in his protective prowess and of extending his ego into the future through knowing his own children.

SO THE woman's revolt against marriage is a revolt against her own greatest and most necessary triumph over men. There is obviously no relief for her but only for men in such new schemes as the much touted companionate marriage.

I think I have indicated the only way out. Forget those meaningless words, "sex equality." Stop trying half-heartedly to be men. Listen to the voice of that little girl who wants to be a mother, a nurse or a teacher. Then you will be happy. Men who are in no way your superiors, will continue to follow their own paths, you will revert to yours, and you will rule them again as your mothers ruled them without the men ever knowing it.

Of course, this sounds merely like old-fashioned sentimentality. And indeed, twenty-five years ago it would have been nothing but reactionary theory. Today, however, it is demonstrable truth based on the observed facts of a social experiment of which your elder sisters have been the living victims.

Unforbidden Fruit

(Continued from page 55)

malicious and vengeful satisfaction against Sally Messmore and the Bulrushers, she proposed a plan to her roommates, in the morning.

"Got any sporting blood you two?"

"What's up?" Starr asked. Verity simply waited.

"Golden opportunity, wench, never knocks twice at the same door. How much could you raise at a pinch, Starr?"

"I've got a hundred and twenty-five that isn't going to stir out of the old sock till it sees the gown it wants for commencement."

"Bet it does. And you, Vee?"

"I've still got two hundred of the boatman's loan."

GRAND! We can use it. I can dig up a hundred and we'll bet Ratty Messmore and her crowd stiff on Sara."

"But Gwen thinks they've got something."

"So do they. I know different."

"How do you know?"

"Can't tell you but it's a sure thing." In spite of her confidence in her plot, Sylvia felt an inward pang. Could there be a slip anywhere? "We can clean up on it."

"I'd be afraid," said Vee. "If it was my own money—"

"Did I ever give you a wrong steer, Freshman?"

"No. But—"

"Lend me the two hundred, then. I'm going to put my chemise and all that pertains thereunto on Sara."

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it, I'll go in."

Together and with some chosen help from their intimates, they made up a purse that staggered the betting ring in The Bulrushes.

Shortly after the week's grace allowed by Messmore was up, Sara came to Twenty looking white.

"Syl, the J. B. has sent for me."

"Know what it's for?"

"The letters, I suppose. What else could it be?"

"Stand pat. I'm going to see Prudence Chase."

"What can you do?" said Sara. "I might as well pack up and get out."

"Don't be an ass! Keep your nerve up and your mouth shut. I'm in charge of this show."

As head of the Self Government and therefore chairman of the Judgment Board, Prudence Chase would have all the evidence in the case, so Sylvia reasoned. She went to the senior's study and made a frontal attack, the only method with Prudence who had an unimpeachable reputation as a straight shooter.

"Chase, I've got something I want to ask you privately and officially."

"It can't very well be both," said the chairman.

"Wait and see. Has some one been making cracks about Sara La Lond?"

"If they had I couldn't tell you. You ought to know that."

"Sure! I know. The sacred privacy of the Self Gov' and all that hooey." Sylvia was always flippant on this subject. "But I've got reason to think that somebody is playing a rotten game on Sara."

"What is your reason?"

"We won't get anywhere this way," said Sylvia "as long as we both want to ask all the questions and neither of us wants to give the answer. Here's one more before I begin to tell you things. Have you had an anonymous letter about La Lond?"

Prudence's firm lips were silent; her eyes steady and uncompromising.

"Oh, well! I know you have. One sheet

of each. A typed one and one written in a man's hand. That ought to tell you that I know what I'm talking about since your high and lofty body is going to deal in anonymous stuff and stolen letters."

At this Prudence flushed. "They were sent in. I laid them before the J. B. as a hypothetical case, giving no names. They decided unanimously to make an investigation."

"On an anonymous accusation that it was Sara La Lond."

"There were confirming details in the enclosed letters."

"Yes, I know. One was about the hitch hike, wasn't it? And the other about a date in New York. I can even give you the date, the twenty-fourth."

"What does that prove?"

"It proves that I know enough to have a right to be heard."

"You can come before the Board if you like."

"I don't want to come before the Board. And I don't want Sara to have to come. I'm dealing with you."

"You mean officially?"

"Make it as official as you like."

"I don't like any of it."

"Neither do I. And what effect do you think it'll have on Sara when she's all on edge over the exams? Maybe you'll like it even less when I tell you that the whole thing is being engineered by that betting bunch over in The Bulrushes."

Prudence hesitated. She was obviously impressed and troubled. "But if there is nothing in it," she said after a while, "what harm can it do to have La Lond before the Board and give her a chance to explain?"

"I'll tell you what harm it can do," Sylvia said. "It can stir her up so that she's liable to blow all to bits and lose out on the Alumnae, which is what Messmore and her crowd are playing for. You know how high strung she is. How do you think she'll take it if you get her up there and say, 'We've got a letter here that involves you with a man in New York—'"

"The anonymous letter didn't say that."

"But that's what it amounts to, isn't it?"

PRUDENCE hesitated again before replying, "There is enough in the other two letters, the one written to her and the one written by her—"

"How do you know it was written by her? It isn't signed, is it?" Sylvia tried to keep her voice steady for this was the crux of the whole matter. If it was signed her whole plan was a ruin and she had let her crowd in for more of a loss than they could afford.

"Just S," answered Prudence.

A song burst out in Sylvia's heart, a paean of thanksgiving. The way was now clear. "And the other letter doesn't give any name." She was sure of that.

"No, but I'm afraid it tallies too well with known facts. I never would have let the thing go as far as this if it didn't."

"Let me see the letters, Chase."

"As a material witness I suppose you might be authorized to see them," concluded the official. "I'll take a chance." She unlocked an iron box, lifted out some papers neatly docketed, and handed two sheets to the visitor. One was in Mark Rainger's bold writing. Sylvia glanced over that and the typed one, then she folded the letters and put them in her pocket. Prudence Chase stepped between her and the door.

"Give them back, Hartnett."

Sylvia shook her head.

"You won't get out of this room with those

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letters. I can't let you," said Prudence. "I've a right to them. They're my letters." "Yours!"

"Certainly," was the cool return. "Where did you ever get the wild idea that they were Sara's?"

"All the circumstances," replied the bewildered official. She was thrown quite off balance by this turn of events. "I've checked up on them."

"Have you? What, for instance?"

"The hitch hike in the blizzard. Everyone knows she was on that."

"So was I."

"Three weeks later she was away over a week end."

"So was I." Sylvia had been away over most week ends until her interest in Patterson Gifford kept her on the campus.

"Of course I wasn't checking up on you. But the week end date made in this letter matches with La Lond's green slip for the twenty-fourth."

"Look again. You'll find another green with Hartnett on it."

"But the signature on the typed—"

"S stands for Sylvia as much as for Sara."

"I'LL admit that you've made out a case against yourself," said the Board chairman after a time. "I don't know what to do with it unless I take it up with some member of the Faculty Discipline Committee. Patterson Gifford is on that committee."

"He won't believe it." The words had leaped to Sylvia's lips from her startled heart.

"No. He won't believe it," said Prudence, "because it isn't true. Sylvia Hartnett."

"What right have you to say that to me?" demanded Sylvia. She was completely on the defensive.

"No right perhaps." There followed a heavy silence. "Well, assuming that you have, are you in love with the man?"

With Gifford in her mind, Sylvia could not be unfaithful to her love for him by even so much as an idle word. "Does one have to be in love," she retorted, "to make a date with a man?"

"And now I know you're lying."

"Is that official?" Sylvia shot back.

"We'd better agree not to regard any of this as official, I think."

"It's all official as far as I'm concerned. And so is this." Sylvia snatched the incriminating notes from her pocket, tore them to fragments, and tossed them out of the window where an obliging wind scattered them to the obliterating friendliness of the dark.

After an involuntary movement Prudence said in a low voice: "Where does that leave me? I've trusted you with the evidence and you've destroyed it."

"You don't need any evidence. I'm leaving college."

"That's pretty stiff, Hartnett. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be sorry for me," said Sylvia, though she was beginning to feel sorry for herself in the midst of her victory.

"Well, I suppose you know what you're doing."

"Perfectly. I've got other reasons for not staying, even if the letters hadn't been found. After all I've got about as much out of Sperry as I ever could get."

"Then I'll see to it that there will be no further action. I'll make a statement to the Board that will let La Lond out. What will you do when you leave?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet."

"If you've a fortnight to spare this summer," said Prudence, "why not run up to the island and put it in there?"

Sylvia flushed. No invitations in Sperry were so prized as the rare ones to that almost fabulous river barony which had been in the Chase family through many

proud generations. And this was more than an invitation. It was Prudence's way of testifying that she understood Sylvia's action and admired it. Sylvia would have loved to accept and was on the point of doing so when the intrusive thought of Giff changed her eager words to—

"Thanks ever so much but I think I'll be in Europe."

Dear—darling (she wrote to Gifford that evening):

Please don't blame me for what I am doing. I couldn't stand up publicly and tell old Shenstone that I was wrong when I know I was right. You wouldn't really want me to; not really. It wouldn't be the me that you love and that loves you.

There's another reason but that has to do with some one else so I can't tell you now. You'd think it was a good reason.

The best possible thing for me, for both of us, is to leave now before things go too far. You say, yourself, that we are bound to crash if we keep on seeing each other and we'd always keep on as long as we are here. Your life is here. You've got your standards to live up to and your religion of scholarship. I couldn't bear it to come between you and that. And I'm doing a little something for that religion, too, by leaving—some day maybe I can tell you why and that is going to keep me from being too unhappy.

I know it will be hard for us, terribly hard. But it had to come sooner or later and this is the best way. Truly it is, dear. I hear you've been away, so you probably won't get this till after I have left.

Please always remember, Giff, that I'm not sorry; that I wouldn't have it any other way if we had these past weeks to live over again, and that I always want for you everything grand and successful and happy that life can give you. For that's the way I love you.

—S.

SOLEMN conclave of Suite Twenty had decided that there should be no moaning of farewell when Sylvia Hartnett put out to sea from the happy precincts, but such a party as should fittingly celebrate the past good times they had had together. Impromptu it had to be, for she had packed up and was leaving at once. She did not want to see Giff again. Not then, anyway.

All the ruling class of Trumbull was at the party, but the spirit was lacking. Sylvia was going to leave a big hole in the community life. Moreover there was a feeling of restriction, of mystery; nobody really knew what it was all about for the girl had jealously guarded her secret lest some inkling of it get back to Sara La Lond who would never have permitted the sacrifice. The last thing that Sylvia desired was the pale glory of the martyr. For public consumption it was given out that Miss Shenstone was the agency of her being sacrificed.

While gossip danced at the party, Vee edged into her own room. When she emerged she had on her hat and a heavy coat. The roomful of girls exchanged glances but no words. Starr followed her into the hall.

"What's the idea, kid?"

"Motoring."

"Where?"

"Dunno."

"When'll you be back?"

"Same answer."

"Oh, all right!"

"Don't be sore, Twinklestar. It is all right. It's Lower Seven, the Prince of Pullman."

Hurrying across the campus by a main path, for it was not yet after hours, Vee felt herself pursued. A glance backward

disabused her. Patterson Gifford's normal pace was swift enough to overtake anyone, but that was obviously not his present purpose. He was merely taking one of his nocturnal tramps. He would pass her, unseeing, unnoticed, unspeaking unless—

"Professor Gifford." Vee had not fully formulated what she wanted to say; the call had come to her lips instinctively.

He stopped short and peered at her. "Yes, Miss Clarke?" said he uncertainly.

"Yes, Giff—Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

"It doesn't matter. Has anything happened?"

"Don't let her go," she begged incoherently. "You can stop her. Can't you?"

"Let who go where?" he said sharply.

"Sylvia Hartnett."

"Where is she going?"

"She's leaving college. Didn't you know?"

"No. I've been away. I'll send for her tomorrow."

"Tomorrow she'll be gone," said Vee.

"On the early train?"

"Yes. The six-twenty."

"Thank you, child," he said, then lifted his cap and went on.

For Vee it was as good as a promise. Half fearful, half glad over what she had done, she scurried along.

A MAN came toward her, and with a glad cry she ran to meet him. A moment later she was whirling away in Harvey's car.

Tabitha of the Seven Toes climbed up a tree the better to observe an object moving across Lake Risiquara. Undeniably it was a boat and unquestionably it was headed for the island. The long, easy sweep of the oars suggested the stroke of Harvey Westfall.

Tabitha purred, somewhat prematurely, as it proved. For the boat had stopped. The rower was resting on his oars.

"What's your view as to my coming back there to kiss you?" he said to his passenger.

"Don't rock the boat," she said. "There's a time for all things as a well known authority once stated."

"That reminds me," Harvey said. "Half way across Lake Rubicon Caesar paused, lit a cigarette, and recalled something."

"The Rubicon. Is that what you call this?"

"Well, isn't it appropriate? There lies the shore we've just come from. I'm only the boatman. If you tell me to turn and row back—"

"Isn't it a little late for that?"

"Depends on the angle of view. You're free, white and getting on for twenty-one."

"I'm not! Do you want to go back?"

"Not in a million years."

"What was it Caesar recalled after his cigarette got going?"

"An unfortunate—I mean fortunate misunderstanding. What did those two spoons mean?"

Vee's firm little chin fairly sagged with amazement. "What did they mean? You're the one that ought to know. I don't suppose you've forgotten."

"I haven't forgotten because I never knew."

"See here, Harvey Westfall, did you or did you not send them to me?"

"I believe I did. I further believe that there was some deeply esoteric symbolism attached to them. And I'd like to know what it is."

"If you didn't hear what I said to you in Lower Seven—"

"Never was in Lower Seven in my untraveled young life," he interrupted.

"It must have been you. If it wasn't, how did you know?"

"Intuition," was the airy reply. "Plus a little outside help."

"Sylvia and Starr," Vee said. "They gave

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present! it's good!!

it. They get a little carelessness around commencement time.

Two muddled and weary young people arrived at Graeme Inn. White Harvey Westfall was registering. Vee got her room ready on long distance. She returned with news.

Sara La Londe has won the Alumnae and I've won a lot of money. So now I can pay you back.

Isn't it a little late for...

Hush yourself up," said Vee.

Mrs. Hildegarde Protheroe, Organizer, President, and Itinerant Lecturer of the White Lily League of Purity, stood in the courtyard of the Graeme Inn preparatory to making an early morning start. Her eye, sweeping the facade of the ancient building, was arrested by the glimpse of a face at an open window. The face hastily withdrew. Mrs. Protheroe marched back into the inn.

"Oh, Harve!" said Verity.

"What's up?" asked the owner of the name through a haze of lather.

"Mrs. Protheroe. I'm sure she saw me."

"Who's Mrs. Protheroe?"

"The lecturer. You know, Babe Protheroe's mother. She looked as if she were trying to remember me."

"Well, I don't see how anyone that had once seen you could forget you," said Harvey. "At that you've got a right to shelter at an inn."

"Yes. But Harve, I've got to get back just as soon as I can."

A rented car landed her at a trolley line. As she stepped on the platform Harvey Westfall called after her.

"I nearly forgot. What was it about those spoons?"

"You'll never know. Never!" answered the girl as the car bore her away.

THE locomotive gave four deep drawn, laboring puffs getting under way, the train in one of whose coaches sat reluctant Sylvia. They seemed to the girl like the dry, thick, slow sohs of some one forcing herself to abandon a loved place.

Some one was standing over her after a time. The conductor. Her ticket! What had she done with it? She fumbled at her bag. A voice said, "Sylvia!" Giff's voice, imperative, yet gentle and grave.

"Oh!" she said. "Why have you come?"

"I heard just in time. Sylvia, you must come back."

She shook her head. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"I just can't." Her eyes pleaded with him not to ask any more.

"See here, Sylvia; if I'll keep out of your way, not see you for the rest of the term—"

"That wouldn't make any difference. It isn't that."

"Then what in the name of all that's imbecilic is it?" he demanded.

"I wrote you a note to tell—"

"I didn't get it."

"No, of course not. It wasn't mailed till last night. Stupid of me. My head feels funny, Giff. And my heart feels funny, too. What are you going to Bartonsville for?"

"Nothing. I took the train because I knew you were on it."

"How did you know? If you didn't get my—"

"Never mind how. I'm not going to let you go."

"You're making it awfully hard," she murmured.

"If it's that Shenstone woman—?"

"Oh, no! It's more serious than that. Much."

He looked at her, imperious, insistent. She answered the look.

"Do I have to tell you, Giff?"

"Did you expect that I'd let you go without?"

The eternal feminine sprang to life within Sylvia, the impulse to test his faith in her. Suppose it were something I've done. Something I'm ashamed to tell you?"

"Don't be an ass."

In spite of her misery for herself and for him she laughed. It was so absolutely Giffish, that retort.

"Just the same I'd have been kicked if I hadn't got out."

"Will you kindly tell me why?" He spoke in the rigid, measured tone of one sorely tried who was maintaining his temper against severe pressure.

"There was a note found. It was lost the night of the fire drill."

"Well?" he said.

"It was traced to me."

SHE said carefully, "There was a secret date for a week end with a man, in New York." For the moment she found it an impossible effort to lift her eyes to his. What would she read in that intent look of his? Shock? Wrath? Jealousy? Bewilderment? Hurt?

"You're a most inept little liar, my dear," he said. "Better give it up."

"Do you trust me as much as that, Giff dear?"

"Absolutely." Their hands slipped together.

"That makes it easier," she murmured. Then with a little smothered cry, "No. It makes it harder."

"Don't you think you'd better tell me the truth now?"

"I can't. It wouldn't do any good."

"Because you're shielding some one else. I see I shall have to figure it out for myself from what information I now have. That shouldn't be very difficult. Given a compromising note lost shortly before a scholarship contest with heavy betting on it, a reversal in the betting odds—"

"Don't Giff!"

Sylvia's fingers tightened on Giff's in a spasm of strength that checked his words.

"Giff, I was no good here anyway. I didn't matter. Sara does. She matters more than anyone. You said that yourself. You'd have done the same thing yourself in my place. You know you would. If they'd pinned it on Sara it would have meant the end for her. With me it only means—"

"The end for us," he said with such bitterness that she winced away from him.

"It had to come anyway, a separation," she whispered. "How could we keep on as we were?"

"How are we to keep on without each other? Have you thought of that?"

"Have I thought of anything else?" It burst from her. "I've thought until I can't think any more. That's why I'm going."

"Where?"

"Abroad for the summer. And when I come back I'm going to get a job somewhere. Perhaps in New York. There are front doors to jobs."

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered. "I was just thinking. After I've settled down somewhere away from you, maybe I'll be able to think it all out and find out what this really is that has happened to us."

"I know now," was his response.

"We think we know." Suddenly she felt older than he, wiser, more understanding, more capable of facing this overwhelming force that had them in its whirl. "But it's been too sudden, too tremendous, too possessing. We've got to get to one side and look at it. If we don't see each other for three or four months—" Her voice died woefully.

He got up. "This isn't your station," she cried in quick alarm.

"This or the next, what does it matter?" he answered. "Will you come with me, just

to the platform?" He walked down the aisle. She followed him down the aisle. Amidst the squealing of the brakes she said, "Giff, there's one thing you've got to tell me."

"What is it?"

"You've got to say that you know I was right about Sara." Without that how should she save her belief in him, in his loyalty to the only religion that he professed?

"Yes. You were right."

Then for a swift, reckless, unheeding moment she was in his arms. The train jolted them apart and moved on. She stared through the window and saw him standing straight and slender, unforgettable in the gray rain and the mist.

ONCE again Suite Twenty was in crowded session. Summer vacation had come and gone with that inexplicable swiftness known grievously to all collegians. Returning, the clans of Trumbull Hall repaired at once to the lair of the H. B. V.'s as the natural exchange for gossip, opinion, and prospects. Starr alone was in domicile on this, the opening day of the semester. Zigzags of conversation flew through the air like flashes from overcharged clouds as each newcomer put in an appearance.

Celia Forsythe from her seat in the window said, "This place isn't going to seem the same without Sylvia."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Starr.

"Where is she?"

"Got a job in New York."

"Well that isn't so far from Sperry," murmured a voice and Celia added:

"Speaking of the devil, there goes our Giff with his war club."

"Maybe Syl ditched him," somebody suggested. "She sure hit him hard and then they say she got a case on another man."

"Was that the one whose letters were found?" asked Jessamine Dahl.

"I heard that Only Ida McKay picked 'em up in the hall and sold 'em to Sally Messmore for twenty dollars and a tartan blouse.

"Messmore's out. Prexy had a little heart-to-heart with her and she decided not to come back."

"La Lond's boat gets in Saturday. She should worry! With the Alumnae Scholarship tucked in her jeans."

"And who's taking Vee Clarke's room?"

"What's that about Vee?" Starr's query cut across the babble.

"She isn't coming back, is she?"

"Of course she's coming back. Why wouldn't she be?"

"Well, don't bite me. I only picked up some gas about her having ducked out just before commencement. They say she was on a double tour."

"Who says that?" demanded Starr.

"Olga Tremwich. She got it from Babe Protheroe's mother."

Starr muttered, "That doesn't look so good. I wish Vee would show up."

On the following noon Vee appeared looking radiant. She was full of the Caravanners' summer trip on which she had made a distinct hit. When Starr failed to respond to her enthusiasm Vee's own zest simmered down. "What's the gloom about, Twinklestar? Missing Syl? So'm I?"

"Vee did Mrs. Protheroe see you anywhere just before commencement?"

The light went out of the alluring face. "I'll say she did. Why?"

"She's here. And she's been talking."

Verity whistled long and low. "I told Harve—" The other looked up quickly at the name—"that she had spotted us."

"Us?" repeated Starr.

"Yes, us," said Verity.

Pink Delavan blew into the room like a gale and gave greeting. "Hello, Vestals! Vee, what have you been up to now?"

"Nothing that you haven't heard about most likely," replied Starr.

"Don't get rancid at me. I'm not responsible."

"Who is?"

"Mrs. Hildegard Lilywhite Protheroe. She's been to Prex."

"Did she tell Prexy anything about me?"

"She wasn't sure who it was but I think she saw some girl that she recognized as a Sperry student in a hotel room somewhere."

"Fair enough," said Vee. "What's she going to do about it?"

"Oh, she thought it would be nice if Prexy would hold a review of the whole coll so she can pick out the guilty wretch."

"What'd he say?"

"What would you suppose? Told her to go to the devil of course, in that old school, unimpeachably courtly way of his."

"I'd love to have been there," said Starr.

"I'm going there," announced Vee. "Now." Her chin was out and Starr knew better than to attempt dissuasion. The girl set out for the office of President William B. Cressline, the wise, the grave, the gentle, the humorous, the open minded and close mouthed old head of Sperry College.

In an hour she came back with her eyes abnormally bright.

"What did he say?" demanded Starr.

"Enough. Starr, you'll have to get another H. B. V. I'm officially disqualified."

"Oh, Vee! Are you kicked?"

"If you cry I'll beat you up. I'm not kicked. I've resigned."

"Then he did know about you and Harvey."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I was married."

"And I suppose he believed it," jeered her roommate. "Couldn't you think of a funnier one than that?"

"Lots of 'em," was the cheerful reply. "But this one happens to be true."

"Mar—Vee! To Harvey?"

"Who did you think it was to? Lucky Lindbergh?"

"I don't believe it. Is it legal?"

"I hope so," said Vee.

"Aren't you going to tell me about it?"

YEP. The night I eloped from the party here Harve was waiting in Lovers' Lane. The minute I set eyes on him—well, maybe not that very minute but pretty darn' soon afterward—I knew it was all over for little Vee. It hits some people that way," she added.

"He had his car waiting off campus. He said, 'I'm going to take you back to the island.' And I said, 'All right,' just as if it was the most natural thing in the world to be taking trips to a lonely island with a man. It seemed perfectly natural with Harve. After we'd gone about forty or fifty or ten miles he said, 'If you know any reason why this man and this woman should not be joined together in the bonds of matrimony by our friend Jim Bascover, Justice of the Peace for the town of Risley Center, speak now or forever after hold the thought.' And I said, 'Not as far as I'm concerned if that's the way you feel about it.' And that's all there was to it."

"But why did you come back?"

"That's what Harve says. He's been chasing the Caravanners around this summer, on and off, like a stage door Johnnie. I came back because I did want to go on with my course. Through Sophomore year anyway, especially in drama. Oh, well! No luck. I don't know that I care so much, though. Harvey's worth it." She turned upon her roommate a peaceful smile.

That night when Starr, feeling lonely and lost, came back to Suite Twenty, a ghost sat in the window seat smoking a Camel. The ghost spoke in a cool, soft voice.

"Hello, Starr."



"He Used to Belong to Our Crowd"

"He's the only one of the old gang who made good"

THAT'S Bob Thompson, sales manager for Fink & Snyder. They say he makes \$15,000 a year.

"Yet it hasn't been long since he wasn't making more than \$35 a week. I know, because he used to belong to our crowd. There were six of us and there was hardly a night that we didn't bowl or shoot pool or play cards together."

"Lots of times we would sit down and talk about earning more money, but that's all it ever amounted to—talk! Bob was the only one who really did anything."

"I'm through wasting my spare time like this," he said one night. "I'm going to take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools and try to make something of myself before it is too late."

"We didn't see much of Bob after that—he'd always laugh and say he was 'too busy' when we'd ask him to join a party."

"Look at him now. A big man in a big job. Making five times as much as I'll ever make. Oh, what a fool I was not to send in that I. C. S. coupon when he did!"

How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that you know will bring you advancement and more money? Aren't you tired working for a small salary?

It takes only a moment to mark and mail this salary-raising coupon and find out what the International Correspondence Schools can do for you. Surely it is better to send it in today than to wait a year or two years and then realize how much the delay has cost you. "Do it now!"

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Miss Anderson's Statement
When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that *Maison Marcellers* will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled.

(Signed) Evelyn Anderson.



Notice to Readers
A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over one hundred other nationally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these wavers and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Marvelous Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926,
Emma W. Stolzenbach,
Notary Public.



Have Gloriously Waved Hair All The Time

Amazing New Method Makes Perfect Marcel Just 30 Minutes—At Home—Whenever Convenient

IF anyone ever told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or other tortuous methods you wouldn't believe it. Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your home to get it.

Just 30 minutes with the *Maison Marcellers*, once a week—right at home—and marcel, as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give will be yours from now on.

A \$1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your *Maison Marcellers* will save all this expense. Think of it! In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new frock. And the initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a marcel or two—and you are free from waving expense forever!

It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invitation just after you have come in from a swim, with your hair still damp? What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or a wave-ruining round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

All you do is slip the *Maison Marcellers* on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the *Maison Marcellers* off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven-length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of water-wave "setting." A few months, and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons.

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly locks, because your hair could not longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the *Maison Marcellers* achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the *Maison Marcellers* wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer. For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the *Maison Marcellers* will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—in a shingle bob, *Ina Claire*, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer. It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the *Maison Marcellers* on your hair and catch the locks in place. The *Maison Marcellers* adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a

"permanent," the *Maison Marcellers* are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no need ever to have one. *Maison Marcellers* make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this *Marcelling Outfit* on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are parts of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your *Maison Marcellers* I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your *Maison Marcellers* came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Our Wonderful, Time-Limited Offer

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the *Maison Marcellers* throughout the country, we are making this special offer to you, as one of the first 10,000 women to own this priceless boon to beauty:—A complete set of *Maison Marcellers*, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marceling again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—and if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

Maison de Beaute

5 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Illinois

C O U P O N

Maison de Beaute,
5 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 35, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of *Maison Marcellers*, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

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"Syl! You duck!" There was a sudden tangle of girlhood out of which rose Starr's rebuking words. "You perfect idiot! Don't you know better than to show a light directly in front of a window?"

"Pardon, Caesar," laughed the other. "I've been free and independent so long that I just forgot."

"How did you get here?"

"Landed at Halifax and thought I'd drop off over a train. Touch of the homesicks."

"You're going to stay the night, aren't you?"

"Can't. Got an anxiously waiting job. I'm taking the midnight train."

"I think that's rotten . . . What about Europe? Not married or engaged?"

"No." Sylvia leaned out of the window to drink in the soft air. A breeze shuffled the boughs of the nearby tree parting the leaves. The girl sighed.

Starr sympathetically interpreted that long look and sigh. "No light now in the tower room. There wasn't, after you left."

"I'm glad," said Sylvia.

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes, it's as bad as that."

"Then if you'll bend down and look through the other window, where they've cut out that fuzzy bush that used to occupy the bend you can see Giff's office window. There's a light there now. He'll be working there half the night."

"Will he?" Sylvia's voice was carefully unconcerned. "Give me the latest bulletins on the crowd. I'm news hungry."

THEY talked eagerly until eleven struck; then the visitor showed signs of becoming inattentive. It was hardly a quarter after the hour when she rose.

"It isn't nearly train time yet," protested Starr. "More than an hour."

"Is the light still there?" whispered Sylvia.

"Yes."

"Then good-by, Starr, dear."

"Good-by, Syl. Will you come back sometimes?"

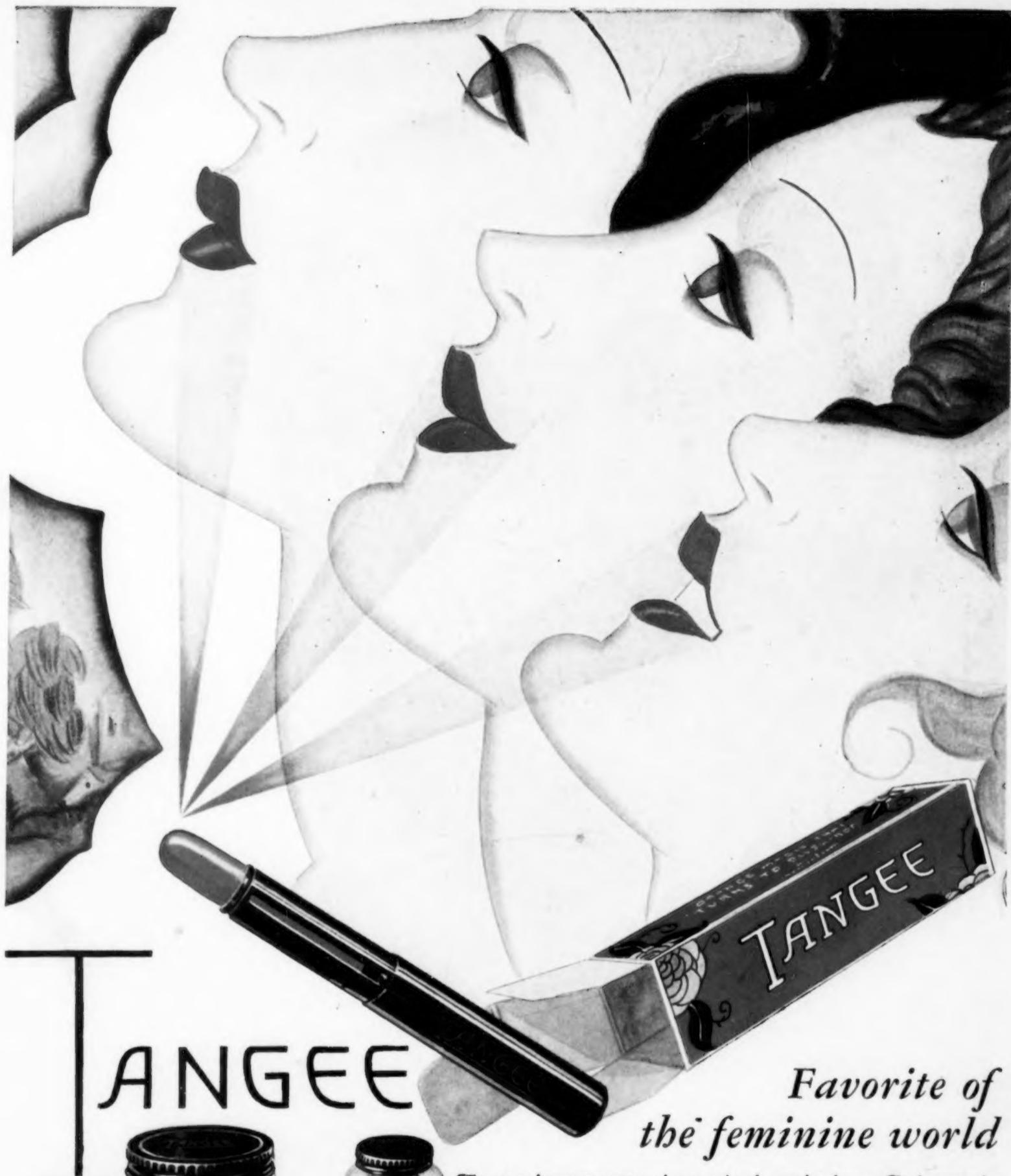
"Yes. I think I'll come back sometimes."

Starr, left alone, turned over the framed motto of Suite Twenty and fell into reverie before it. What was the answer to it all, this disrupting, commanding impulse which had swept her companions before it like a conquering wave? Was it a mere localized phenomenon, an exaggerated tendency to a super-feminized environment? Or it only that girls of the post-adolescent period developed a sort of mob-psychology of self recognition and self realization? Surely women in the outer world, workers or idlers, did not let this one motive bulk so large in their more complex lives. She remembered a book by a German, furtively read, whose thesis it was that woman is a body without a soul, with thoughts, desires, plans, instincts directed to the sole end of love and reproduction, and all that was romantic in her revolted.

Yet, how much he could find at Sperry, at any women's college, to support his cynical and dogmatic assertion. She thought of the events of the year past, outgrowths of that explosive motivation; Nixie's sly dates; Sara La Lond's acceptance of the implications of Mark's friendship; Verity's marriage; Sylvia Hartnett, who had asked of love only that it be love, and amidst the turmoil Prudence Chase moving on her course of life, cool and sweet and serene.

Verity's come and Verity's go. Sylvias and Giffords gamble with their good repute in a fateful trial against the bank of public opinion and face the imminent loss unshaking; Sara La Lond, clear-eyed and with a sad sincerity, match flesh against mind and win or lose as the spirit is steady or vacillant.

Starr, in her young, tremulous beauty, stood a little on one side. Dubious. Hesitant. Wondering. What was it all about?



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Tangee makes every woman a better artist of natural make-up. It changes color to your artistic needs as you apply it. Changes from orange to blush-rose, the "shyest" and most delicate color in Nature, and exactly the shade of blush-rose you require, depending upon the amount used. Water-proof. Won't muss. Stays on all day without fading or rubbing. Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Twice as many women are using it this year. Note the name Tangee on carton and gun-metal case. The Geo. W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York. NOTE: Tangee is healing and soothing because it has a cold cream base. Tangee Rouge Compact and Tangee Creme Rouge have the same magical changing quality as Tangee Lipstick. Ask for them.

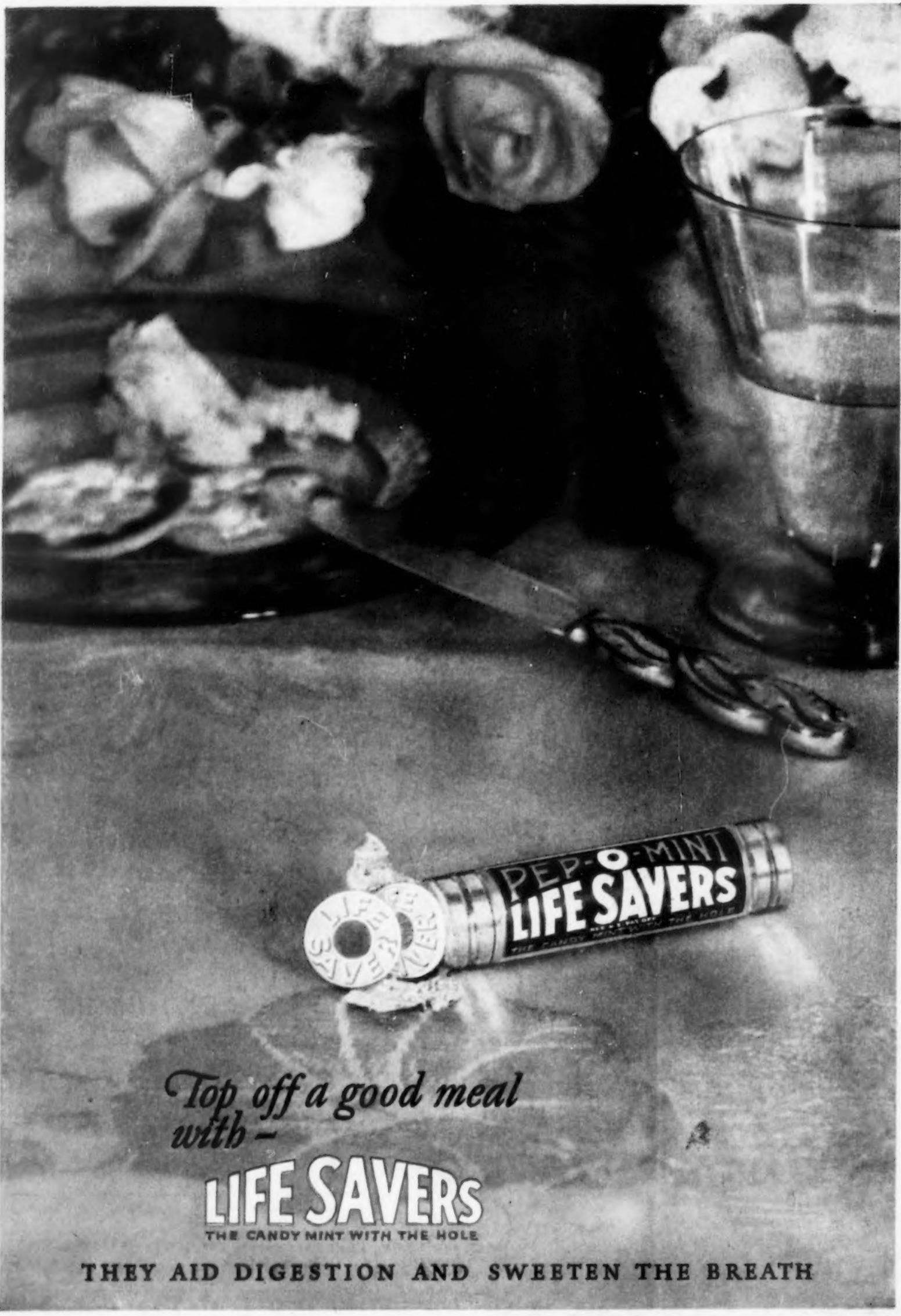


PRICES — Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge \$1, (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.

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